

## Sour Grain

## Humble Pie

Well Shakey Jake is 103, still strong as Hickory  
Swigs of mountain dew was his release  
I know his only fear was country vulgar cold and clear  
Throughout the day he'd booze and keep the peace.

He knows the best way to success  
Is a proud fierce woman and a jar of whiskey  
Someway, however you can, it's all right by me  
Well I'd stake my claim but my mule got lame  
How lucky can a poor boy be.

Don't you know that some bum stole my finger pet ?  
Don't ask me how he gets in this fix  
But I'd sure like to play some licksy game  
'Cause I earn my pay and park it all on me  
There's my brown dog barking, there's my landlord humming.

Oh yeah, someway, whatever you name, it's all right by me  
Well I'd cut my corn but my leg got torn  
How lucky can a poor boy be.

Well someway, whatever you name, it's all right by me  
Well I'd cut my corn  
How lucky can a poor boy be, yes.