

My Inlaws Are Outlaws

Jeff Bates

Ah, yeah, y'all listen to this
True story

My in-laws are outlaws
So I stay on my toes
'Cause anythin' can happen
An' anythin' could go

I have to lock up my ol' tool box
An' hide all my fishin' gear
'Cause my in-laws are outlaws
But they ain't wanted here

She may not be like Bonnie
An' he ain't exactly Clyde
An' they don't carry Tommy guns
But they tote big pocket knives

I don't turn my back for nothin'
Though there's nothin' for me to fear
My in-laws are outlaws
But they ain't wanted here

I call 'em Mom an' Dad
An' they both call me Son
I'd like to call 'em lots of things
But I just bite my tongue

We say we love each other
But Lord knows we ain't sincere
'Cause my in-laws are outlaws
But they ain't wanted here

'Cause he drinks all my whiskey
An' she drinks all the wine
They tell us how to raise our kids
While their's are doin' time

They've worn out their welcome
An' my favorite easy chair
My in-laws are outlaws
But they ain't wanted here

Yeah, I bet no one would miss 'em
If they just happened to disappear
My in-laws are outlaws
But they ain't wanted here

Yeah, my in-laws are outlaws
But they ain't wanted here