

Rednecks, White Socks And Blue Ribbon Beer

Hank Thompson

There's no place that I'd rather be than right here
With my red necks, white socks and blue ribbon beer
The barmaid is mad 'cause some guy made a pass
The juke box is playin' there stands the glass
And the cigarette smoke kind-a hangs in the air
Red-necks, white socks and blue rib-bon beer
A cow-boy is cussin' the pin-ball ma-chine
A drunk at the bar is get-tin' noisy and mean
And, some guy on the phone says ill be home soon dear
Red-necks white socks and blue ribbon beer

No we don't fit in with that white collar crowd
We're a little too rowdy and a little too loud
There's no place that I'd rather be than right here
With my red-necks white socks and blue ribbon beer

The semis are passing on the highway outside
The four thirty crowd is about to arrive
The sun's go-in' down and we'll all soon be here
Rednecks, white socks and blue ribbon beer

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