

To Hell With The Easy Way

Buddy Brown

These little teenage kids
Gettin' brand trucks for their 16th birthday
Back in my hometown growing up
It sure as hell wasn't that way
I got an 82' Ford with headliner saggin'
Dad told me it was to keep me from bragging
Had to earn it all to appreciate
How far I've come and what I am today

And I earned every hole in my old blue jeans
Busted my ass on a John Deere Green
Put every dollar I had in the bank
On a little ol' house that just needed some paint
And I still turn around when I pull out the drive
If only to look at it one last time
When it falls in your lap it just don't mean the same
So to hell with the easy way

There was a kid in school
Who's daddy was a big ol' corporate wig
He ran half the town and then he gave his boy the gig
Well I drove a forklift and minded my own
Graveyard shift makin' less than I owe
Well he went to jail for stealing company cash
But I made it honest 'cause I busted my ass

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I've learned good things take some waitin'
But that waitin' gives you grit
If there's such a thing as Easy Street
I want no part of it

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So to hell with the easy way
Ah, the hell with the easy way
I ain't after the easy way