

Humble Gods

"Sour Grain"

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Well Shakey Jack is 103
Still strong as Hickory
Swigs of mountain dew was his release
I know his only fear was country vulgar cold and clear
Throughout the day he'd booze and keep the peace
He knows the best way to success
Is a proud fierce woman and a jar of whiskey
Someway however you can
It's all right by me
Well I'd stake my claim but my mule got lame
How lucky can a poor boy be
Don't you know that some bum
Stole my pig pet
Don't ask me how he gets in this fix
But I'd sure like to play some licksy game
'Cause I earn my pay and park it all on me
There's my brown dog barking
There's my landlord humming
Soh! Yerr! Someway whatever you name
Its all right by me
Well I'd cut my corn
But my leg got torn
How lucky can a poor boy be
Soh! Yerr! Someway whatever you name
Its all right by me
Well I'd cut my corn
How lucky can a poor boy be

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