

Sun beats down on my face
Hottest day of the year
Kickstand swings down from my boot
Sign says "Real Cold Beer"

Take a break in this nothing town
To cool off and unwind
Got this bike and a couple grand
Left everything else behind

Edge of town two buzzards
Watching from their perch
Last Chance Gas for a hundred miles
Last Chance Baptist Church

- CHORUS

Door swings out as I walk up
Couple locals walk outside
They don't even notice me
But they damn sure like my ride

Barkeep pours a tall one
Foaming and ice cold
Slide into a window booth
To rest my weary soul

CHORUS

Some guys just ain't meant
For a picket fence and a wife
Some guys struggle every day
To make it through this life

I just need a real cold beer
Gas tank full of gas
Kick start my old Harley
Feel the wind go past

CHORUS

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