

Carla Thomas

"Tramp"

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Tramp
What you call me?
Tramp
You didn't

You don't wear continental clothes, or Stetson hats
Well, I tell you one dog-gone thing
It makes me feel good to know one thing
I know I'm a lover

Matter of opinion
That's all right, mama was, papa too
And I'm the only child
Lovin' is all I know to do

You know what, Otis?
What?
You're country
That's all right
You straight from the Georgia woods
That's good

You know what?
You wear overalls
And big old brogan shoes
And you need a haircut, tramp

Haircut?
Woman, you foolin', I'm a lover
Mama was grandmama, papa too
Boogaloo, all that stuff and I'm the only
Son of a gun this side of the sun, tramp
[Incomprehensible]

You know what, Otis?
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp
What?
That's right

You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket
You probably haven't even got twenty-five cents

I got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns, four Fords
Six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang

I'm a lover, mama was, papa too
I tell you one thing
Well tell me
I'm the only son of a gun this side of the Sun

You're a tramp, Otis
No I'm not
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp
What's wrong with that?

Look here, you ain't got no money
I got everything
You can't buy me all those minks
And sables and all that stuff I want
I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels, rabbits
Anything you want, woman

Look, you can go out in the Georgia woods
And catch them, baby
Oh, you foolin'
You're still a tramp
That's all right
You a tramp, Otis, you just a tramp
That's all right

You wear overalls
You need a haircut, baby
Cut off some of that hair off your head
You think you a lover, huh?

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