

The Red Rose

the everybodyfields

I went walking one day down the dusty trail in the
mountains

I saw your fence and climbed it down to the ground
on the ground I walked and on the rock there was your
still
there was your still

there's a bar in alabama
and it's called the red rose
and I go there when i'm thirsty
that's the only reason I suppose

and there was a man beside me
for ten long years I stayed at home
but that man has gone and left me
to do some drinking on his own

I think God is a moonshiner
his skin is gold from the whiskey in his blood
and I think it heaven there is a bar room
a place where the men go and forget about their wives

the sun rises when i'm drinking
and it sets when i'm asleep
and i'll drag my lonliness
to the next bar that I see

I think God is a moonshiner
his skin is gold from the whiskey in his blood
and I think it heaven there is a bar room
a place where the men go and forget about their wives

I know i've had enough of this town
there's not much more for me to see
and there's bibles falling from the skies down here
but I don't think God has time for me

I think God is a moonshiner
his skin is gold from the whiskey in his blood
and I think it heaven there is a bar room
a place where the men go and forget about their wives

I walked to your still and I drank my fill on the rock