

Ballad Of A Southern Man

Whiskey Myers

My first rifle was a .243,
Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me,
and they taught me how to shoot with a steady hand,
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

Now I grew up on a prison farm,
sneaking pulls of shine from a mason jar,
used to go fishing out pickle creek dam,
but I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

Grandmas in the kitchen;
Papapas drunk past dawn;
We sit out on the front porch,
Just a pickinâ€™ on the songs;
and there's blood on the table,
cause we work for what we have;
and I was raised in this land,
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

I still fly that southern flag,
whistling Dixieland enough to brag,
and I know all the words to simple man,
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

I pledge my allegiance the original way,
say Merry Christmas not happy holidays,
I canâ€™t change my ways I know who I am,
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

Grandmas in the kitchen;
Papapas drunk past dawn;
we sit out on the front porch,
just a pickinâ€™ on the songs;
and there's blood on the table,
cause we work for what we have;
and I was raised in this land,
I guess thatâ€™s something you don't understand.

They'll grind us up in a big machine;
They'll feed us all on the same beliefs,

Holy dollar and a credit card;
but we got a way of doing things,
and no bankers gonna steal from me;
they wanna tear it all apart.

Grandmas in the kitchen;
Papas done past on;
we sit out on the front porch,
just a pickin' on the songs;
and there's a bible on the table,
cause he bleed for what we have,
and that's the ballad of a southern man,
I guess that's something you don't understand.

My first rifle was a .243,
Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me.

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