

Longhaired Redneck

David Allan Coe

Country DJ's knows that I'm an outlaw.
They'd never come to see me in this dive.
Where bikers stare at cowboys who are laughen' at the hippies.
Who are prayen' they'll get out of her alive.

The loud mouth in the corners gett'en to me.
Talking about my earrings and my hair.
I guess he aint read the sign that says I've been to prison.
Someone aught to warn him, before I knock him off his chair.

Cause my long hair just can't cover up my redneck.
I've won every fight I've ever faught.
And I don't need some turkey telling me that I ain't country.
Say'en I aint worth a damn old, ticket that he bought.

Chorus:

Cause I can sing all those songs about Texas,
And I still do all the sad one's that I know.
They tell me, I look like Merle Haggard,
And sound alot like David Allen Coe.

And the barmaid in the last town that we played in.
Knew the words to every song I wrote.
She said Jimmy Rabbit turned her on to my last album.
Just about the time the jukebox broke.

Ya Jonny Cash helped me get out of prison.
Long before Rodriquez stole that goat.
I've been a Rhinestone Cowboy for so long I can't remember.
And I can do you every song Hank Williams ever wrote.

Chorus:

And I can sing all those songs about Texas,
And I still do all the sad one's that I know.
I can't help it, I like Merle Haggard,
And sound alot like David Allen Coe.