

3-11 Porter

"Fuck Ya'll, We're From Texas"

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Humidity doesn't bother me
Neither does the pouring rain
Cause 5 minutes later it's better or worse
But it never stays the same

It's hot and it's dusty
My armpits are musty
And my cowboy hat is soaked
A man on a three wheeled bike
Sets me up with a 50 cent snow cone

At a quarter to two eatin' Mexican food
Free chips and beans and rice
SMILE WHEN YOU SAY TEXAS
And everything will be alright

We've got Willie Nelson
And Serial Killers
And King Of The Hill
And the moonshine distillers
And Texas is the only place to have killed
The president in his car
Heavy laws for petty crimes
Paying off probation fees
A system designed to fuck you up
That's why our prisons are our
Fastest growing industry (fuck the system)

In 1980 John Travolta
Filmed Urban Cowboy here
Lookin' for love in all the wrong places
And drinking Gilley's beer

In the basement of the Alamo
We've got Pee Wee Hermans Bike

FUCK YA'LL WE'RE FROM TEXAS
Where the stars are big and bright
All night
Yee-Haw

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