## Whiskey Myers "Ballad Of A Southern Man"

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My first rifle was a .243, Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me, and they taught me how to shoot with a steady hand, I guess that's something you don't understand.

Now I grew up on a prison farm, sneaking pulls of shine from a mason jar, used to go fishing out pickle creek dam, but I guess that's something you don't understand.

Grandmas in the kitchen;
Papas drunk past dawn;
We sit out on the front porch,
Just a pickin' on the songs;
and there's blood on the table,
cause we work for what we have;
and I was raised in this land,
I guess that's something you don't understand.

I still fly that southern flag, whistling Dixieland enough to brag, and I know all the words to simple man, I guess that's something you don't understand.

I pledge my allegiance the original way, say Merry Christmas not happy holidays, I can't change my ways I know who I am, I guess that's something you don't understand.

Grandmas in the kitchen;
Papas drunk past dawn;
we sit out on the front porch,
just a pickin' on the songs;
and there's blood on the table,
cause we work for what we have;
and I was raised in this land,
I guess that's something you don't understand.

A pile of soap and a big machine; I'll feed us all on the same beliefs, Holy dollar and a credit card; but we got a way of doing things, and no bankers gonna steal from me; they wanna tear it all apart.

Grandmas in the kitchen;
Papas done past on;
we sit out on the front porch,
just a pickin' on the songs;
and there's a bible on the table,
cause he bleed for what we have,
and that's the ballad of a southern man,
I guess that's something you don't understand.

My first rifle was a .243, Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me.

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