

# 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

