

## Gravy

## The Lost Trailers

Whys everybody hate on me  
Cause I'm young comin' up my own way  
I got a bottle and a bag of seed  
You can call me Saturday.

Oh don't mind me  
I mean no harm  
I'm just tryin' to save the family farm  
The bank came out and chained the gate  
Cause Papa can't handle them interest rates  
Well my Mama cried, my Grandma cried  
Grandpa woulda cried but he done died  
But he gave me a bag before he saw the light  
Said plant these seeds if times get tight, boy

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You say you want it  
You say you need it  
Just come by on Saturday

Well man I hope they don't legalize it  
I make more cake when I gotta hide it  
I get loco row by row  
Put the Hank on and we do-si-do  
Mama said "Boy you goin' straight to hell"  
Till I brought the money back  
She said "Damn that sells"  
Had the farm paid off in 53 days  
Now it's time to go raise some kane  
Call my cowgirls and get 'em out  
That's how we roll in the Dirty South, ya'll

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To all my cowgirls around the world  
Put your hands up and start to swirl

Hit them hips when you get 180  
Shake them Grits let's make some gravy

I said all my cowgirls around the world  
Put your hands up and start to swirl  
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That's right girls  
Shake it

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