

# Mel Tillis, Son Of A Bum

Well I was born in a tumbled down shack one quarter of a mile from a railroad track  
Mama was a drifter daddy was a bum and they didn't want a little hobo son  
But things do happen and here I am just outside of Birmingham  
Train's slowing down and I'm gonna jump up  
I'm gonna spread my wings and look all about  
Give me the whip of the whippoorwill a whippin' it up on the lonely hill  
Give me the sun the stars and the rain sneaky peaky wine in the blood of my veins  
Cause I'm a son of a bum I'm a son of a bum  
I'm a son of a bum son of a bum bum bum  
Free as the breeze and I'm easy to please

Fussin' and a fightin' and a goin' to war people don't know what the livin's for  
Money money money that's all folks know they could learn a lesson from a rich hobo  
Got no worries and no regrets got no money but I got no debts  
Rabbit in the picket and the fish in the brook  
And I've got mu supper if I got me a hook  
Give me the whip of the whippoorwill...  
I'm a son of a bum I'm just easy to please Lord I'm a son of a bum  
I'm a son of a bum easy to please