

Kid Rock

"Last Child"

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like a chepsee
i'll tell only you how i feel
but i've been dreaming
floting down the streamer
mosse & touch with all this real

but all whole lover
keeping all the honor
never know where you've been
and you've been fading
always operating
keep in touch with mama' kid

Right!

Take me back to a south Tallahassee
Down cross the bridge to my sweet sassafrassy
I said can't stand up on my feet in the city
Gotta get back to the real nitty gritty

Yes sir, no sir
Don't come close to my
Home sweet home
Can't catch no dose
Of my hot tail poon tang sweetheart
Sweathog ready to make a silk purse
From a J Paul Getty and his ear
With her face in her beer

Home sweet home

I said get out in the field
Put the mule in the stable
I see Ma' she's a cookin'
Put the eats on the table
You know hate's in the city
And my love's in the meadow
Hands on the plow
And my feet in the ghetto

Stand up, sit down

Don't do nothing
It ain't no good when the bossman
Stuffin' down their throats
For paper notes
And their babies cry
While cities lie at their feet
When you're rockin' the street

Home sweet home

Mama, take me home sweet home
Mama, take me home sweet home
Mama, take me home sweet home
Mama, take me home sweet home

I was the last child
I'm just a punk in the street
I was the last child
I'm just a punk in the street
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I'm just a punk in the street

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