

JB Roberts

"Outlaws Like Me"

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Cornbread and turnip greens, dixie cup of ol jim beam,
huntin in the light and fishin in the dark, Never been a
man to rely

On words, never been afraid of a little dirt, and I can
guarentee my bites worse then my bark, southern man
and damn sure

Proud, I like drinkin to much and gettin to loud, cause
there ain't nothin wrong with raisin just a little hell.

Treat a lady

Like a lady, a man like a man, don't worry bout the
things they don't understand, I live life somewhere
between the Church and

The Jail.

CHORUS!

So lets roll down the windows, turn up that ol Hank,
we'll hit the dirt road, drive to fast, sit back and drink,
think bout

The life we all chose to lead, and then say a little
prayer for outlaws just like me.

I love to hear the rain on my ol tin roof, copenhagen
snuff and 90 proof, and I love it when my woman talks
to me in a

Southern slang, camo hats, cowboy boots, Robert E Lee
and my southern roots, and I love the way people raise
hell when they

Here me sing.

CHORUS!

There ain't nothin better then the smell of pine, or
anything south of the dixie line, from biluxi mississippi,
to the

Taledaga track, pretty boy country has it's place, stayin
in the lines and bein saved, but you better watch out
cause outlaws

Are comin back,

CHORUS!

