

Raising Hell

Lucero

Well my little brother's raising hell
Living down in Texas
He probably ought to be in jail
From the stories that he tells us
Of whiskey nights and rodeos
The strippers down in Austin
He's had himself some real good times
If he could just recall them

Now his money's running low and there's a job in his future
And it's looking like his rambling days are done
Now's he's sizing up his choices and a job just ain't one
He'll know which way to run

As for you and winter, it may be cold
But that don't stop the rain
The holes up in your roof
Make keeping dry a losing game
The stairwell's always wet
But your wondering if my
Tears will dry up in your crying eyes

Now that boy, he's coming home
But that just ain't that good for you
Starting in then long ago
You know that much is true
So dry your eyes
And say goodbye
Because he just ain't the one
Decide which way to run
Gonna to decide which way to run

As for me, the same old shit
Is putting me on down
I never been quite able
To pick myself up off the ground
Always got big plans
But they're always in the works
And I swear they'll pay off
If my love don't get out first

Well here I am again
I don't know if I'm right
But I can tell you that I'm having fun
So I give him one more shot
Because this race, it ain't quite done
I hit the ground and run
Gonna to hit the ground and run
Gonna decide which way to run
Gonna to hit the ground and run

And my little brother's raising hell
Living down in Texas