

You Am I, Minor Byrd

At my nan's I wasn't thinking
over boiled beans and chicken
Something cool fell in my juice cup
sudden I could lie and make stuff up
Is that why
my future's so bright?
So strap in and go
the backyard rock show

When all city folk got southern
paint my face up with my brother
Uncle choked and started shaking
over whiskey, eggs and bacon

Is that why
our nights look so bright?
So strap in and go
Backyard rock show.