

## **Small Town Ladies Man (D)**

I was hanging out at Sheila's we were snuggled up so sweet, when just outside the door I heard the sound of heavy feet, well her husband come home early and he looked a bit confused I said I'm a devout Jehovah witness I just come to share the news

(Chorus 1)

I'm a small town ladies' man son I'm on a roll, this little redneck Romeo is plum out of control, well I party like a rock star, I beat all you ever seen, if this old town was Hollywood well I'd be Charlie Sheen

Now Becky from the beauty shop just let me move right in since her boyfriend's back in prison now for selling drugs again, while he's sleeping on a fold out cot and paying off his debt, I've been running up his grocery bill and driving his Corvette

(Chorus 2)

I'm a small town ladies' man ain't no sign of quoting, if I had anymore affairs I'd be a politician, got a different girl for every night a hanging off my arm, I've been strutting like a Peacock and just a tossing out the charm

Debbie from the dinner done made special reservations, and Crystal wants to take me to the island on vacation, Penny's got the money and Nicole has got the time, and Betty's got to be back at the nursing home by nine

(Chorus 3)

I'm a small town ladies' man ain't no need to brag, but I pick up more women than a New York taxi cab, this country Casanova knows how to play the game, I'm like Heinz 57 sauce I go good on everything

(Bridge)

If you're looking for some romance girl I'm here to tell ya, I'll drive that horse and carriage treat you just like Cinderella, we'll trade in that pumpkin for a case of pats blue ribbon, I'm a knight in shining armor but this armors made of denim

Now everyone has tried but there ain't no way to change me, these women want to hold me and the men just want to hang me, I've got the reputation of a guy who's living free, a hillbilly Hefner playboy want to be

(Repeat Chorus 1)

## **Muscadine Junction (D)**

It's just a cinder block bar in a gravel parking lot, an old tin sign kinda rusty on top, shinning like a diamond in the glow of the neon light, the bartenders serving up domestic brew, the waitress is showing off her new tattoo, and then two guys in the corner and bowed up like there gonna fight, yeah it's gonna be a good one at the Muscadine Junction tonight

The blond at the bar says she used to be a stripper, back in 97 she was Miss September, when she graced the cover of a hustler magazine, three stools down and drinking black label, there's a church of Christ preacher with a former hells angel, and a rodeo clown who just come down from Abilene, they're talking politics religion and everything in between

(Chorus 1)

It's Saturday night at the Muscadine Junction, There's cowboys and bikers and old country bumpkins, it's come as you are and there ain't no cover charge at the door, and you can't help but feel a little bit nervous in this 3 ring nicotine hillbilly circus, but don't mind the smell or the blood stains there on the floor, here at the Muscadine Junction honky rink and general store

The house bands putting on a heck of a show, they play Hank and George and David Allan Coe, and when the moods just right they'll keep em coming all night long, there in the front with a glanced over grin, some Mexican chick with her gringo boyfriend, are liquored up and yelling for a Willie Nelson song, and like a drunken choir they got everybody singing along

(Repeat Chorus 1)

(Bridge)

Pull up a chair, we're here all night, don't be scared, man we ain't gonna bite

(Chorus 3)

It's Saturday night at the Muscadine Junction, the parking lots full and the whole place is jumping, so get you a drink and get yourself out on floor, they got an armadillo burger and a roadkill stew, that baked potatoes loaded and the girls are too, so leave the dogs in the truck and check your guns at the door, and come on down to the Muscadine Junction Honky tonk and general store

## Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker was a friend of mine, born in the holler where the sun don't shine, dirt on his hands bacca on his breath, scaring them city folks half to death,

Well he got a little still in the back of the swamp, a 12 gauge sitting on a Cyprus stump, stroking that fire fanning that flame, every now and then you can hear the boy sing sayin

(Chorus)

Get out the way for ole Dan Tucker, He's too late to get his supper, suppers over and dinners cooking, Ole Dan Tucker just standing there looking

