

Quireboys

"White Trash Blues"

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Nothin' doin' the place is dry.
No-ones cookin' and I don't know why
I called my friend on the telephone.
A woman was there but the man weren't home
White trash baby gimme white trash baby
Home since Friday I had a bad weekend.
Sure am missing my best friend.
Oh man he's sure good to me
But you don't get nothing for free
White trash baby gimme white trash baby
Oh just a little bit
Just a shot
Oh crazy white boy
Oh I got them white trash blues
Oh crazy white boy
Don't ya know the lines are down

Jumpin' red lights and i'm climbing the walls
I don't like this this place at all
Is started our as a little fun
Gotta get out goota cut and run
White trash baby gimme white trash
I ain't swinging no big deal
Ain't no problem to conceal
I been so long messin' round
I never really left the ground
White trash baby gimme white trash

Oh just a little bit
Just a shot
Oh crazy white boy
Oh I got them white trash blues
Oh crazy white boy
Don't ya know the lines are down

Can anybody help me
Is anyone gonna help me

Sure is tragic ya know it breaks my heart
I should have seen this comin'
Right from right from the start

Well I lost my girl and me credit cards
I was flying high but I came down hard
White trash baby gimme white trash baby

Oh just a little bit
Just a shot
Oh crazy white boy
Oh I got them white trash blues
Oh crazy white boy
Don't ya know the lines are down.

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