

Everybody Does

Hardy

Not everybody drinks whiskey
Not everybody drinks beer
Some people Roll Tide
Some people Buckeye
Some Volunteer
Some have babies, some have none
Some preach peace, and some preach guns
Keep in their Ford or Chevrolet trucks for ducks and deer

Not everybody votes red
Not everybody votes blue
Some people smoke dope
Some people just smoke
And some just chew
So when I sit down with my six string
And try to write something that we can all sing
Half the time, there's only one thing I know to do

So excuse the hell out of me
If I can't quit goin' on about
Another goodbye, third rock, heartbeat
Another someone six feet in the ground
The world can't shake hands on a whole lot
But there's a whole lot of granite laid in the green
And all I'm sayin' is we can't run from it
But the man that's runnin' this music machine
Says "switch it up" and I'm tryin'
They're on my ass because
I got all these songs about dyin'
But it's the only thing that everybody does

Nobody knows
What's gonna take you down
All we know is passing on ain't a Hell we can go around
They say there ain't no money in them songs
But the guy that runs that funeral home's
Got a big ole house on a real nice side of town

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