Now Dan's old lady is some kinda mean, met her at a cock fight in New Orleans, Cute little honey bout 5 foot tall, hotter than a Louisiana boudin ball

So they load up the truck head to the city, people come running for a shot of that whisky, do a little dance sip a little shine, Let me hear you sing it for me one more time

(Repeat Chorus)

(Bridge)

You've heard the story bout ole Dan Tucker, Redbone rambler and a Cajun lover, a swamp rats son with a knack for trouble, white trash working on a backwoods hustle, Hot sauce and delta blues, we ridding this train down to Baton Rouge, hop on honey if you wanna go, cause me and Dan Tucker's bout to steal the show, I make the music he makes the whisky, she counts the money while the people get tipsy, tell everybody on the cb scanner there's a party going down in south Louisiana

## **Hole in the Heart of Dixie**

Minor A G

There's a hole in the heart of Dixie, There's a darkness all around, man the South ain't felt this empty since they burnt Atlanta down, so play that Orange blossom special, with some Carolina twang, cause tonight I got a feeling that I can't quit explain, There's a hole in the heart of Dixie, it won't ever be the same

Well I heard the news this morning, when the DJs voice came on, saying Rest In Peace another legend gone, and as he went into the music and that fiddle took the lead, I thought that there goes the last of a dying breed, and I do believe

I walked down to the Dark Horse, beneath the flashing light, but the sign on the window said there ain't no band tonight, you could hear a pin drop in fact the only sound, was the echoes of the church bells ringing from the edge of town, why you can hear em now

Never bowed before the Devil, and so damn proud to be a Rebel, a pure outspoken rock and rolling blend of southern pride and joy, little longhaired country boy

## Little Slice of Heaven (90) (A#)

We just moved out to Lineville bout the time I came along, Daddy got a new job with a 25 year loan, that house and 90 acres on the back of Grandpas farm, came with deer meat in the freezer and a coon dog in the barn

Cornbread in the kitchen a bible on the mantle, a 50 foot antenna that only got 3 channels, the faded floral pattern on that old lanolin floor, showed a shade of green that I ain't seen in 30 years or more

(Chorus)

And I'd love a second helping of that little slice of heaven, I can smell my grandmas cooking like it's 1987, off that little stretch of dirt road where the county never paved, I wish someone would of told us then how much we had it made

My brothers had a room out in the loft above the shed, kept a tape of Jerry Clower in the boom of box by the bed, that Chevy Monte Carlo always had a scuff or two, from where we'd slide across the hood just like them Duke boys used to do

Mama said that Jesus would forgive us of our sins, and Grandma Page would sing us those old Pentecostal hymns, the voices of my past forever linger in my mind, and still grow around my heart now like a mile of kudzu vine

(Chorus 2)

And I'd love a second helping of that little slice of heaven, I can hear my grandpa praying like it's 1987, off that little stretch of dirt road where the county never paved, I wish someone would of told us then how much we had it made

(Bridge)

Now I believe in the good books claim, How there's a season for everything, A time to laugh a time to cry, a time to love and say goodbye

There's a Polaroid that sits inside a box up on my dresser, the last one ever taken where we're all there together, standing in the back yard beneath that dogwood tree, ain't exactly Norman Rockwell but it's good enough for me

(Chorus 3)

And I'd love a second helping of that little slice of heaven, growing up out on that farm, made a mighty big impression, you can hear it in these songs of mine with every note I've played, Lord I wish someone would of told us then how much we had it made, I wish someone would of told us then how much we had it made, Its plane to see now lookin back how much we had it made but I got some Alabama memories that ain't never gonna fade

## 17 and know it all

### *Intro and turn arounds in D*

Now 17s a crazy age and it goes by way too quick, you're old enough to fall in love but just can't make it stick, You take a couple chances twist a couple tops, you hang out on dusty dirt roads and Winn Dixie parking lots

