

# Rednecks Anonymous

Mark Wills

In a dim lit parkin' lot, they file in at 6 o'clock  
Down on Madison Avenue, in black shades and BMWs (uh huh)  
They cover tattoos with their long sleeves and hide their skull  
cans underneath the seat.  
Then they walk through the door, down the stairs to a circle of  
folded chairs.  
And they sit down... and old boy says 'Welcome ya'll, who wants  
to start us off?

Stand Up, Give your first name, go on speak up, don't be ashamed,  
If you're a hick, son, start confessin' the life you've kept hidden  
Knowin that deep down you're one of us...  
Welcome to the weekly meeting of Rednecks Anonymous

Charlie took the floor said call him Chuck.  
Said he hates his car and wants a monster truck  
With a cattle guard and a gun rack  
Then he sat down and everybody clapped  
(Uh huh)

Then Mary Beth broke down  
Said last night she went down town  
Said she danced up on a bar stool  
Even sang karaoke and rode the bull...  
And got bucked off...  
Lee leaned over and hugged her neck  
Said All right, who's next?

Stand Up, Give your first name, go on speak up, don't be ashamed,  
If you're a hick, son, start confessin' the life you've kept hidden  
Knowin that deep down you're one of us...  
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And he said: You know what? I've heard enough,  
Ain't nothing ya'll need to recover from.  
Stop livin' life, take some pride, take the twelve steps  
On down the street, to the corner bar.  
Who's comin' with me?

C'mon Stand Up, tell the world your name, go on speak up, don't  
be ashamed,  
If you're a hick, son, start livin' the life you've kept hidden  
I'm so glad you're one of us...  
And I never wanna see you at a

Another meeting of Rednecks Anonymous

Rednecks Anonymous

Yeah