

Jeff Bates "Good People"

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My cousin Bobby's on the county road
Pickin' up trash for the car he stole
You see him in them orange clothes, you'd swear he's
evil
He's had sticky fingers since he was a kid
If it wasn't nailed down considered it his
For the lyin' cheatin' dog he is he's good people

Good people they ain't bad
Good people they get ya back in a fight
Loan ya couple bucks
Buy you a beer when you're down on your luck
Too bad their ain't more of us good people

Girl down the street in that double wide
She ain't ashamed of them no tan-lines
She's 36-24-35 and barely legal
She gotta big ol' tattoo on her back
All the wives on the block says she's white trash
She may not be high class but she's good people

Good people they ain't bad
Good people they'll bring you food when you're sick
Feed your dog when you're gone
Cover you up when you pass out on the lawn
Why we gotta look down on good people

Good people they ain't bad
Good people give you the shirt off their back
Never steer you wrong
Go outta their way to make you feel at home
Raise hell stand up let me hear ya if you're one of us
Good people

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