Now your folks will try to warn you but you're too cool to listen, you'd rather get forgiveness than to beg for their permission, yeah you run out with the big dogs and wind up howling at the moon, you swear someday you'll settle down but it won't be no time soon

(Chorus)

Cause when you're 17 and know it all man they can't tell you nothing, you punch a whole strait through the wall just to show em you ain't bluffing, yeah you drink and you fight and you party all night, and you take on anything, you'll never feel any more alive like when you're 17

When you 17 and fearless you don't know what pains about, the world has yet to chew you up and then spit you right back out, you make all your decisions based on luck and foolish pride, you place your bets and you roll the dice and you hang on for the ride

(Repeat Chorus)

Instrumental like verse

Now 17s a crazy age and it goes by way to quick, you're old enough to fall in love but you just can't make it stick, So hang on to your freedom, and don't give up on your dreams, someday you'll wish you had the fire you had at 17

## Too Old to Lose

Girl I'm awfully flattered that you'd set down next to me, you look like such a young thing  
can't be more than 23, and there was a time a while ago, I know just what I'd do, but darlin  
all my playing days are through,  
cause girls your age can toss em back, and party all night long, drink until the sun comes  
up and still be going strong,  
and 30 years ago we could of show, had us a time, but these days I'm in a different frame of  
mine

You're looking down the road at places I've already been, I done walked the soles off of the  
shoes that you're still in, You deserve a new heart honey mines already used, I'm young  
enough to play this game but I'm too damn old to lose

I haven't always been the kind to look before I leaped, Wound up making promises I knew  
Id never keep, I drank in every honky tonk and danced on every bar, I can still cut the  
mustard, if I could only find the jar

Way back in my younger days I sure did get around, now all the rope in Texas couldn't tie  
this cowboy down, I've stood right there, and had my share, of misery and blues, I'm young  
enough to play this game but I'm too damn old to lose

## Not Everybody Gets to go to Dixie

I was born out in the hills of Alabama, slap dab in the middle of it all, where the highways are as winding as a Cheaha mountain stream, and all the women got that sexy southern drawl, now I've rode across the southern plains of Texas, and all along that Corpus Christy beach, heard some old Kentucky picking, loved on some Louisiana women, till I finally settled down with a Georgia peach

(Chorus)

Not everybody gets to go to Dixie

Not everybody comes out of the South, not everybody gets to see rock city, and find out what the fuss is all about, they'll never see Smokey mountain sunrise, or hear Hank Williams sing a country song, not everybody gets to go to Dixie, not everybody gets to call it home

It breaks my heart to know someone folks will never, find the peace of mind that I got here, when I'm sitting on that Louisiana Bayou you know the fishing sure is good this time of year, and I wish that I could buy the world a ticket, so everyone would finally come to see, id bring em down to Johnson City, feed em BBQ and chilly, and I'd send em home with a jug of sweet ice tea

(Repeat Chorus)

(bridge)

Old times ain't been forgotten, but I swear this land of cotton, has made me every ounce of what I am

I got a joy that can't be measured, feel like Moses in the desert, when he set his eyes across that promise land,

Not everybody gets to go to Dixie, not everybody grows up in the South, not everybody makes their own corn whisky, or knows what southern comforts all about, they'll never see the tide in Tuscaloosa, or the Alamo way down in San Anton, not everybody gets to go to Dixie,



## **Ain't no Cowboys Anymore**

They say the music city scene  
Was once all boots and faded jeans  
Honky Tonks and Cadillacs  
Nudie suits and Stetson hats  
There was a little different vibe  
Nashville in 1965, they were lighting up the world, ole Marty Buck and Merl, had it kicked  
in overdrive

(Chorus)

There ain't no Cowboys anymore  
Riding high out on the range  
They ain't busting through the doors  
Raising hell like Jessie James  
They took out all the steel guitars,  
And they ripped up the hardwood floor, they got a bit too civilized  
There ain't no cowboys anymore

There ain't no cowboys anymore  
Guess they all just rode away  
They ain't got no swinging door  
Like they did back in the day

