

Molly Hatchet

"Big Apple"

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New York City, you're so big and tough
Well here we come, baby, struttin' our stuff
Well we look kinda freaky we're pretty damn bad
Cause Southern cookin' is all we've ever had
Oh, cook 'em up some greens, baby

I've seen the mountains up in Tennessee
Sweet little hill women satisfied me
We all know it's tough and it's an uphill battle

But we're running 'em hard baby, sitting in the saddle
Oh, come on baby

New York City you're so big and tough
My pistols are loaded, I feel rough
Well, we've heard of your punks and high heeled
steppers
We're bad southern boys and don't you forget us

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