

In My Neighborhood

Wes Mackey

If you see a pick-up truck
With a plastic coon dog mounted on the hood
If you pass a trailer with a concrete donkey in the yard
And tires up on the roof And if you see a woman in a moo-moo
Reading tarot cards and palms down by the road
That's how you know
That's how you know, you're in my neighborhood In my neighborhood
There's nothing ordinary 'bout the regular folk
In my neighborhood
We make our own wine outta berries we grow A word to the wise when they turn out the lights
It's a free for all, y'all, every Saturday night
But everybody treats everybody the way they should
In my neighborhood When the wind is just right
You can tell they're makin' paper at the mill on Champion lane
When Mabel Johnson goes to fryin' rocky mountain oysters
You can smell 'em from a mile away You might hear the church bells playin' Sweet Home Alabama
'Cause the preacher loves rock and roll
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