

# The White Trash Song

Shooter Jennings

Wake up every morning, by the break of dawn  
Hear that rooster crowing, I feel so all alone  
Honey snuggle outside my window, do sparkling oh divine  
Little squirrels is a'barking  
Like they thought they was a mountain-lion  
I get to thinking about the road, all the times I've been back  
again  
I was born a child of these muddy roads  
I guess I'll die here lonesome as the wind  
Cause all my cover broke down  
Playing' live fun yard  
I won't get one, get her  
But the road just seems too hard  
Someone come round this morning,  
Wanting to play in my barn

He was highway 41

Ladies and gentlemen  
Well I use to have me a  
Oh just as pretty as can be  
All the Jimmy swagger  
Left in Nashville Tennessee  
So I drink me a whole lot of liquor  
And I drink me a whole lot of booze  
I'm a midnight country-rambler  
And I ain't got nothing to lose  
I ain't got nothing to lose boys

I wake up beyond the mornings  
Laying in this jail  
My head will be hurting  
I won't be feeling too well  
That old flat-belly sheriff talking out to me  
I wanna know how it felt: not being free  
I said didn't matter much,  
Didn't hurt at all  
I'll never be locked up in jail, hell, hell

Someone came around this morning,  
Wanting to pay my bond  
Playing through the city, you  
.. the rest heading for you