

Sweet Potato

Cracker

Be my sweet potato
Be my honey lamb
Dance around the campfire
Hang around a while

Well, I been caught stealing
Someone else's vibe
Everybody loves or hates us
But we're still alive

Well wake up in the morning
Cup of coffee, grab your bags
Jump into the caddie
'Cause this touring ain't a drag
They were overrated, educated
I suppose a little jaded
When I get off this
I think I'm gonna have to be sedated

Be my sweet potato
I'll be your honey lamb
Give me some black tupelo
I been caught again
Shit!

I went to New York City
But then I come right back
Everyone was cool there
I couldn't get no slack
You seen me in the papers
You seen me in the Voice
I think I'd stay in Dixie
If I had the choice

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