

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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