

# If That Ain't Country

David Allan Coe

The old man was covered with tattoos and scars  
He got some in prison and others in bars  
The rest he got workin' on old junk cars in the daytime  
They looked like tombstones in our yard  
And I never seen him when he wasn't tired and mean  
He sold used parts to make ends meet  
Covered with grease from his head to his feet  
Cussin' the sweat and the Texas heat and mosquitos  
And the neighbors said we lived like hicks  
But they brung their cars for pa to fix anyhow  
He was veteran-proud tried and true  
He'd fought till his heart was black and blue  
Didn't know how he'd made it through the hard times  
He bought our house on the GI Bill  
But it wasn't worth all he had to kill to git it  
He drank pearl in a can and Jack Daniels black  
Chewed tobacco from a mail pouch sack  
Had an old dog that was trained to attack sometimes  
He'd get drunk and mean as a rattlesnake  
And there wasn't too much that he would take from a stranger  
There were thirteen kids and a bunch of dogs  
A house full of chickens and a yard full of hogs  
I spent the summertime cuttin' up logs for the winter  
Tryin' like the devil to find the Lord  
Workin' like a nigger for my room and board  
Coal-burnin' stove - no natural gas  
If that ain't country, I'll kiss your ass  
If that ain't country, it'll harelip the Pope  
If that ain't country, it's a damn good joke  
I've seen the Grand Ole Opry and I've met Johnny Cash  
If that ain't country, I'll kiss your ass  
Mama sells eggs at a grocery store  
My oldest sister is a first-rate whore  
Dad says she can't come home anymore and he means it  
Ma just sits and keeps her silence  
Sister, she left 'cause dad got violent and he knows it  
Mama she's old far beyond her time  
From choppin' tobacco and I've seen her cryin'  
When blood started flowin' from her calloused hand and it hurt me  
She'd just keep workin', tryin' to help the old man  
To the end of one row and back again like always

She's been through hell since Junior went to jail  
When the lights go out, she ain't never failed  
To get down on her knees and pray because she loves him  
Told all the neighbors he was off in the war  
Fightin' for freedom - he's good to the core and she's proud  
Now our place was a graveyard for automobiles  
At the end of the porch, there was four stacks of wheels  
And tires for sale for a dollar or two - cash  
There was fifty holes in an old tin roof  
Me and my family we was livin' proof  
That people who forgot about poor white trash  
And if that ain't country, I'll kiss your ass  
If that ain't country, it'll harelip the Pope  
If that ain't country, it's a damn good joke  
I've seen the Grand Ole Opry and I've met Johnny Cash  
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