

There Goes the Neighborhood

Roomful of Blues

I was born in the country on an old farm road
Worked hard for a livin' but I still stayed broke
Everything I had was either borrowed or loaned
Except my mobile home
I started pickin' and a grinnin' and a drawin' a crowd
Saved up my nickels and I turned it around
Hitched up the trailer and my chickens and cows
Moved right into town
There goes the neighborhood
Trashin' it up just like you knew we would
You throw a hillbilly log into the Hollywood
And there goes the neighborhood
I couldn't wait to start unpackin' my stuff
Pulled out the pink flamingos and I put 'em in front
Cranked up the stereo in my old truck
Iced down a case of Bud
Called Uncle Vernon said, "Come cut the grass"
He showed up on his mower with a half empty flask
You ought to see the people slowin' down when they pass
Sayin', "Man, would you look at that?"
There goes the neighborhood
Trashin' it up just like you knew we would
You throw a hillbilly log into the Hollywood
And there goes the neighborhood
They got Poodles and pools and lawn mowers
I got Pitt Bulls and pistols and ponds
Yeah, they're playing possum
While I'm living high on the Hog
There goes the neighborhood
Trashin' it up just like you knew we would
You throw a hillbilly log into the Hollywood
And there goes the neighborhood
You throw a hillbilly log into the Hollywood
There goes the neighborhood
Y'all come back now, ya hear?

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