

## Lost Trailers, The "Gravy"

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Don't mind me, I mean no harm  
I'm just tryin' to save my Papa's farm  
The bank came out and chained the gates  
'Cause Papa can't handle them interest rates  
Well, my Momma cried, my Grandma cried  
Grandpa would've cried but he done died  
But he left a bag with a note on the side  
It read, "Plant these seeds and watch 'em rise"  
Don't mind me, I mean no harm,  
I'm just tryin' to save my Papa's farm  
The bank came out and chained the gates  
'Cause Papa can't handle them interest rates  
Well, my Momma cried, my Grandma cried  
Grandpa would've cried but he done died  
But he left a bag with a note on the side  
It read, "Plant these seeds and watch 'em rise"  
You say you want it, you say you need it  
Pick it up on Saturday  
Man, I hope they don't legalize it  
I make more cake when I got to hide it  
We get low, go row by row

Put the Hank on then we do-si-do

Mamma said, "Boy, you goin' straight to hell"

Till I brought the cash back and she said, "Damn, that sells"

Well, I had the farm paid off in twenty three days

Now its time to raise some cane

Call my cowgirls, get 'em out

That's how we do it in the Dirty South

Don't mind me, I mean no harm

I'm just tryin' to save my Papa's farm

The bank came out and chained the gates

'Cause Papa can't handle them interest rates

Well, my Momma cried, my Grandma cried

Grandpa would've cried but he done died

But he left a bag with a note on the side

It read, "Plant these seeds and watch 'em rise"

Say you want it, babe, say you need it, babe

Pick it up on Saturday

So all my cowgirls around the world

Put your hands up and start to swirl

Hit them hips when you get 180

Shake them grits, let's make some gravy

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