

# BR5-49, Little Ramona

Little Ramona (gone Hillbilly Nuts)

Remember when we hung in the low places in 1979?  
We used to think that it mattered to the man with the money  
Where we spent our time

Well, I knew a little gal with a mohawk hairdo  
and a chain around her neck  
But you'd never recognize her if you saw her now  
She done something that you'd never expect

Chorus

She done traded in her Doc's for kicker boots  
Safety-pinned tee shirts for Manuel Suits  
Her hair's grown out and it's piled up high  
She only shows her tattoos one at a time  
She ain't ashamed of the way she was  
She hears old Hank, she can't get enough  
Her punk rock records are gathering dust  
'Cos little Ramona's gone hillbilly nuts  
Thrashin' dancin' still out there, the bodies piled up high  
She used to mosh in pit with the best of them

You could see those elbows fly  
Well now she's drinking Blue Ribbon and jitterbuggin'  
to the honky-tonkin' beat

Get that line dance outta here man  
Give her room to move her feet

Chorus

You see her in thrift stores everywhere,  
Hardly ever at a shopping mall  
She acts just as tough as she always did  
She just looks a little country, that's all  
She's got Emmylou Patty Smity on a 90-minute cassette  
'Cause where do you go after the end of the world  
When you still ain't been there yet?

Chorus

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