

The White Trash Song

Shooter Jennings

Wake up every morning, by the break of dawn
Hear that rooster crowing, I feel so all alone
Honey snuggle outside my window, do sparkling oh divine
Little squirrels is a'barking
Like they thought they was a mountain-lion
I get to thinking about the road, all the times I've been back again
I was born a child of these muddy roads
I guess I'll die here lonesome as the wind
Cause all my cover broke down
Playing' live fun yard
I won't get one, get her
But the road just seems too hard
Someone come round this morning,
Wanting to play in my barn He was highway 41 Ladies and gentlemen
Well I use to have me a
Oh just as pretty as can be
All the Jimmy swagger
Left in Nashville Tennessee
So I drink me a whole lot of liquor
And I drink me a whole lot of booze
I'm a midnight country-rambler
And I ain't got nothing to lose
I ain't got nothing to lose boys I wake up beyond the mornings
Laying in this jail
My head will be hurting
I won't be feeling too well
That old flat-belly sheriff talking out to me
I wanna know how it felt: not being free
I said didn't matter much,
Didn't hurt at all
I'll never be locked up in jail, hell, hell

Songwriters

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