

Corey Smith

"Keeping Up With The Joneses"

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Back in the day,
Back in the hills,
We were busted,
Made a living on the charity,
Mama couldn't keep her job,
And the alimony check never came on time.
We were poor, I wasn't proud,
Only angry that our daddy couldn't send us more.
Always embarrassed by my free lunch card,
And food stamps for the grocery store.

No keepin' up with the Joneses,
No keepin' up with the Joneses,
When your stuck on the bottom,
You take what you can get,
You say "ooh ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooh".

I went to school in hand-me-downs from my cousin,
Baggy britches seemed to suit me well,
Kinda thin and kinda loose in the middle,
Slouching in after the tardy bell.
The teacher never called me trash,
But I knew what she was thinking when she looked at
me,
Born to be the underclass,
Growing up to make a living on charity.

No keepin' up with the Joneses,
No keepin' up with the Joneses,
When your stuck on the bottom,
You take what you can get,
You say "ooh ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooh".

Don't go looking down your nose at me neighbor,
I can spot you from a yard away,
Don't try to judge me by the clothes I'm wearing or the
cars in my driveway.
I'm not rich but I'm not poor any longer,
And I'm happy as a man can be.
I'm proud to work, I'm proud to pay my taxes,
And I'm grateful for my family.

No keepin' up with the Joneses,
No keepin' up with the Joneses,
When you come up from the bottom,
You love whatever you got,
Say "ooh ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooh".

No keepin' up with the Joneses,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down,
Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down,
Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down,
No, no, no, no, no, no, oh, oh.

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