

## Hey Y'all

Chris Cagle

I pulled up to a cattle guard  
Got out, opened up the gate  
I drove down a long dirt road  
To the banks of an old two- acre lake  
They had bonfires and barbwire  
Fresh-caught catfish in the deep fryer  
I jumped out my truck and said, it's on  
And everybody sang  
Hey ya'll, break out the beer, turn the skynyrd on  
Hey ya'll, how ya doin'?  
Whatcha doin'?  
Hey ya'll, we ain't leavin' 'til they call the law  
Hey ya'll, hey ya'll, come on  
A cloud of dust came rollin' in  
Blue lights flashin', there were ten of them  
Sheriff harper and all his boys  
Said all they had to do was just follow the noise  
He dropped his gun, and then his star  
Reached in his cruiser, pulled out his guitar  
Said officer, what have we done wrong?  
He just smiled at me a said, nothin at all, singin'  
Hey ya'll break out the beer, turn the skynyrd on  
Hey ya'll whatcha doin? how ya' doin?  
Hey ya'll crank it up, we ain't never goin' home  
Hey ya'll ,  
Hey ya'll watch this  
See that girl over there lookin' fine  
Well, I betcha by morning I can make her mine  
Everybody sang  
Hey ya'll , break out the beer, turn the skynyrd on  
Hey ya'll watcha doin'?  
Baby, how'm I doin?  
Hey ya'll, we ain't leavin' til the law goes home  
Hey ya'll, hey ya'll, come on