

Ballad of a Southern Man

Whiskey Myers

My first rifle was a .243
Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me
and they taught me how to shoot with a steady hand
I guess that's something you don't understand. Now I grew up on a prison farm
sneaking pulls of shine from a mason jar
used to go fishing out pickle creek dam
but I guess that's something you don't understand. Grandmas in the kitchen
Papas done past on
We sit out on the front porch
Just a pickin' on the songs
and there's blood on the table
cause we work for what we have
and I was raised in this land
I guess that's something you don't understand.
I still fly that southern flag
whistling Dixieland enough to brag
and I know all the words to simple man
I guess that's something you don't understand. I pledge my allegiance the original way
say Merry Christmas not happy holidays
I can't change my ways I know who I am
I guess that's something you don't understand. Grandmas in the kitchen
Papas done past on
we sit out on the front porch
just a pickin' on the songs
and there's blood on the table
cause we work for what we have
and I was raised in this land
I guess that's something you don't understand.
A pile of soap and a big machine
I'll feed us all on the same beliefs
Holy dollar and a credit card
but we got a way of doing things
and no bankers gonna steal from me
they wanna tear it all apart. Grandmas in the kitchen
Papas done past on
we sit out on the front porch
just a pickin' on the songs
and there's a bible on the table
cause he bleed for what we have
and that's the ballad of a southern man
I guess that's something you don't understand.
My first rifle was a .243

Papa gave Daddy and Daddy gave to me.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>