

Snaggle Tooth Mama

Those Darlins

Well I'm a snaggle-tooth mama
Don't know no shoes
I got a tin-roof tan
With my cold crib daddy right by my side
We do the best that we can

I live so far out down the country roads
There ain't nothin' for hours
By the time I get back from the grocery store
The milk's already gone sour

Well, mechanic says my pickup ain't doin' so hot
But it sounds pretty good to me
It may be old and it may be run-down
But it can still climb the hills of Tennessee

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Well I get my clothes from the local dump
They call it the Flatwood Mall
Folks 'round here don't know the difference
Between a dump and a hole in the wall

Well I go skinny dippin' when the moon's too loud
And I wear my Daisy Dukes too high
Between the midnight kisses and the front porch sittin'
I love my backwoods life

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