

# Roger Creager, Mother's A Redneck Too

John Evans

Hey I'm a redneck Mother I must confess I wear tight blue jeans not a tie-dyed dress.  
I got a tattoo of Texas on my chest; hey I'm a redneck mother a redneck at best.  
I'm a redneck mother and my mother's a redneck too.  
I'm a redneck mother I must concede I wear a red and blue hat it reads Lonestar Feed.  
I raised a cross bred chicken it goes Quakity-cluck  
I got a kicker bumper sticker on the back of my truck.  
I'm a redneck mother and my mother's a redneck too.

Chorus:

I can fish all night and sleep until noon, romance a case of beer under the Texas moon.  
There's only one thing that will set me back and that's a long legged lady in a pink Cadillac.

I'm a redneck mother I must reply. I built a beer can fence nearly 10 ft. high.  
Yonder on my front porch, it's my guard dog Blue.  
He's a Mississippi leg hound with some legging to do.  
I'm a redneck mother and my mother's a redneck too.

Chorus:

I can fish all night and sleep until noon, romance a case of beer under the Texas moon.  
There's only one thing that will set me back and that's a long legged lady in a pink Cadillac.

John why don't we head down to New Orleans?  
Could we try to find a bowl of them rice and red beans?

Before we hit the road could you explain what this means?  
Sing it for me one more time.

Hey I'm a redneck Mother I must confess I wear tight blue jeans not a tie-dyed dress.  
I got a tattoo of Texas on my chest; hey I'm a redneck mother a redneck at best.  
I'm a redneck mother and my mother's a redneck too.

Oh Lord you're a redneck mother and your mother's a redneck too.