

# Hank Williams Sr., White Trash

Yeah boy, that's right.

Well I was raised in a holler  
I grew up eatin' mud  
and my baby bottle  
it was filled with beer and blood

Well I got relatives here  
they just don't look quite right

A couple of 'em only got one eye  
that I heard that they lost in a fight

You know why  
You got any idea, boy  
Do you know why

It's white trash  
It's white trash  
It's white trash  
It's white trash

My daddy - he started beatin' me  
around the tender age of five  
He said "You gotta be tough -  
if you're ever gonna get out of this world alive"

He used to beat my momma  
and spit in my face  
and laugh at the world  
'cause it was such a f\*\*kin' disgrace

Do you know why  
Do you know why  
I'll tell you why

White trash  
White trash

Stand up  
Be a good man  
Do as I say boy  
Put this beer in your hand

White trash -  
I'm white trash  
I'm white trash  
I'm white trash