

BROTHERHOOD

Beer keep flowing, music up loud
Mojo in my pocket, rocking with the crowd
Sweet tasting whiskey, going down real good
Keep this place a rocking, like a good band should.

If times are hard and bad we need help to feel good

Let's stand together strong like good people should

Never get angry never make a threat
Don't wait too long friends, get up and get
Got time on our side, don't need to live fast
Fill your life, don't dwell on the past

Chorus

*(Brothers and Sisters gotta do what we can
gotta fight for our rights gotta stick it to the man
Let no one tell you what you should do
Gotta fight against the system and get a tattoo)*

Chorus

Got friends in Texas got friends in LA
Got friends in and wherever we play
Rocking and a rolling with people who care
From all of the boys it's a big....HELL YEAH!

FOOL'S GOLD

Hell Yeah when you think you got something but you ain't got nothing at all

Hell Yeah a man with a plan ain't ready to take a fall

Fool's Gold it can kill a man when it don't go to plan

Fool's Gold do the best you can but it don't give a damn

Fool's Gold it ain't the kind that you wanna hold

Fool's Gold makes a hard working man's heart grow cold

Hell Yeah drives a man insane when he ain't got nothing to gain

Hell Yeah spent all he had, his families feeling the strain

Chorus

Soul broke, hopes gone up in smoke

All moneys gone, ain't feeling strong

The end is near, eyes full of tears

Keep digging the ground till the real gold is found.

Chorus

Hell Yeah he won't be swayed, his light is starting to fade

Hell Yeah this God fearing man he's starting to feel he's been betrayed.

Chorus x 2

FREE MAN

I'm heading down the highway on my two wheels

A son of a bitch following close on my heels

Been riding for days I got nowhere to go

Got no food 'cos I got no dough.

Can't go south where I've been bad mouthed

Can't go west 'cos they think I'm possessed

I'm a free man got to get a new plan

Godna keep away from the triggerman

Looking like a hobo got dirt in my hair

Shirt all ripped up and my jeans are threadbare

Got holes in my boots where my toes poke through

Long road ahead where's it taking me to

Chorus

(I can try and take my life in Dallas eating humble pie

Or he can take my life in Georgia where I'm happy to die)

The sun is shining in the Southern sky

He ain't a man to see eye to eye

He'll keep on tracking everywhere I go

My name don't matter, I'll be known as John Doe.

Chorus

LOOKING FOR A GOOD TIME

My soul is sinking, my mouth is dry
I've been looking at you honey through the corner of my eye.

My hands are shaking, my sweat is cold
Your smile is sunshine, a beauty to behold.

Are you looking for a good time?

Have a drink of moonshine

Are you looking for a good time?

do you really want to be mine?

The night is young, as the day is long
I can't tell you baby where I went wrong
The town I left, I just can't go back
It's a one horse town on an old dirt track

Chorus

(The dust is flying, the desert sand is hot
Hey baby that ain't my mug shot)

Chorus

The wind is cold, the stars are shining bright
Hold tight girl, need to be out of town tonight
My bike is waiting, are you ready to roll?
Ain't got long baby, coz I'm out on parole.

Chorus

THE BRAVE

Yeah we are the brave

Yeah our lives we gave

Yeah our souls we saved

Yeah we are the brave

We still belong, though many gone, our lands they sold
The white men came, their ones to blame, their greed for gold.

Chorus

The life we shared, the hearts that bled, gone for good
Words of trust, lay in the dust, did all we could
The whiskey drank, the hope's that sank, kept going strong
Sun that shined, cross Indian lines, where we belong

Chorus

Many died, our children cried, homes burnt to dust
Our mother earth, who gave us birth, in her we trust
The trail of tears, we faced our fears, numbers decreased
On sacred land, stood hand in hand, we prayed for peace

Chorus

All songs were written by Sons of Liberty under the influence of damn fine Southern Bourbon.

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