

Southern Culture on the Skids

"White Trash"

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white trash don't call me that
white trash you don't call me that baby
you know i love you baby
don't you think just maybe
the way you talking to me
would send a chill right through me
white trash don't call me that

white trash don't call me that
you saw me on the wagon
you hitch me to your wagon
the way you talking to me
will send a chill right through me
white trash don't call me that

white trash don't call me that
white trash don't call me that
i can still smell the sh*t in your hair
i don't matter what kind of
perfume that you wear
you have been living in the
backwoods cracker shack
it didn't take you five minutes
to get your suitcase packed

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