Backwoods Gold

Black Stone Cherry

Back woods gold
And I'm back on the road
Playin' moonshine games
But the taste is gonna be the sameHotrods to hell
And the angels are rollin'
I wanna go
Where that hill-tea is flowin'
Hotrods to hell
And the angels are rollin'
Where ole' Mary Jane's growin'
A little sign out front
Reads dinner, pool, and lunch
But that card in his hat
Will tell you what's flowin' out the back
Hotrods to hellAnd the angels are rollin'
I wanna go
Where that hill-tea is flowin'
Hotrods to hell
And the angels are rollin'
Where ole' Mary Jane's growin'Old men laughin'
While the whittle away their past"
The law think they know
But the bootleg man he gets the last laugh
Hotrods to hell
And the angels are rollin'
I wanna go
Where that hill-tea is flowin'
Hotrods to hell
And the angels are rollin'
Where ole' Mary Jane's growin'
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