

Hank Williams Iii

"White Trash"

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Yeah boy, that's right.
Well I was raised in a holler
I grew up eatin' mud
and my baby bottle
it was filled with beer and blood
Well I got relatives here
they just don't look quite right
A couple of 'em only got one eye
that I heard that they lost in a fight
You know why
You got any idea, boy
Do you know why
It's white trash
It's white trash
It's white trash
It's white trash
My daddy - he started beatin' me
around the tender age of five
He said "You gotta be tough -
if you're ever gonna get out of this world alive"
He used to beat my mamma
and spit in my face
and laugh at the world
'cause it was such a fuckin' disgrace
Do you know why
Do you know why
I'll tell you why
White trash
White trash
Stand up
Be a good man
Do as I say boy
Put this beer in your hand
White trash -
I'm white trash
I'm white trash
I'm white trash

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