

Up In Smoke

Blackberry Smoke

Hit town like a freight train running
Staring at us like deer in the headlights
Never thought you had another thing coming
Did the same damn thing to them last night

Everywhere we go, everywhere we been
Leave a trail of ashes and a trail of sin
Pack up the gear, let's hit the road
We got a long we to go, now

Up in smoke, down in flames
Jump on up, rolling like a freight train
Clap your hands, stomp your feet
Boogie on down to the redneck backbeat
Hoedown, it's a hillbilly hoedown
Line up, we can go all night, now
Come on, y'all, ain't no joke
Watch the world go up in smoke

A little girl in the skin-tight britches
Get up and get down to the front row
Sure hope your boyfriend ain't looking
He won't get hurt by what he don't know
He don't know, I know and you know
I got some plans for you, baby

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Leave a trail of ashes and a trail of sin
Pack up the gear, let's hit the road
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Oh, yeah, huh
Come on, yeah

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Oh, watch them now.