

# Hang Time

Pat Coil

South of the border, down Mississippi way  
Born on the delta, where the blues men play  
Out on the road, just doin' my time  
When I come home, I wanna be with my kind  
Mamma calls me baby, daddy says son  
That ain't no name for a man on the run  
Stick to your guns, and you surely win  
Open up your mouth, and let the moonshine in  
Hang time, down in the neighborhood  
Well it's hang time, I'm hangin' with my family and friends  
Well grab my little honey for a little doe-se-doe  
Cut myself a slice O'rug, on the dance floor  
Come on everybody, lets have a good time  
Pack up all your troubles, and leave 'em behind  
Winter, spring, summer, on into the fall,  
Any type of weather, it don't matter at all  
Down on the street corners, you will find

Where everybody's hangin', hangin'  
Now it might be sentimental, but I don't care  
I know it's something that we all share  
Mamma's good cookin' makes you feel at home,  
You give the dog a bone  
Now out in the driveway, I hear the engines roar  
My road dog buddy's, say it's time for some more  
When it's all over, and my work is through  
Pack it up honey, I'm comin' home to you  
Cause it's hanging time, down in my neighborhood  
Lord it's hang time, I'm hangin' with my family and friends  
Lord it's hang time, down in my neighborhood  
Yes it's hanging time  
I'm hangin' with my family and friends  
Oh yeah, I am hanging  
Well I'm hanging  
I am hanging, hangin' with my family and friends

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