

The Vandals

"Gator Hide"

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Alligator skins, crocodile hides, good ol' boys, and
their Southern brides

City folk come for the lure of the bounty

But they don't come back 'cause the sheriff of the
country is

Buford T. Jefferson Davis III

And I'm only here to warn you if you haven't heard
about:

Gator hides- a sheriff's pride

Everyglades mirrored shades

He's a good ol' boy but he ain't no good

He'll bust your head on a stump

Just like splittin' wood

Got a story of his own though he ain't askin' for pity

Saw his folks shot dead for twelve dollars in the city

So Buford was orphaned by the city at ten

Got a chip on his shoulder the size of Gentle Ben

(CHORUS)

Hunted 10,000 islands, drank 10,000 beers

Wanted 10,000 dollars, got 10,000 years

So I drank myself blind, on a homemade solution

As my body rots away in a penal institution

So if you come for the gators let me give you a clue

The shefiff of the county's got it in for you

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