

Jason Brown

"My Mama Was A Rebel"

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Well my mama was a rebel my daddy was a Yankee
They got together made a little hanky panky
My blood runs north and south
Like the mighty Mississippi
Yankee doodle dandy and I sang Dixie

I'm a little different, I'm a little odd
You can't blame me it was by the grace of god
He brought my folks together, two birds of a different
feather
Six wees later a honeymoon, nine months later a
delivery room

Well my mama was a rebel my daddy was a Yankee
They got together made a little hanky panky
My blood runs north and south
Like the mighty Mississippi
Yankee doodle dandy and I sang Dixie

Momma said slow down and daddy said hurry
They raised me just north of Missouri
She called it coke, he called it pop

We eat our sweet potatoes with noodles on top

Well my mama was a rebel my daddy was a Yankee
They got together made a little hanky panky
My blood runs north and south
Like the mighty Mississippi
Yankee doodle dandy and I sang Dixie

Rib eye steak and a bowl full of grits
Mama through a party and daddy through a fit
She's shootn'" moonshine and daddy drinks beer
Daddy he run the kin folk off mama said ya'll come
back now you hear

Well my mama was a rebel my daddy was a Yankee
They got together made a little hanky panky
My blood runs north and south
Like the mighty Mississippi
Yankee doodle dandy and I sang Dixie

Well my mama was a rebel
Yeah my mama was a rebel

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