

Casey Donahew Band "White Trash Story"

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My best friend Junior, he lives two trailers down
His wife MaryLou she runs the Caberet in town
They've got two kids, and they dont look like him
He's a tractor tech, he's a redneck, now he's gettin
drunk again

(Chorus)

I'm talkin bout the good times, drinkin down the bad
Tryin to remember all those crazy nights that we had
Now I'm empty, I'm not sad
Talkin bout the good times, drinkin down the bad

Miss Sara Ann Bakersmith, she was my girlfriend
I took her top off for the first time at the drive-in
You know those had to be the coolest things I'd seen
She was passed around like a bottle of crown, but she
was always sweet to me

(Chorus)

Now Junior's Junior's kid, you know they call him "The
Duece"
And his grandma she drinks vodka in her orange juice
She sells pot to kids, and she just got out of jail
Junior had to sell his new John-boat just to help to raise
the bills

(Chorus)

Now my name's Carl Wayne, I've had two DUI's
Three years ago they took my license I dont drive
These boots can get me there, I live just down the
street
Its last call, its too far to crawl, now help me to my feet

(Chorus)

Just talkin bout the good times, drinkin down the bad
Talkin bout the good times

