

Do you remember riding the back roads at 76?
We'd sneak home late, you could still smell the Jack on my lips
Couple of young, dumb, broke-ass east-end kids
And if you make it to the river, it's where I live

Some people call us crazy for just living free
But they don't understand the meaning of loyalty
Us country boys and girls, we're easy to please
All we need is a creek and a bottle of Beam

Another Friday night at the pub
Shooting pool and hiding our drunk
We'd lose our voice from every song we sung
I can still recall everything we were running from

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