

Trailerhood

Toby Keith

My neighbor, Karl, he lives next door
Pink flamingos on his porch
At night he teaches drivin' school
And he sits out by his plastic pool
He takes off his shirt
He opens up a cold one
Old Karl Dean's a fool
But it takes one to know one

Music's playin' up and down the block
Mostly Christian, Blues, Country, Folk, and Southern Rock
It's our little piece of paradise way out here in the woods
There is always somethin' goin' on down in the trailerhood

Across the street there's Gamblin' James
Always got the poker game
If you care to try your luck
You can buy a seat for fifteen bucks
You can call the raise,
Or you can check and fold 'em
Oh, I like Five Card Stud
But it's mostly Texas Hold 'em

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New tattoos and farmer tans, rodeo, and Nascar fans
Dallas Cowboy football on TV
When the storm starts gettin' bad and you hear those sirens hummin'
Grab a six-pack and a lawn chair
There's a tornado comin'

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I got'er made in the shade
With a moonshine lemonade
There's always a party goin' on down in the trailerhood

(Grab me another beer, mama)