

Mel Tillis

"Son Of A Bum"

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Well I was born in a tumbled down shack one quarter of
a mile from a railroad track
Mama was a drifter daddy was a bum and they didn't
want a little hobo son
But things do happen and here I am just outside of
Birmingham
Train's slowing down and I'm gonna jump up
I'm gonna spread my wings and look all about
Give me the whip of the whippoorwill a whippin' it up on
the lonely hill
Give me the sun the stars and the rain sneaky peaky
wine in the blood of my veins
Cause I'm a son of a bum I'm a son of a bum
I'm a son of a bum son of a bum bum bum
Free as the breeze and I'm easy to please

Fussin' and a fightin' and a goin' to war people don't
know what the livin's for
Money money money that's all folks know they could
learn a lesson from a rich hobo
Got no worries and no regrets got no money but I got
no debts
Rabbit in the picket and the fish in the brook
And I've got mu supper if I got me a hook
Give me the whip of the whippoorwill...
I'm a son of a bum I'm just easy to please Lord I'm a
son of a bum
I'm a son of a bum easy to please

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