

# Last Child

[Earl Slick](#)

Take me back to a south Tallahassee  
Down cross the bridge to my sweet sassafrassy  
Can't stand up on my feet in the city  
Got to get back to the real nitty gritty

Yes sir, no sir  
Don't come close to my  
Home sweet home  
Can't catch no dose  
Of my hot tail poon-tang sweatheart  
Sweathog ready to make a silk purse  
From a J Paul Getty and his ear  
With a face in a beer  
Home sweet home

Get out in the field,  
Put the mule in the stable  
Ma, she's a cookin'  
Put the eats on the table  
Hate's in the city and my love's in the meadow  
Hand's on the plow and my feets in the ghetto

Stand up, sit down  
Don't do nothin'  
Ain't no good when boss man's stuffin'  
Down their throats with paper notes  
As babies cry  
When you're rockin' the street  
Home sweet home

Mamma take me home sweet home  
I was the last child, just a punk in the street.

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