

# 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 loneliness  
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