

# Hank Thompson, Rednecks, White Socks And Blue

REDNECKS, WHITE SOCKS AND BLUE RIBBON BEER

Writers Bob McDill, Wayland Holyfield, Chuck Neese

There's no place that I'd rather be than right here  
With my red necks, white socks and blue ribbon beer  
The barmaid is mad 'cause some guy made a pass  
The juke box is playin' there stands the glass  
And the cigarette smoke kind-a hangs in the air  
Red-necks, white socks and blue rib-bon beer  
A cow-boy is cussin' the pin-ball ma-chine  
A drunk at the bar is get-tin' noisy and mean  
And, some guy on the phone says ill be home soon dear  
Red-necks white socks and blue ribbon beer

CHORUS:

No we don't fit in with that white collar crowd  
We're a little too rowdy and a little too loud  
There's no place that I'd rather be than right here  
With my red-necks white socks and blue ribbon beer  
The semis are passing on the highway outside  
The four thirty crowd is about to arrive  
The sun's go-in' down and we'll all soon be here  
Rednecks, white socks and blue ribbon beer

REPEAT CHORUS

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With my red-necks, white socks and blue ribbon beer