They took off the rhinestones and doggone it sure is a shame, no more Tony Lamas and  
songs about mamas and blue eye that cry in the rain

These days the music sounds same, they play the part to play the game, don't want to rub  
nobody wrong ,don't want to sing no rambling songs, So take me back to yesterday and  
before the outlaws rode away  
I'll be right there with the band a cold beer in my hand,  
Till the last song starts to play

Now I need some down home kinda blues, honky tonked and 90 proofed, whisky women and  
the south that's what country's all about just give me 3 chords and the truth

They run all the good ones off country music done got soft

## **Straight into the Flame**

Well lord have mercy look what the cat drug in, you're still just as pretty as you ever were back then,

Last time that I saw you, you were peeling tires heading out of town, well I heard you married money I heard that you did good, a big two story mansion in a gated neighborhood, kinda makes me wonder just why you're coming back around, are you looking for an old flame to pick you up on your way down

(Chorus)

Did he play you like a fiddle

Did he take you for a ride

We're you let down just a little

When you reached the other side

To see the grass weren't any greener, and the joy ain't worth the pain, well darlin you got just yourself to blame for jumping from the frying pan strait into the flame

I can't help but notice that diamond ring is gone, and tell me where's that high horse that you used to sit up on, did you lose it when he left you for the women who came in to take your place, you gave him your best years your heart and soul and mind, he gave you a prenup now you won't get a dime, and I know what you're thinking girl it's written all across your face, but you made that bed your sleeping in and this ole boy ain't got no love to waste

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh you know I'd never try to tell you how to live,

Oh I'd never say I told you so but you know I did, yes I did

## Story of My Life

Sitting in a barroom sipping 90 proof, talking to some stranger who thinks I'm kinda cute, next thing I remember she's rubbing on my knee, while somebody's drunken boyfriend try's to take a swing at me, laid me out beneath them neon lights, mmm that's the story of my life

Barreling down the highway just few miles out of town, blue sky up above me and not a soul around, I feel the cool breeze blowing as I come flying past to see a Georgia state patrolman hiding in the grass, busted by some small town Barney Fife, mmm that's the story of my life

(Chorus)

One day I'm up and the next I'm down, I say a prayer as the world spins around, I lite the fuse and I hang on tight mmm that's the story of my life

Early Monday morning so hard getting up my poor head still a hurting from all the whisky that I drunk, boss man's waiting on me he knows where I've been, says the next time I wake up like this don't bother coming in, but trouble seems to find me every night, that's the story of my life

And this story sure ain't got no happy ending, just a trail of broken hearts and bad decisions

Standing on your front porch, hot night in July, both my arms around you as you're telling me goodbye, this bad luck streak and got no end in sight

(Repeat chorus)

## **You're a Friend of Mine**

If the pickup truck you're driving's held together with some duct tape and a prayer, and the holes across you're floorboard match the holes across the work boots that you wear, if your sisters still in rehab cause she ain't no quitter and you got a gun rack and an Earnhardt bumper sticker you may not be the high fluting kind oh but brother you're a friend of mine

If you like honky tonkin on the weekend when the sun is going down, watching ole Burt Reynolds movies in the evening when there ain't no one around, if you like your gravy thick and you take your chicken fried, and you know every word to a country boy can survive well me and you we'll get along just fine

(Chorus)

I know where you're coming from and what you're all about, I've had my share of troubled times myself,

We've been down the same roads and son there ain't no doubt, there ain't too many round here like us left, we're cut from the same cloth hung out on the same line, oh brother you're a friend of mine

If you ever get the feeling that the country's gotten just a bit off track, and you've come to the conclusion nothing short of God will bring it back

if you grew up on the farm drinking water from the spigot, raised on beans and biscuits with a side of Andy Griffith, well I'll get a pole you get a line, oh brother you're a friend of mine

And I know I've never met you,  
Ah but man it's plan to see  
Behind that mullet I just bet you  
You got the same red neck as me

