

Scat Cat

Toby Keith

Well momma's in the kitchen cooking Irish stew
Daddy's in the hollow and he's cooking something too
Daddy makes a whiskey, momma say the prayer
I fly up and down the backroads
It's a family affair

And I know the day is coming
My luck will run its course
Got to slow down with a woman
Ride a faster horse
If a bullet doesn't find me
They'll let me rot in jail
Scat cat, you've got gravy on your tail

Now the old man's hard on my Momma, but he's harder on his son
Momma always told me first chance that you get boy, cut and run
I got whiskey in the backseat, momma it'll be alright
I got one more run I got to make, a little rough tonight

And I know the day is coming
My luck will run its course
Got to slow down with a woman
Ride a faster horse
If a bullet doesn't find me
They'll let me rot in jail
Scat cat, you've got gravy on your tail

Now wrong ain't always wicked
Law ain't always right
If a young man has a breaking point
Then the lawman has a price
I let the sheriff catch me
I got a pistol too
I made him an offer that he could not refuse

We took that load of whiskey
We went to Little Rock
I left him handcuffed at the airport
Long term parking lot

And I knew the day was coming
My luck would run its course
Never slowed down with a woman
Never found a faster horse
But a bullet didn't find me
I ain't rotting in no jail
Scat cat, you've got gravy on your tail
Gravy, scat cat