

# Treaty Oak Revival, Boomtown

Well my trailer looks like a liquor store  
Or maybe one that just got robbed  
Well I've got every bottle you can think of honey  
From Crown to Enchanted Rock  
And I ain't Keith Whitley and I ain't George Jones  
But I damn sure could be the next  
And my girlfriend of two months left me last night  
I can't remember what I said  
Well Goddamn

They say people are creatures of habit  
I got more habits than I need  
Well I dip, drink, and smoke  
And I dabble in the coke, and I took up smoking weed  
And I don't care if I get cancer, some disease and die today  
Because that's just about my only ticket out of Boomtown, USA

Oh and out here it gets lonesome, and out here it ain't no fun  
Living in the desert, and this unpredicted weather  
And the forecast is probably more sun  
I may get loaded, or go to bed  
But I'll still be tired the next day  
Cause there ain't no rest for the wicked out here  
In Boomtown, USA  
Oh yeah

Well I think that I might go crazy  
Yeah I think I might go insane  
But I'm keeping it together, and I tell myself  
"I'm never working in this place again"  
Then I see the zeros that the paystub shows  
And I'm back to work the next day  
Cause they pay me too good for the suffering I do  
Out in Boomtown, USA

Oh Yeah out here it gets lonesome, and out here it ain't no fun  
Living in the desert, and this unpredicted weather  
And the forecast is probably more sun  
I may get fucked up, or go to bed  
But I'll still be tired the next day  
Cause there ain't no rest for the wicked out here  
In Boomtown, USA  
No there ain't no rest for the wicked out here in Boomtown