

In the Next Life

Wade Bowen

After one night in San Marcos
Some 15 Years Ago
We had us a hell raising time
So we took it on the road
Broke and damn near homeless
Lost and stumbling around
But I think that when you struggle
That's when you find your sound

I've seen love come and go
Lost some friends along the way
Had nobody at our shows
And the nights we didn't get paid
There's been bar tabs and b.s.
Choices, good and bad
But it's all part of the story and the damn good luck we've had

Well we're not sure how we got here
But somehow we stuck around
Some days I feel like we can fly
And some days I think we'll drown
I guess what they say is true
All you need is one good friend
And in the next life, we wanna be ourselves again

Buddy what was it like to play the opry?
Hell, you tell me man, you've been there
You know I had to have a few drinks of courage
Yeah, me too, I was nervous as hell
And remember the Houston Rodeo
The time I opened up for The King
Yeah, man we made some damn fine memories
I know it's hard to believe

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My daddy is a hell raisin, good timing man
I was born the son of a preacher singing all those hymns
Got a little of both mixed up somewhere in these songs
But right or wrong, I know they're proud of what we have become

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