

Br5-49 "Little Ramona"

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Little Ramona (gone Hillbilly Nuts)

Remember when we hung in the low places in 1979?
We used to think that it mattered to the man with the
money

Where we spent our time

Well, I knew a little gal with a mohawk hairdo
and a chain around her neck

But you'd never recognize her if you saw her now
She done something that you'd never expect

Chorus

She done traded in her Doc's for kicker boots

Safety-pinned tee shirts for Manuel Suits

Her hair's grown out and it's piled up high

She only shows her tattoos one at a time

She ain't ashamed of the way she was

She hears old Hank, she can't get enough

Her punk rock records are gathering dust

'Cos little Ramona's gone hillbilly nuts

Thrashin' dancin' still out there, the bodies piled up
high

She used to mosh in pit with the best of them

You could see those elbows fly

Well now she's drinking Blue Ribbon and jitterbuggin'
to the honky-tonkin' beat

Get that line dance outta here man

Give her room to move her feet

Chorus

You see her in thrift stores everywhere,

Hardly ever at a shopping mall

She acts just as tough as she always did

She just looks a little country, that's all

She's got Emmylou Patty Smity on a 90-minute cassette

'Cause where do you go after the end of the world

When you still ain't been there yet?

Chorus

Little Ramona's gone hillbilly nuts

Little Ramona's gone hillbilly nuts

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