

# 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

