

Tracy Lawrence, Find Out Who Your Friends Are

Run your car off the side of the road
Get stuck in a ditch way out in the middle of nowhere
Or get yourself in a bind,
Lose the shirt off your back,
Need a floor, need a couch, need a bus fare...

This is where the rubber meets the road
This is where the cream is gonna rise
This is what you really didn't know
This is where the truth don't lie

You find out who your friends are
Somebody's gonna drop everything
Run out and crank up their car
Hit the gas, get there fast
Never stop to think
"What's in it for me?"
Or "It's way too far"
They just show on up
With their big ol' heart
You find out who your friends are...

Everybody wants to slap your back
Wants to shake your hand
When you're up on top of that mountain
But let one of those rocks give way
Then you slide back down
Look up and see who's around then

This ain't where the road comes to an end
This ain't where the bandwagon stops
This is just one of those times when
A lot of folks jump off.

You find out who your friends are

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Run out and crank up their car
Hit the gas, get there fast
Never stop to think
"What's in it for me?"
Or "It's way too far"
They just show on up
With their big ol' heart
You find out who your friends are...

When the water's high
When the weather's not so fair
When the well runs dry
Who's gonna be there?

You find out who your friends are
Somebody's gonna drop everything
Run out and crank up their car
Hit the gas, get there fast
Never stop to think
"What's in it for me?"
Or "It's way too far"
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With their big ol' heart
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Run your car off the side of the road
Get stuck in a ditch way out in the middle of nowhere
Man I been there
Or get yourself in a bind
Lose the shirt off your back
Need a floor, need a couch, need a bus fare...
Man I been there
Man I been there...