

Livin' Next to Leroy

Ashley McBryde

I used to roll my cigarettes on the hood of my Tacoma
Sit and watch the world go by
I was seventeen and green and knowin' nothin' 'bout livin'
In a town where people go to die

Leroy was a transplant from somewhere in Alabama
The first time I met him, he asked me for a spoon
And I thought he must've been in a bluegrass band, or somethin'
But I'd find out one August afternoon

Three doors down, there's tinfoil on the table
They ain't cookin' up nothin' good 'round here
There's one in every house: high on the couch, stealin' cable
On the dark side of the country it ain't bonfires, it ain't be
r
But you find out quick how big a hit the neighbor's bike'll get
ya, boy
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In the classroom, Susie Highschool was packin' pills like notes
Takin' shots in the parkin' lot at lunch
And I'd join in every now and then 'cause you can't beat the co
ol crowd
I'd go to Leroy's 'til I sobered up

Three doors down, there's tinfoil on the table
They ain't cookin' up nothin' good 'round here
There's one in every house: high on the couch, stealin' cable
On the dark side of the country it ain't bonfires, it ain't be
r
But you find out quick how big a hit that class ring'll get ya,
boy
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I rolled a J on the day I got my diploma
I knew Leroy would be proud
I can't forget shakin' him, tryin' to wake him on that sofa
He never did come 'round

Yeah, three doors down, there's tinfoil on the table
They ain't cookin' up nothin' good 'round here
There's one in every house: high on the couch, stealin' cable
On the dark side of the country it ain't bonfires, it ain't be
r
But you find out quick how high you get when that last hit gets
you boy

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