

# Tramp

## Otis Redding

Tramp, what you call me? Tramp, you didn't  
You don't wear continental clothes or Stetson hats  
Well, I tell you one dog-gone thing  
It makes me feel good to know one thing  
I know I'm a lover, matter of opinion  
That's all right, mama was, papa too  
And I'm the only child, lovin' is all I know to do  
You know what, Otis? What?  
You're country, that's all right  
You straight from the Georgia woods, that's good  
You know what? You wear overalls  
And big old Brogan shoes  
And you need a haircut, Tramp  
Haircut? Woman, you foolin'  
Ooh, I'm a lover  
Mama was, grand ma was, papa too  
Boogaloo, all that stuff  
And I'm the only son-of-a-gun  
This side of the sun, Tramp  
You know what, Otis? I don't care what you say  
You're still a tramp, what? That's right  
You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket  
You probably haven't even got twenty-five cents  
I got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns, four Fords  
Six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang  
Ooh, I'm a lover, what 'bout me  
My mama was, my papa too  
I tell you one thing, well tell me  
I'm the only son-of-a-gun, yeah  
On, this side of sun  
You're a tramp, Otis, no, I'm not  
I don't care what you say  
You're still a tramp, what's wrong with that?  
Look here, you ain't got no money  
I got everything  
You can't buy me all those minks and sables  
And all that stuff I want  
I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels  
Rabbits, anything you want, woman

Look, you can go out in the Georgia woods  
And catch them, baby, oh, you foolin'  
You're still a tramp, that's all right  
You a tramp, Otis, you just a tramp  
That's all right  
You wear overalls, you need a haircut, baby  
Cut of some of that hair, baby  
You think you're a lover, huh?

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