

Selma Drye

Kellie Pickler

My great grandma's name was Selma Drye
Everybody tell me I got her hazel eyes
It turn Carolina blue when I cry
And that's alright with me

She kept a 38 special and a can of snuff
In the pocket of her rip in case something came up
She grew up ragged and she grew up rough
The way she had been

I know so much she'd be proud of me
'Cause I'm the only apple on the tree
That didn't hit the ground
And sit down in the mud

But she's up in heaven raising hell
And if I can stand up by myself
It's 'cause her gunpowder's running through my blood
And when I die put me in the ground beside, Selma Drye

Folks round town, they said she was neat
But never saw the woman I've seen
Never even touched a washing machine
And hung everything on the line

Kept the peaches and her money in a can and jar
Never owned a TV or drove a car
That stuff don't make you what you are
She used to say that all the time

I know so much she'd be proud of me
'Cause I'm the only apple on the tree
That didn't hit the ground
And sit down in the mud

But she's up in heaven raising hell
And if I can stand up by myself
It's 'cause her gunpowder's running through my blood
And when I die put me in the ground beside, Selma Drye

I still got her words of wisdom playing in my head
And her old beat-up Bible's on my night stand by my bed

I know so much she'd be proud of me
'Cause I'm the only apple on the tree
That didn't hit the ground
And sit down in the mud

But she's up in heaven raising hell
And if I can stand up by myself
It's 'cause her gunpowder's running through my blood
And when I die put me in the ground beside,
When I die just put me in the ground beside, Selma Drye

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