

## Eleven Hundred Springs "Long Haired Tattooed Hippie Freaks"

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Verse:

This happens every time we step on stage,  
They look at us like we have lost our minds,  
Then we go and break into that San Antonio Rose,  
And they can't believe they're havin a good time,

Verse:

Every time we hit a truck stop on the road,  
They say you boys you must be in a band,  
What kind of music do you play and we say country,  
And there's that look like they don't understand,

Chorus:

They call us long haired, tattooed, hippie freaks,  
You know they ain't all wrong,  
You'd think they never saw a bad outlaw,  
Singin a country song,  
But if they'd close their eyes and open their ears,  
And let the music speak,  
They'd hear good old country music,  
Not just long haired, tattooed freaks

Verse:

So it's been some time since I cut this long-assed hair,  
And my ragged looks don't fit in with this place,  
Tattoo parlors, ain't we all spent time in there,  
We've got the scars that time just can't erase,

Verse:

But does anyone remember Johnny Paycheck,  
Or Willie, Waylon, or the late and great Doug Sahm,  
Yeah, all them clean cut boys they got in Nashville,  
Don't know a damn thing about where we're comin  
from.

Repeat Chorus:

Repeat Chorus:

Tag:

I'm still the only hell my mama ever raised

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