

Whiskey Myers - Ballad Of A Southern Man

Tom: G

My first rifle was a .243
That papa gave daddy and daddy gave to me
And they taught me how to shoot with a steady hand
I guess that's somethin' you don't understand

Now, i grew up on a prison farm
Sneakin' pulls-of-shine from a mason jar
Used to go fishing out cripple creek dam
But i guess that's somethin' you don't understand

Grandma's in the kitchen
Papa done passed on
We sit out on the front porch
Just a pickin' on a song
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 somethin' you don't understand

And 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
I say, "merry christmas," not "happy holidays"
They can't change my ways, i know who i am

I guess that's somethin' you don't understand

Grandma's in the kitchen
Papa done passed on
We sit out on the front porch
Just a pickin' on a song
And there's blood on the table
'cause we work for what we have
I was raised in this land
I guess that's somethin' you don't understand

They'll grind us up in a big machine
They'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

Grandma's in the kitchen
Papa done passed on
We sit out on the front porch
Just a pickin' on a song
And there's a bible on the table
'cause he bled for what we have
And that's the ballad of southern man
But i guess that's something you don't understand

My first rifle was a .243
Papa gave daddy and daddy gave to me

Acordes

