Country My Ass

Dale Watson

He ain't even near twenty
But he says he's seen plenty of hard times
'Cause he's been on his bus for five days
And in his hotel for five nightsAnd his satellite dish is broke
And the new band is treatin' him mean, yeah, I know
And there's still another week to go
He misses that karaoke machineHey, that's country, my ass
Who do they think we am?
Force-feed us that shit
Ain't you real tired of it?
Tell 'em, stick it up high
Where the sun don't shine
Get pissed, an' get mad
'Cause that's country, my assNow, she's out there too, she's got her own secrets too
Shh, don't tell nobody
She can't sing a lick and in a bucket, she couldn't carry her tunes
Now wait a minuteShe's pretty as a picture
And she sure got a nice set of wits, yeah
And she misses her producer slash boyfriend who seduced her
Er produced her a hitHey, that's country, my ass
Who do they think we am?
Force-feed us that shit
Ain't you real tired of it?
Tell 'em stick it up high
Where the sun don't shine
Get pissed, an' get mad
Tell 'em that's country, my assNow don't get me wrong
To each his own I believe
But they've took the soul out of what means a whole lot to me
'Cause I can see hank and leftyThey're spinning around in their graves
And if they were here now
I think y'all know what they'd say, don't you?
What they'd say?That's country, my ass
Who do they think we am?
Force-feed us that shit
Ain't you real tired of it?
Tell 'em stick it up high
Where the sun don't shine
We're pissed, we're mad 'cause that's country, my ass

We're pissed, we're mad 'cause that's country, my ass

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