

One, two, three

Losing our minds in the field tonight  
And the sun's going down, losing light and still  
Got a long, long way to go  
Just keep the boys around me, Lord  
I wouldn't want it any way I had before, I swear  
We'll make it through the morn'

Well, we're driving all the fences  
Dolin' our senses  
Doin' our work till it works us senseless  
Just puttin' in our time  
But it ain't too bad with the company  
Of a couple good fellas sittin' next to me  
Let's see  
See the sun damn shine

So, Lord  
Take me down to the back forty again  
'Fore we all run ragged and run to all our ends  
Give me the pain with the good  
Track through the trails if we still could  
Oh man  
Well, in the back forty again  
Take me to the back forty again  
Oh

We got tired hands and calloused eyes  
Been working all day, slaving all night  
I guess, you can't pay back what you owe  
But the cups are all filled with the golden caps  
We're cooped up in the mod  
We're throwing mags, oh boy  
Better get 'em nice and high

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