

Little Junior

Gary Stewart

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ah, my daddy wore a Stetson and a hundred dollar suit
Developed a cravin' for the black man's blues
At five point sturdy, knew his way 'round the tables
Let it down boys, I'm takin' it home to theBaby little junior, such a sad child
I only got two months and I'm going through this townWell like my daddy I've been around too
And as far as cravings I've got quite a few
Tall naked women, diamonds and cars
Old age whiskey and all night barsDo their boogie and the weed they smoke
Sittin' on, waitin' for another toke
Like my lovin' when you lose your towel
You can bet your dollar she ain't comin' aroundLittle junior, such a sad child
I only got two months and I'm going through this townRaised without a mother, so I'ma mother myself
And I've been known to raise some hell
I yell out from the other side of town
And strange things happen you see when I'm aroundAll mamas and papas you better be on guard
And keep your little girl in the yard
I end up in jail, that was Saturday night
Well, I'm out on bail and for the [Incomprehensible]Little junior, such a sad child
I only got two months and I'm going through this town, gone, gone

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