

## 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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