Tramp

Steve Miller Band

Tramp
What you call me?
Tramp
Oh you didn't
You don't wear continental clothes or Stetson hats
Well I tell you one doggone thing
It makes me feel good to know one thingI know I'm a lover
Matter of opinion, baby
That's all right, Mama was
So
Papa too
And I'm the only child
Lovin' is all I know to doYou know what, Otis?
What?
You're country
That's all right
You straight from the Georgia woods
That's good
You know what? You wear overalls
And big old brogan shoes
And you need a haircut, trampHaircut? Woman, you foolin'
Ooh, I'm a lover
Mama was, Grandmama, Papa too
They'll make you one
Oh, that's alrightAnd I'm the only son of a gun, yeah, this side of the sun
Tramp
That's right, that's what you are
[Incomprehensible]
You know what? I'm no trampYou know what, Otis?
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp
What?
That's right
You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket
You probably haven't even got twenty-five centsI got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns
Four Fords, six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang
Ooh, I'm a lover
You're true about me
My Mama was, my Papa too
[Incomprehensible]

I tell you one thing
Well tell meI'm the only son of a gun, yeah this side of the sun
Alright
You're a tramp, Otis
No I'm not
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp
Don't call me thatLook here you ain't got no money
I got everything
You can't buy me all those minks and sables and all that stuff I want
I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels, rabbits
Anything you want, womanLook, you can go out in the Georgia woods catch them, baby
Oh, you foolin'
You're still a tramp
That's alright
You a tramp, Otis, you just a tramp
That's alright[Incomprehensible]
You wear overalls, you need a haircut, baby
[Incomprehensible]
Cut off some of that hair off your head
You think you a lover, huh?

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