

The White Trash Song (feat. Scott H. Biram)

Shooter Jennings

Wake up every morning, by the break of dawn
Hear that rooster crowing, I feel so all alone
Honey suckle outside my window, dew sparkling on the vine
Little squirrels is a'barking
Like they thought they was a mountain-lion
I get to thinking about the road, all the times I've been back again
I was born a child of these muddy roads
I guess I'll die here lonesome as the wind
Cause all my cars are broke down
Laying in my front yard
I ought to get one together
But the work just seems too hard
A man come 'round this morning,
Wanting to paint my barn
Paint it "See it Rock City, US Highway 41"
Ladies and gentlemen - Mr. Scott H Biram
Well Shooter, I used to have me a church woman
Oh just as pretty as can be
Aww, but she ran off with Jimmy Swaggart
Up in Nashville Tennessee
So I drink me a whole lot of liquor
And I drink me a whole lot of booze
I'm a midnight country-rambler
And I ain't got nothing to lose
I ain't got nothing to lose boys
I wake up in the mornings
Laying in the jail
My head will be hurting
I won't be feeling too well
That old fat-bellied sheriff come talking up to me
He wanna know how it felt: Not being free?
I said didn't matter much,
Didn't hurt at all
I'd rather be locked up in jail in hell,
than be a fat bellied cop!A man come 'round this morning,
Wanting to paint my barn
Paint it "See it Rock City, US Highway 41"

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>