

Till You Hit The Bottom

There aint no livin if there ain't no danger
There ain't no brothers if there ain't no strangers
Some get bitter, others better with aging
There ain't no laughter if there ain't no raging

There ain't no moonshine
Till the mash gets rotten
You don't start bouncing
Till you hit the bottom

The joy is sweeter, cause there's so much pain
The desert blossoms with the tears of rain
You pray in vain that you might see the light
But it won't come till the end of the night

There ain't no moonshine
Till the mash gets rotten
And you don't start bouncing
Till you hit the bottom

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