

Honky Cat

Michael William Andersen

When I look back, boy, I must have been green
Bopping in the country, fishing in a stream
Looking for an answer, trying to find a sign
Until I saw your city lights, honey, I was blind

They said, get back, honky cat
Better get back to the woods
Well, I quit those days and my redneck ways
And, oh, the change is gonna do me good

You better get back, honky cat
Living in the city ain't where it's at
It's like trying to find gold in a silver mine
It's like trying to drink whiskey from a bottle of wine

Well, I read some books, and I read some magazines
About those high-class ladies down in New Orleans
And all the folks back home, well, said I was a fool
They said, oh, believe in the Lord is the golden rule

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They said, stay at home, boy, you gotta tend the farm
Living in the city, boy, is going to break your heart
But how can you stay when your heart says no?
How can you stop when your feet say go?

They said, get back, honky cat
Better get back to the woods
Well, I quit those days and my redneck ways
And, oh, the change is gonna do me good

You better get back, honky cat
Living in the city ain't where it's at
It's like trying to find gold in a silver mine
It's like trying to drink whiskey from a bottle of wine

Oh, yeah

Get back, honky cat
Get back, honky cat
Get back

Get back, honky cat
Get back, honky cat
Get back

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