

## If That Ain't Country

David Allan Coe

The old man was covered with tattoos and scars  
He got some in prison and others in bars  
The rest he got working' on old junk cars  
In the daytime  
They looked like tombstones in our yard  
And I never seen him when he wasn't tired and mean  
He sold used parts to make ends meet  
Covered with grease from his head to his feet  
Cussing' the sweat and the texas heat  
And skeeterz  
And the neighbors said we lived like hicks  
But they brung their cars for pa to fix anyhow  
He was veteran-proud, tried and true  
He'd fought till his heart was black and blue  
Didn't know how he'd made it through the hard times

He bought our house on the g.i. bill  
But it wasn't worth all he had to kill to get it  
He drank pearl in a can and jack daniels black  
Chewed tobacco from a mail pouch sack  
Had an old dog that was trained to attack  
Sometimes  
He'd get drunk and mean as a rattlesnake  
And there wasn't too much  
That he would take from a stranger

There were thirteen kids and a bunch of dogs  
A house full of chickens and a yard full of hogs  
I spent the summertime cutting' up logs for the winter  
Trying' like the devil to find the lord  
Working' like a nigger for my room and board  
Coal-burin' stove, no natural gas  
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 seen the grand ole opry,  
And I've met johnny cash  
If that ain't country, I'll kiss your ass

Mama sells eggs at a grocery store  
My oldest sister is a first-rate whore  
Dad says she can't come home anymore  
And he means it  
Ma just sits and keeps her silence  
Sister, she left 'cause dad got violent  
And he knows it  
Mama she's old far beyond her time  
From chopping tobacco and I've seen her crying'  
When blood started flowing' from her calloused hand and

It hurt me  
She'd just keep working' trying' to help the old man  
To the end of one row and back again like always  
She's been through hell since junior went to jail  
When the lights go out she ain't never failed

To get down on her knees and pray  
Because she loves him  
Told all the neighbors he was off in the war  
Fighting' for freedom,  
He's good to the core and she's proud  
Now our place was a graveyard for automobiles  
At the end of the porch there was four stacks of wheels  
And tires for sale for a dollar or two  
Cash

There was fifty holes in an old tin roof  
Me and my family we was living' proof  
The people who forgot about poor white trash  
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 seen the grand ole opry,  
And I've met johnny cash  
If that ain't country, I'll kiss your ass  
I'm thinking tonight of my blue eyes  
Concerning the great speckled bird  
I didn't know god made honky-tonk angels  
And went back to the wild side of life