

Old Red Door

Brandon Rhyder

I never want this night to end
Sitting here hanging out, with all of my friends
Telling stories, too many secrets for one man to hold
Catching up on our lives, out on the road
I came in on a red eye from Austin
Jackie rode his bus in, straight from Los Angeles
Brady said they got busted, and it really cost them
They'll probably never go back, to Charleston again

Singing come on, singing come on, through that old red door
You know they've seen the likes of us, coming in here before
Laughing, singing, whiskey drinking, drifting troubadours
Living like it's always Friday night, behind that old red door

Bobby just found out that Shelly left him
She said she couldn't stand how he was, never around
He always played his cards, before he read them
Well he just laughed it off, and brought the whole damn house a
round

Singing come, singing come on, through that old red door
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The sun is starting to peek in, through the window
Dominoes are face down, just like Charlie is gain
My sides are aching, from all the bad jokes
It's the kind of night that you never want to end

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Singing come on, singing come, come on through that old red doo
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You know they've seen the likes of us coming in here before
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Living like it's always Friday night, behind that old red door.

Yeah we're living like its always Friday night, behind that old
red door