

Honky Red

Widespread Panic

I ain't got no back porch, I ain't got no rockin' chair
I've got a dirty coat got shaky hands and a face like a grizzly bear
I'm an old wino I scare all the ladies you might say that I'm a bum
But I'm sure wired up to that Honky Red and that good Gold Anchor rum
When I need a drink I'm chained to a sink
It's "please" and "thank you, ma'am."
When I get a head full of Honky Red
I don't give a good god-damn
Well I fought in your wars now I sleep in your doors I left my leg in Iraq
All that remains is this ghostly pain when the mornings get too damp
I was born in the sticks and I got to grade 6 so I ain't much in demand
I deliver handbills and I steal red pills
For the boys in the whore-house band
When I need a drink I'm chained to a sink
It's "please" and "thank you, ma'am."
When I get a head full of Honky Red
I don't give a good god-damn
When I need a drink I'm chained to a sink
It's "please" and "thank you, ma'am."
When I get a head full of Honky Red
I don't give a good god-damn
I got me a girl I see sometimes now she's damn near half a ton
I got me a furnished room at the Joyceville Pen well I got me a no-good son
I'll keep me a head full of Honky Red until the reaper tolls the bell
If I'm as high when I die as I was
When I lived I'll be in Heaven just as sure as hell
When I need a drink I'm chained to a sink
It's "please" and "thank you, ma'am."
When I get a head full of Honky Red
I don't give a good god-damn.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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