

Pink Flamingos

Tracy Byrd

I was a rebel in my younger years
I'd...drink with the devil if he bought me a beer
Wore out two pickups just running around
Mama thought I never would settle down
That was before I met sweet Irma Jean
She made a new man outta me

We got pink flamingos in the front yard
Picture window with a view of Wal-Mart
Blue collar heaven domestic bliss
It just doesn't get any better than this
We got pink flamingos, pink flamingos, pink flamingos

Sweet Irma Jean is a den mother now
With a station wagon and a charge account
Bubba Junior pitches for his baseball team
Little sister's running for Rose Bud Queen
And me I'm doing good at the used car lot
Is this a great country or what

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People slow down when they drive by
They wave and smile but there's envy in their eyes
We ain't rich and won't be for a while
But no doubt about it baby we got style

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