

A Place at My Table

Uncle Kracker

And you'll always have a place at my table
Hey dinners ready come on and eat
Get her done
This aint no Memphis soul songs
And Motown rhythm and blues
Or smoky broken soundtracks
Of my every childhood moves
Soothing are the cameras looking out at my back 40
Lord I don't know where I'd be if not from Berigordi
See my story aint that simple and it don't stop here
Patsy Cline still echos through my younger years
I know you can hear me cause the music never stops
George Jone sang me to sleep whether he knows it or not
CHORUS

And I'll always lend a hand if Im able
And you'll always have a place at my table
Ive been this whole world over with Detroit on my mind
But Ive got friends in Tennessee Atlanta and Caroline
We don't need no money and we don't want no grief
But if you came to give some you'll be pickin up your
teeth

REPEAT CHORUS

That's your Uncle Kracker sittin back there on that
back porch
And I think sittin back here I can see everything I
need to see
I think back here I can see poor old Mr. Bradford
fuelin up the Benz
Everything is truly everything
That's all it can ever be
And that sure is good enough for me ha ha
(And I'll always give ya help if Im able
And you'll always have a place at my table)
REPEAT CHORUS Get her done