

Chris Cagle "Hey Ya'll"

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I pulled up to a cattle guard
Got out, opened up the gate
I drove down a long dirt road
To the banks of an old two- acre lake
They had bonfires and barbwire
Fresh-caught catfish in the deep fryer
I jumped out my truck and said, it's on
And everybody sang
Hey ya'll, break out the beer, turn the skynyrd on
Hey ya'll, how ya doin'?
Whatcha doin'?
Hey ya'll, we ain't leavin' 'til they call the law
Hey ya'll, hey ya'll, come on
A cloud of dust came rollin' in
Blue lights flashin', there were ten of them
Sheriff harper and all his boys
Said all they had to do was just follow the noise
He dropped his gun, and then his star

Reached in his cruiser, pulled out his guitar
Said officer, what have we done wrong?
He just smiled at me a said, nothin at all, singin'
Hey ya'll break out the beer, turn the skynyrd on
Hey ya'll whatcha doin? how ya' doin?
Hey ya'll crank it up, we ain't never goin' home
Hey ya'll ,
Hey ya'll watch this
See that girl over there lookin' fine
Well, I betcha by morning I can make her mine
Everybody sang
Hey ya'll , break out the beer, turn the skynyrd on
Hey ya'll watcha doin'?
Baby, how'm I doin?
Hey ya'll, we ain't leavin' til the law goes home
Hey ya'll, hey ya'll, come on

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