

U.S. Of Hate

U.S. Bombs

On Saturday night
When I was born
Down on the farm
Guitar plinkin'
And we started drinkin'
Till the break of dawnAbout twelve o'clock
Everything get hot
Up steps George Jones
We started clappin'
And he started singin'
A sweet little country songBo Weevil, Bo Weevil
Where have you been all day?
Your Mama been lookin'
Had to stop cookin'
Since you went awayBo Weevil, Bo Weevil
Why did you go and stay?
You'll get a lickin'
As soon as I'm seated
On a bale of hayOn Saturday night
When I was born
Down on the farm
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