

Trailer Park Pulp Fiction

Colt Ford

Low cut jeans, camel toe seams
Baby didn't pass on the extra baked beans
I lust you, you lust me
It's redneck chemistry
Got checks to bounce, got an ax to grind
Got me on the bike, got you behind
Buy your mom a BOB and your dad some tissues
We got ideas and we got issues

Whoa oho
Life's a real short party
So let's turn it up, I'm gonna turn it up, I'm gonna burn, let's go
Whoa oho
Let's get some drama started
Turn on the heat, turn up the friction
Write a little bit of trailer park pulp fiction
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Jekyll and Hyde, Bonnie and Clyde
Romeo and Juliet better run it high
You got the look and you got the touch
Got moves so hot make a prison guard blush
Got no rules got no compunction
A product of good down home dysfunction
Straight off the farm, children of the corn
Get totaled, here comes the storm

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We'll end up, in the sunset
In our pink lawn chairs
With plastic palm tress, a big screen TV
On parole in the middle if nowhere
Until we're there

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