# Snaggle Tooth Mama

## Those Darlins

Well I'm a snaggle-tooth mama
Don't know no shoes
I got a tin-roof tan
With my cold crib daddy right by my side
We do the best that we canI live so far out down the country roads
There ain't nothin for hours
By the time I get back from the grocery store
The milk's already gone sourWell, mechanic says my pickup ain't doin so hot
But it sounds pretty good to me
It may be old and it may be run-down
But it can still climb the hills of TennesseeWell I'm a snaggle-tooth mama
Don't know no shoes
I got a tin-roof tan
With my cold crib daddy right by my side
We do the best that we canWell I get my clothes from the local dump
They call it the Flatwood Mall
Folks 'round here don't know the difference
Between a dump and a hole in the wallWell I go skinny dippin when the moon's too loud
And I wear my Daisy Dukes too high
Between the midnight kisses and the front porch sittin
I love my backwoods lifeWell I'm a snaggle-tooth mama
Don't know no shoes
I got a tin-roof tan
With my cold crib daddy right by my side
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