

Cledus T. Judd, Indian In-Laws

Parody of Indian Outlaw by Tim McGraw (Laudermilk/Barnes/Simmons) Edge O'Woods Music Corp

New lyrics by Cledus T. Judd (No Relation) Bruce Burch & Judy Jackson BLT Publishing (BM)

They're my Indian in-laws
Came to visit me and my squaw
Been here for a month y'all
I'm 'bout to lose my mind

I'm sick and tired of her paw-paw
Eatin' all of my bear claws
While he's watchin' ol Hee-Haw
And drinkin all my wine

I'm gonna scalp her maw-maw
Making long distance phone calls
To her friends in Arkansas
Talkin' on my dime

They're my Indian in-laws
They're drivin' me up the dang wall
Using all of my dental floss
And leaving the room smelling bad
(Shoo-ee)

They moved into my wigwam
God Almighty they're big bums
Order filet mignons
And stick me with the tab
They're hanging 'round my teepee
Can't wear my buffalo briefs
Ain't had me no whoopee since week for last

They're my Indian in-laws
Hooked on Ex-Lax and Geritol
Have to run 'em to the shopping mall
4 times a day
(Every single day, seven days a week
My nerves are about shot
They are worryin' me to death)

Sittin' there clipping toenails
Chain-smoking them Pell Mells
Wish they'd get them a motel
But they're too cheap to pay

Pretty soon if they don't leave
I'll take a pipe and pop his knee
Like Tanya did Nancy
They're skating on thin ice

I'll take my bow and arrow
Pretend I'm shootin' at a sparrow
I might miss and uh-oh,
Hit her maw-maw's behind

They're my Indian in-laws
Might be kin to Tim McGraw
But they kin to me? Naw
Might have to leave my wife

'Cause my Indian in-laws
Came to visit me and my squaw
I'm about to lose my mind

Oh, one little, two little, three little Indians
Four little, five little, six little Indians
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians
Ten little Indian in-laws

Oh no! Here comes her brother and her other brother
Then there's her sister that brought her aunt Essie with her
She's got two kids and they brought two friends
The whole tribes a-comin'
Couldn't they have just made a reservation