Drive-By Truckers "The Buford Stick"

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Now Sheriff Buford Pusser's gotten too big for his britches

With his book reviews and movie deals
Down at the car lot makin' public appearances
For breakin' up our homes and stills
I know he likes to brag how he wrestled a bear
But I knew him from the funeral home
Ask him for a warrant, he'll say "I keep it in my shoe"
That son of a bitch has got to go
That son of a bitch has got to go

Now they lined up around the block to see that movie And cryin' for his ambushed wife Marvelin' about shot eight times and stabbed seven Some folks can't take a hint They say he didn't take no crap from the State Line Gang

Oh, what the hell they talkin' 'bout? I'm just a hard workin' man with a family to feed And he made my daughter cry Said he made my daughter cry

"Watch out for Buford", is what they keep on tellin' me But to me he's just another crooked lawman from Tennessee

He gets a hot new car to keep us on our toes And that ridiculous stick where the press corp goes And some big time Hollywood actors playin' him on the big screen

Watch out for Buford, he's shuttin' down our stills and whores"

It ain't like he's all that different from what was there before

It wouldn't take my man long to do the job Just a partially sawed through steering rod And I wouldn't have to worry about the good Sheriff anymore

Now the funeral's got'em lined up for twenty blocks No one liked that SOB when he's alive But the ruckus he began keeps on spreadin' like a wildfire Not sure if I'm gonna survive
Hit an embankment doin' one twenty on a straight away
The Lord works in mysterious ways
They'll probably make another movie, glorifying what
he done
But I'll never have to hear them say
Watch out for Buford
Watch out for Buford

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