

Johnny Horton

"Mean, Mean, Mean Son Of A Gun"

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I'm a guy that likes his fun
And when I fight, you'd better run
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

I'm goin' down in a middle of town
I'm goin' to shoot the first man down
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

My skin is hot as leather I'm as tough as any man
When I have to shave myself, I use an old tin can
I wash my face in boilin' wax and scrub myself with
gunny sacks
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

Refrain:

I'm mean Â- I'm mean Â- I'm mean
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

I was raised on tiger's milk
I drink corn liquor and I smoke corn silk
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

I chew up tin and I spit out nails
Sleep on snakes with ten-foot tails
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

I started feelin' frisky
And I danced the other night
I fell so good, I took my gun and shot out ev'ry light

Now the Sheriff said, get out off town
Take him six feet under ground
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

Refrain:

I threw my saddle on a grizzly bear
Then I crawled bare-handed in his mountain lair
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

I cut my hair on a choppin' block

And when I chopped, the mountains rocked
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

I tangled with a wild cat, just to proof that I was stout
Reached down his throat and grabbed his tail, then
turned him inside out
Where I was raised, it's so darn tough
I had to leave, it got so rough
I'm a mean, mean, mean son of a gun

Refrain:

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