

Keeping Up with the Joneses

Corey Smith

Back in the day, back in the hills, we were busted,
Made a living on the government dime.
Mama wouldn't keep a job,
and the alimony check never came on time.
We were poor. I wasn't proud, only angry
that my daddy couldn't send us more.
Always embarrassed by my free lunch card,
and food stamps for the grocery store.No keeping up with the Joneses.
No keeping up with the Joneses.
When you're stuck on the bottom,
You take what you can get.
Ooo Oo, Ooo OoI went to school in hand-me-downs from my cousin,
Baggy britches seemed to suit me well,
Kinda thin, kinda loose in the middle,
Slouching in after the tardy bell.
The teacher never called me trash,
But I knew what she was thinking when she looked at me,
Born to be the underclass,
Growing up to make a living on our charity.No keeping up with the Joneses.
No keeping up with the Joneses.
When you're stuck on the bottom,
You take what you can get.
Say Ooo Oo, Ooo OoDon't go looking down your nose at me neighbor,
I can spot you from a yard away,
Don't try to judge me by the clothes I'm wearing or the cars in my driveway
I'm not rich but I'm not poor any longer
And I'm happy as a man can be
I'm proud to work, I'm proud to pay my taxes,
And I'm grateful for my familyNo keepin' up with the Joneses,
No keepin' up with the Joneses,
When you come up from the bottom,
You love whatever you got.
Say Ooo Oo, Ooo OoNo keepin' up with the Joneses
No no no, No no no
Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down
Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down
Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down
No no no, No no no

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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