

Don Williams, Good Ole Boy Like Me

When I was a kid uncle Remus he put me to bed,
With a picture of Stonewall Jackson above my head.
Then Daddy came in to kiss his little man,
With gin on his breath and a bible in his hand,
And he talked about honor and things I should know.
Then he'd stagger a little as he went out the door.

(Chorus)

I can still hear the soft southern winds in the live oak trees
And Those Williams boys they still mean a lot to me,
Hank and Tennessee.

I guess were all gonna be what were gonna be,
So what do you do with good ol' boys like me?
Nothing makes a sound in the night like the wind does,
But you aint afraid if youre washed in the blood like I was.
The smell of cape jasmine through the window screen,
John R. and the wolfman kept me company
By the light of the radio by my bed,
With Thomas Wolfe whispering in my head.

(Chorus)

When I was in school I ran with a kid down the street,
And I watched him burn himself up on bourbon and speed,
But I was smarter than most, and I could choose.
Learned to talk like the man on the six oclock news.
When I was eighteen, lord, I hit the road
But it really doesn't matter how far I go.

(Chorus)

Yeah, what do you do with good ol' boys like me?