

No Trash in My Trailer

Colt Ford

Yes I live in a single wide, to get up here it takes a four wheel drive
Got a mean old dog whose name is Sick 'em Sam I got a motor hangin' in a tree,Â

A satellite dish, a trampoline

A sixty-eight red Chevelle, been known to raise a little hell
All night, bar fightin', some of y'all sayin' I ain't livin' rightÂ

Eat butter beans and fried spam

I ain't what they sayÂ I am 'Cause there ain't no trash in my trailer.

Though you might find an empty can of beer

No there ain't been no trash in my trailer, oh no

Since the day I threw you outta here I burn my trash in a drum. Sometimes I shoot my gunÂ

I'm mud boggin', camouflagin', a ball game is what I'm watchin'

I work hard, mow the yard, fish, hunt, knuckle scar,Â

Change oil, plow the soil, love a low country boy

I wear a suit for church and stuff, Daddy's the one that made me toughÂ

He told me son, don't be ashamed of who you are and our family name

I'm makin' it proud, sayin' it loud, doin' my thing for the country crowd

I tell you the truth and don't give a damn

But I ain't what they say I am 'Cause there ain't no trash in my trailerÂ

Though you might find an empty can of beer

No there ain't been no trash in my trailer, oh no

Since the day I threw you outta here Go on and burn a little trash there for me boys No there ain't no trash in my
trailer

Though you might find an empty can of beer

No there ain't been no trash in my trailer, oh noÂ

Since the day I threw you outta here No there's no trailer trash livin' here

It's pretty dang spotless around here now boys

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