

Bluegrass

Ian Munsick

She rolled out, I rolled one up
She moved on, and I'm still stuck
Where the porch don't swing, and time don't fly
She's down the road, and I'm here high

Smokin' bluegrass on a Friday night
Same ole stoned alone
Blowin' smoke rings in the pale moonlight
She ain't the only one gone
Her wheels keep turning, I keep burning
Lit like a flame on a match
Turnin' new shades of never coming back
Smokin' bluegrass

Like Bill Monroe, I'm in the pines again
High and Lonesome I got Scruggs on 10
Since she took off for them greener pastures
My eyes stay red while I'm trying to get past her

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There's a clear skies above them clouds
So I'm gettin' till the good runs out

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