

Scat Cat

Toby Keith

Well mommas in the kitchen cooking Irish stew
Daddys in the hollow and hes cooking something too
Daddy makes a whiskey, momma say the prayer
I fly up and down the backroads
Its a family affairAnd I know the day is coming
My luck will run its course
Got to slow down with a woman
Ride a faster horse
If a bullet doesnt find me
Theyll let me rot in jail
Scat cat, youve got gravy on your tailNow the old man's hard on my Momma, but he's harder on his son
Momma always told me first chance that you get boy, cut and run
I got whiskey in the backseat, momma itll be alright
I got one more run I got to make, a little rough tonightAnd I know the day is coming
My luck will run its course
Got to slow down with a woman
Ride a faster horse
If a bullet doesnt find me
Theyll let me rot in jail
Scat cat, youve got gravy on your tailNow wrong aint always wicked
Law aint always right
If a young man has a breaking point
Then the lawman has a price
I let that sheriff catch me
I got a pistol too
I made him an offer that he could not refuseWe took that load of Whiskey
We went to Little Rock
I left him handcuffed at the airport
Long term parking lotAnd I knew the day was coming
My luck would run its course
Never slowed down with a woman
Never found a faster horse
But a bullet didnt find me
I aint rotting in no jail
Scat cat, youve got gravy on your tail
Gravy, scat cat