

Way Down Yonder

Chase Rice

Up in the hills
Where coppers don't crack down on them copper stills
We're makin' trap door, tax-free, dollar bills
Up in the holler deals
An honest way to make a living

Six-shot heavy metal hangin' from a holster
In case we run into them boys from the county line over

Way down yonder where the outlaws wander
You can feel that thunder in your bones
Rippin' hot-rod runners under moonlight cover
Just some back-glass gunners on the road
Where you buy your bud with your moonshine money
Make your love where the bees make honey
When the cut's where you're born and raised
Man, it's in your blood, we were born this way down yonder

Way down, way down, way down
Way down yonder

You can't avoid
A bunch of Bootleg Bertie's and their bandit boys
On some outpost wanted-poster Polaroids
Sayin' "Dead Or Alive", goin' eighty-five

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Somewhere between the hooch and hell raisin'
We all need savin'

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