

Tom T. Hall "Redneck Riviera"

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Down here on the Redneck Riviera
A drinkin' beer and singing country songs
Chillin' with the motel door wide open
Hopin' somethin' good will come along

Gulf Shores up through Apalachi-cola
They got beaches of the whitest sand
Nobody cares if grandma's got a tottoo
Or Bubba's got a hot wing in his hand

Redneck Riviera is where I wanna be
Down here on the Redneck Riviera by the sea

Down here on the Redneck Riviera
Trawlin' up and down Mir-a-cle Mile
Smoothin' out my tan and disposition
And wearin' little other than a smile

On Highway 98 I got a ticket
Something I ain't never understood
If driving a convertible is topless
Why can't I ride my Harley in the nude?

Down here on the Redneck Riviera
Sign says, 'Smoking Mullet Here Today'
I really don't know what I'm gettin' into
But I'm in line to try some anyway

Redneck Riviera is where I wanna be
Down here on the Redneck Riviera by the sea

I got seven dollars for the jukebox
Twenty more left over for some beer
Down here on the Redneck Riviera
There ain't no better living anywhere

Now here comes them dreadful possums
(Down here on the Redneck Riviera)
(Down here on the Redneck Riviera)
(Down here on the Redneck Riviera)
(Down here on the Redneck Riviera)

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