

Blur "Red Necks"

Visit "[Red Necks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Alright (Ready)
Rollin'? Rollin', rollin', rollin'? Yea, are we?
Rollin', rollin'... howdy boys
O.K. I want y'all to sit real comfy...with yer comfy ten
gallons on back yer head...just relax. O.K.
(It's good to be here) Here we go...boys...

I'm a truckin' redneck and I just refuse to die (He won't
die)
I was built big and strong on the state's best apple pie
I'm better than them limey pin-heads in Europe-y
12 gauge in their back, hell would stop their mopin'
I'm a truckin' red stop and I...just refuse to die

You will never die
It's what they call chemistry
You're American...you're never gonna die!
You play billiards and wet that mound, you ain't never
gonna die!

The good Lord above will take care of that
I get free coffee fill-ups at my favorite Denny's place
Find a couple of tea bags and I kick them in the face
Sure is damn good thumpage in that waitress' ass
When I go on tour gonna get me a pass
Hell, don't want no fuckin' limey gettin'...on my god
damn case

Woo!
That's in the east wood...you gotta go to the wood and
go east
It's in the east wood
Go west brother!
We showed them in gin some
In my...uh...the boys here wanna say a few words...to
the audience at home
Well, you know, you've grown up and I obviously
haven't
Woo! Hope you go on happy with your Miller's Coors
Light
I've got every Beatles record

Visit [Blur](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.