

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
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