

A Whole Lot of Hank

Hank Williams Jr.

I'm an outlaw from the south got country in my mouth
I'm lookin' for good lovin' all the time
I got outlaw in my bones and Jim Beam in a lot of my songs
There's a little bit of Cherokee Indian in my eyes
There's a whole lot Hank underneath this hat of mine

Andrew Jackson he was my kind of hero
Though he lived and died a hundred years ago
Frank and Jessie James they know'd how to rob them trains
But they always took it from the rich and gave it to the poor
They mighta had a bad name but they both had a heart of gold
[guitar]
But the greatest one of all was called Luke the Drifter
He wore diamond rings and his tailor made cowboy suits
Lawdy he was a honky tonk ramblin' man
He had this whole world in the palm of his hand
Till he died at twenty nine from the lovesick blues
Like young Billy the Kid and ole Jessie he had nothin' to lose

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And I'm lookin' for good lovin' all the time
And there's rebel in these bones there's Jim Beam in a lot of t
hese songs
There's a little bit of Cherokee Indian in these eyes
And there's a whole lot of ole Hank in this hat of mine

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And I'm lookin' for good lovin' all the time
I got outlaw in my bones and Jim Beam in a lot of my songs
And there's a little bit of Cherokee Indian in my eyes
And there's a whole lot of Hank in all these songs of mine