

## **Vandals, The "Gator Hide"**

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Alligator skins, crocodile hides, good ol' boys, and  
their Southern brides  
City folk come for the lure of the bounty  
But they don't come back 'cause the sheriff of the  
country is  
Buford T. Jefferson Davis III  
And I'm only here to warn you if you haven't heard  
about:  
Gator hides- a sheriff's pride  
Everyglades mirrored shades  
He's a good ol' boy but he ain't no good  
He'll bust your head on a stump  
Just like splittin' wood  
Got a story of his own though he ain't askin' for pity  
Saw his folks shot dead for twelve dollars in the city  
So Buford was orphaned by the city at ten  
Got a chip on his shoulder the size of Gentle Ben  
[Chorus]  
Hunted 10,000 islands, drank 10,000 beers  
Wanted 10,000 dollars, got 10,000 years  
So I drank myself blind, on a homemade solution  
As my body rots away in a penal institution  
So if you come for the gators let me give you a clue  
The shefiff of the county's got it in for you

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