

Tim Wilson**"He's my Brother in Law"**

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Well, he comes over to the house in a three day beard
Sleeps on the couch, makes the place smell weird
He's on something and it damn sure ain't the job
He scares the kids, stays on the phone
He's got a car somewhere for me to co-sign on
He's been disowned and his wife's run off with Bob

She finally told him he wasn't worth a damn
He tries to blame it all on Vietnam
But he wasn't there, he was twelve in seventy-four
And he's got a bad back and a messy divorce
He's got a workman's comp. case tied up in court
He can't move and I can sure vouch for that

CHORUS

He's my brother-in-law
He's from Arkansas
Lord, the best man at my wedding and the worst I ever
saw
He's living off of me
He's the baby of the family
My wife won't let me shoot him cause he's my brother-
in-law

Everyday he smokes four packs of menthols
Makes about eight more long distance calls
Snorts alcohol
Talks like Dusty Rhodes
And he'll go through your wallet with a fine tooth comb
And eat your family out of house and home
He'll cuss out your preacher and stop up your
commode

CHORUS

He's my brother-in-law
He's got nothing on the ball
The kind of man who would rob from Peter and write a
bad check to Paul
He's gotten out of hand
He oughta be a congressman

He's the kinda fella that I can't stand and he's my
brother-in-law

Oh, he's the generic brand and he's my brother-in-
lawwwwwwwww

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