

Shooter Jennings

"The White Trash Song"

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Wake up every morning, by the break of dawn
Hear that rooster crowing, I feel so all alone
Honey snuggle outside my window, do sparkling oh
divine
Little squirrels is a barkin'
Like they thought they was a mountain-lion
I get to thinking about the road, all the times I've been
back again
I was born a child of these muddy roads
I guess I'll die here lonesome as the wind
Cause all my cover broke down
Playing live fun yard
I won't get one, get her
But the road just seems too hard
Someone come round this morning,
Wanting to play in my barn
Â...
He was highway 41

Ladies and gentlemen
Â... Well I use to have me a Â...
Oh just as pretty as can be
All the Jimmy swagger
Left in Nashville Tennessee
So I drink me a whole lot of liquor
And I drink me a whole lot of booze
I'm a midnight country-rambler
And I ain't got nothing to lose
I ain't got nothing to lose boys

I wake up beyond the mornings
Laying in this jail
My head will be hurting
I won't be feeling too well
That old flat-belly sheriff talking out to me
I wanna know how it felt: not being free
I said didn't matter much,
Didn't hurt at all
I'll never be locked up in jail, hell, hell

Someone came around this morning,

Wanting to pay my bond
Playing through the city, you
... the rest heading for you

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