

David Allan Coe "If That Ain't Country"

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The old man was covered in tattoos and scars;
He got some in prison and others in bars.
The rest, he got workin' on old junk cars...
In the daytime.
They looked like tombstones in our yard
And I never seen him when he wasn't tired
And mean.
He sold used parts to make ends meet
Covered with sweat in the Texas heat
And mosquitoes.
And the neighbors said we lived like hicks
But they brung their cars for Paw to fix
Anyhow.
He was veteran-proud - tried and true;
He'd fought till his heart was black and blue.
Didn't know how he'd made it through
The hard times.
He bought our house on the G.I. Bill
But it wasn't worth all he had to kill
To get it.
He drank Pearl in a can and Jack Daniels Black,
Chewed tobacco from a mail pouch sack,
Had an old dog that was trained to attack...
Sometimes.
He'd get drunk and mean as a rattlesnake
And there wasn't much that he would take
From a stranger.
There was thirteen kids and a bunch of dogs,
House full of chickens and a yard full of hogs;
Spent the summertime cuttin' up logs
For the winter.
Tryin' like the devil to find the Lord;
Workin' like a nigger for my room and board;
Coal-burnin' stove - no natural gas -
If that ain't 'Country', I'll kiss your ass.
If that ain't 'country', it'll hair-lip the Pope.
If that ain't 'country', it's a damn good joke.
I've seen the Grand Ol' Opry, and I've met Johnny Cash.
If that ain't 'Country', I'll kiss your ass.

Momma sells eggs at the grocery store.
My oldest sister is a first-rate whore.

Dad says she can't come home anymore
And he means it.
Ma just sits and keeps her silence.
Sister, she left 'cause Dad got violent
And he knows it.
Momma, she's old far beyond her times,
Choppin' tobacco and I seen her cryin'
When blood started flowin' from her callused hands
And it hurt me.
She'd just keep workin' - tryin' to help the old man
Till the end of one row then back again
Like always.
She's been through Hell since Junior went to jail.
When the lights go out she ain't never failed
To get down on her knees and pray
Because she loves him.
Told all the neighbors he off in the war
Fightin' for freedom and he's good to the core
And she's proud.
Now, our place was a graveyard for automobiles.
At the end of the porch there was four stacks of wheels
And tires for sale for a dollar or two
Cash.
There was fifty holes in our old tin roof,
Me and my family was livin' proof
That people who forgot about poor white trash,
And if that ain't 'Country', I'll kiss your ass.
If that ain't 'country', it'll hair-lip the Pope.
If that ain't 'country', it's a damn good joke.
I've seen the Grand Ol' Opry, and I've met Johnny Cash.
If that ain't 'Country', I'll kiss your ass.
An' I'm thinkin' tonight of my blue eyes,
And flyin' with the gray speckled bird.
I didn't know God made honky-tonk angels
And went back to the wild side of life.

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