

# Ballad of a Southern Man

## Whiskey Myers

My first rifle was a .243,  
Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me,  
and they taught me how to shoot with a steady hand,  
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

Now I grew up on a prison farm,  
sneaking pulls of shine from a mason jar,  
used to go fishing out pickle creek dam,  
but I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

Grandmas in the kitchen;  
Papas drunk past dawn;  
We sit out on the front porch,  
Just a pickinâ€™ on the songs;  
and there's blood on the table,  
cause we work for what we have;  
and I was raised in this land,  
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

I still fly that southern flag,  
whistling Dixieland enough to brag,  
and I know all the words to simple man,  
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

I pledge my allegiance the original way,  
say Merry Christmas not happy holidays,  
I canâ€™t change my ways I know who I am,  
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

Grandmas in the kitchen;  
Papas drunk past dawn;  
we sit out on the front porch,  
just a pickinâ€™ on the songs;  
and there's blood on the table,  
cause we work for what we have;  
and I was raised in this land,  
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

They'll grind us up in a big machine;  
They'll feed us all on the same beliefs,

Holy dollar and a credit card;  
but we got a way of doing things,  
and no bankers gonna steal from me;  
they wanna tear it all apart.

Grandmas in the kitchen;  
Papas done past on;  
we sit out on the front porch,  
just a pickin' on the songs;  
and there's a bible on the table,  
cause he bleed for what we have,  
and that's the ballad of a southern man,  
I guess that's something you don't understand.

My first rifle was a .243,  
Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me.

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