(Repeat Chorus)

## **Ain't Enough Blacktop**

The sunlight finds me broken  
In another cheap motel  
I hear Jimmy Swagger preaching  
About the many roads to hell  
So I pack up my suitcase  
I know I must be leaving soon  
Salvation last forever  
But checkout time is noon

Leave the key card on the counter  
And I climb up in the truck  
Hope this motel coffee  
Is enough to wake me up  
Don't know where I'm going  
But I durn sure won't be late  
Running from a memory  
and a feeling I can't shake

(Chorus)

And there ain't enough blacktop  
There ain't enough time  
There ain't enough highway here  
Just To leave it all behind  
I cut through the canyons  
I kick up the dust  
Try To put a little blacktop  
Between the two of us

The heat off of the pavement  
Slowly rising in the air  
And faintly through the steam  
I swear I see her standing there  
And I wonder if she's happy  
Knowing that I'm I not around  
I feel the rumbling of the engine  
As I let that hammer down

(bridge)

Wooo, I've been turning up the bottle and putting down the throttles trying hard to understand, wooo counting up the miles and minutes, trying to put a little distance behind me if I can

(Repeat Chorus)

now the road has sure been winding  
It ain't been no easy drive  
And I don't know what awaits me  
Over on the other side  
If you ever want to find me  
Darlin you know where I'm at  
Just take that westbound highway till there ain't no looking back

## California

Seems all hell is busting loose these days it's such a pity, there's chaos and destruction all around,  
Antifa the street tonight burning up the city, while the mayor tells the police to stand down

There's a crowd at the college there's a protest going on, they got cars backed up bout every which a way, they're stomping on the flag and throwing rocks across the lawn, man I never thought I'd live to see the day

Every snowflake with a skateboard wants to open up the border, every white girl with a nose ring is a socials justice warrior

In this Godforsaken land that's full of lawyers and restrictions, got Hookers working overtime with greedy politicians, it's a fallen state and modern take on Sodom and Gomorrah, well the devil's got a new home and he calls it California

Young man shot in Palmdale sometime late last night, they took his phone his wallet and his shoes,  
Left him in the street to die beneath the traffic light, guess it didn't even make the news

There's Crips and bloods and hustlers, running with the crew  
and they won't loose no sleep tonight for putting one through

(Chorus)  
Instrumental

With all the cartels and the king pins and the pedophiles they bust, It's a wonder they still find the time to preach to all of us

homeless camp in Silver lake just off of creek side drive, sitting by 3 million dollar homes, barbwire on the road signs up and down the 105, let's you know just how far things have gone

Between the earthquakes and the wildfires and the spoiled rotten kids, and up all the taxes son there ain't no way I'd live

The devils got a new home, got some people he can count on, so brother let me warn ya, best stay out of California

## **Living the dream**

Playing in some honky tonk a 1000 miles from home, talking to some waitress got them skin tight britches on, says she loves my music, and she'd like to meet the band, well come on honey don't be shy just climb up in the van, got a leopard skin couch and a 40 inch tv screen, and I'm living the dream

Early Sunday morning flying down i20, pull into a truck stop just out of Bossier City, bacon, eggs, and gravy with hash browns on the side, a pack of camels and a scratch off and we're all be ready to ride, running on Mountain Dew and gasoline, and I living the dream

(Chorus)

Another mile another song, another piece of pecan pie and honey I'll be gone, playing every dance hall from Nashville and Omaha making all the young girls scream, tearing it up and a living the dream

Last night up in Boston we watched em all go wild, had them folks in bean town up and dancing in the isle, In Tucson Arizona we partied all night long, them women on the border sure do make you feel at home, we lite up that town like a Mississippi slot machine I'm living the dream

(Repeat Chorus)

(Bridge)

Slide another 6 pack down in the cooler, lovin' on a woman from out in Andalusia, cute little thing with a golden tan, done run off to party with a hillbilly band

(Repeat Chorus)