

Gator Hide

The Vandals

Alligator skins, crocodile hides, good ol' boys, and their Southern brides
City folk come for the lure of the bounty
But they don't come back 'cause the sheriff of the country is
Buford T. Jefferson Davis III
And I'm only here to warn you if you haven't heard about:
Gator hides- a sheriff's pride
Everyglades mirrored shades
He's a good ol' boy but he ain't no good
He'll bust your head on a stump
Just like splittin' wood
Got a story of his own though he ain't askin' for pity
Saw his folks shot dead for twelve dollars in the city
So Buford was orphaned by the city at ten
Got a chip on his shoulder the size of Gentle Ben
(CHORUS)
Hunted 10,000 islands, drank 10,000 beers
Wanted 10,000 dollars, got 10,000 years
So I drank myself blind, on a homemade solution
As my body rots away in a penal institution
So if you come for the gators let me give you a clue
The shefiff of the county's got it in for you

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