

Sour Grain

Humble Pie

Well Shakey Jack is a hundred and three
Still strong as hickory
Swigs of mountain dew
Was his release I know his a only fear
Was country vulgar cold and clear
About the day he'd booze
And keep the peace He knows the big best way
To success
Is a proud fierce woman
And a jar of whiskey Someway however you can
It's all right by me
Well I'd stake my claim but my mule got lame
How lucky can a poor boy be Don't you know that some bum
Stole my finger pigs?
Ask me how he gets in this fix
But I'd sure like to play some licksy game 'Cause I earn my pay
Park it all on me
There's my brown dog barking
Here's my landlord humming Someway whatever you name
It's all right by me
Well I'd cut my corn but my got torn
How lucky can a poor boy be Someway ah yeah
It's all right by me
Well I'd cut my corn
But how lucky can a poor boy be yes

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