

If That Ain't Country - Part 2

David Allan Coe

Well I'm just an old man now covered with scars
Most of them I got fightin' in them redneck bars
And A bunch of brand new tattoos that Squench put on me

He covered up the ones I'd gotten years ago
Back in prison when I was just Dave Coe
And I wasn't famous then and I wasn't free

You know I grew up in a three room run down shack
At the foot of the hill by the railroad track
Where decent folks don't go when the sun goes down

My daddy worked at the Goodyear tire and rubber company
And he worked on cars
My momma went to church and my daddy went to bars
Most people just called it the hillbilly part of town

I had a '55 Chevy when I was fifteen
I painted it red cause I was still green
Hell I couldn't even afford to buy it gas

Had a .410 rifle and a bowie knife to
Red Man tobacco that I liked to chew
And we'd count the cars when the trains went past
And if that ain't country I'll kiss your ass

If that ain't country it'll hair lip the pope
If that ain't country it's a damn good joke
I've been on the Grand Ol Opry and I know Johnny Cash
And if he ain't country I'll kiss your ass

You know one of my sisters was a lady of the night
Then one day she saw the light
Now she don't do those things that she used to do

She never made the funeral when my daddy died
I said I'd forgive her but I guess I lied
Cause there ain't no way to hide the way that I feel

Me and my brothers took our sister Diane
Down to the funeral home to see the old man
Jimmy was the oldest and Diane she was the youngest one

Jack and Ray was in the middle and then there was me
And I'm the one that turned 23
And grew up to be that yankee's rebel son

Times are changing I heard Bob Dylan say
It's been fifteen now since my father passed away
But I can still picture him in his overalls

Standin' around the house where he made his deals
Around the porch there was a bunch of old wheels
And some used Harley Davidson parts that he sold for cash

There was fifty holes in an old tin roof
Me and my family was livin' proof

Everybody called us old poor white trash
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