

## **The Black League "Mad Ol' Country"**

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Sure we had a reputation  
For being weak and rude  
And I guess there ain't no saying  
What's the truth  
We used to rather mind our business  
And take care of it too  
Still we like to keep to ourselves now  
How 'bout you?

Sing a song for a mad ol' country  
No place like home  
Just a song for this mad ol' towa  
The north will rise again!  
It's rising!

So we liked to drink our whiskey  
For a forth sight in a row  
And go raisin' hell down south  
What a real bloody horrorshow  
And yes, we take a lot of pride, man  
In what we are and what we do  
At least we have integrity, son  
How 'bout you?

It's rising:  
Can you hear it honey?

Now for all ye unbelievers  
Just let the truth be knows  
You can take a an out of here, girl  
But never above

It's rising!

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