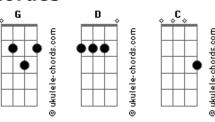


Tyler Childers - White House Road

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Tom: G
 (forma dos acordes no tom de {\sf D} )
Capostraste na 5ª casa
Early in the morning when the sun does rise
Layin? in the bed with bloodshot eyes
Late in the evening when the sun sinks low
That?s about the time my rooster crows
I got women up and down this creek
And they keep me going and my engine clean
Run me ragged but I don?t fret
Cause there ain?t been one slow me down none yet
[Refrão]
Get me drinkin? that moonshine
Get my higher than the grocery bill
Take my troubles to the high wall
Throw ?em in the river and get your fill
We been sniffin? that cocaine
Ain?t nothin? better when the wind cuts cold
Lord it?s a mighty hard living
But a damn good feelin? to run these roads
I got people try to tell me Red
Keep this livin? and you?ll wind up dead
Cast your troubles on the lord of lords
Wind up layin? on a coolin? board
But I got buddies up at White House Road
And they keep me struttin? when my feet hang low
Rot gut whiskey gonna easy my pain
And all this runnin?s gonna keep me sane
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Acordes



[Refrão] Get me drinkin? that moonshine Get my higher than the grocery bill Take my troubles to the high wall Throw ?em in the river and get your fill We been sniffin? that cocaine Ain?t nothin? better when the wind cuts cold Lord it?s a mighty hard living But a damn good feelin? to run these roads It?s a damn good feelin? to run these roads When you lay me in the cold hard clay Won?t you sing them hymns while the banjo plays Tell them ladies that they ought not frown Cause there ain?t been nothing ever held me down [Ponte] Lawman, women, or a shallow grave Same old blues just a different day [Refrão] Get me drinkin? that moonshine Get my higher than the grocery bill Take my troubles to the high wall Throw ?em in the river and get your fill We been sniffin? that cocaine Ain?t nothin? better when the wind cuts cold Lord it?s a mighty hard living But a damn good feelin? to run these roads [Final] It?s a damn good feelin? to run these roads It?s a damn good feelin? to run these roads