

I'm a Good Old Rebel

Ry Cooder

Oh, I'm a good old rebel
Now that's just what I am
For this fair land of freedom
I do not care a damn I'm glad I fought against it
I only wish we'd won
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done I hate the Yankee nation
And everything they do
I hate the declaration
Of Independence too I hates the glorious Union
'Tis dripping with our blood
And I hate their striped banner
I fought it all I could Three hundred thousand Yankees
Stiffen in Southern dust
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot
And I wish it was three million
Instead of what we got I won't be reconstructed
I'm better now than then
And for that carpet bagger
I do not give a damn So I'm off for the frontier
Soon as I can go
I'll prepare a weapon
And start for Mexico

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