Run your car off the side of the road,
Get stuck in a ditch way out in the middle of nowhere.
Get yourself in a bind, lose the shirt off your back,
Need a floor, need a couch, need a bus fare.

This is where the rubber meets the road. This is where the cream is gonna rise.
This is what you really didn't know. This is where the truth don't lie.

You'll find out who your friends are. Somebody's gonna drop everything,
Run out and crank up their car, hit the gas, get there fast.
Never stop to think "What's in it for me?" or "It's way too far?"
They just show on up with their big old heart. You'll find out who you're friends are.

Everybody wants to slap your back, wants to shake your hand,
When you're up on top of that mountain.
But let one of those rocks give way, then you slide back down, Look up and see who's around then.

This ain't where the road comes to an end. This ain't where the bandwagon stops.
This is just one of those times when a lot of folks jump off.

You'll find out who your friends are. Somebody's gonna drop everything,
Run out and crank up their car, hit the gas, get there fast.
Never stop to think "What's in it for me?" or "It's way too far?"
They just show on up with their big old heart. You'll find out who you're friends are.

When the water's high, when the weather's not so fair,
When the well runs dry, who's gonna be there?
You'll find out who your friends are. Somebody's gonna drop everything,
Run out and crank up their car, hit the gas, get there fast.
Never stop to think "What's in it for me?" or "It's way too far?"
They just show on up with their big old heart.
You'll find out who you're friends are, yeah, yeah. You'll find out who you're friends are.
Run your car off the side of the road,
Get stuck in a ditch way out in the middle of nowhere. Man, l've been there.
Get yourself in a bind, lose the shirt off your back,
Need a floor, need a couch, need a bus fare. Man, I've been there. Man, I've been there.

