

# 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 can I 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 sour Well, 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 Tennessee 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 can Well 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 wall Well 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 life 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  
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