

# Don Williams, Good Ole Boys 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  
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 we're all gonna be what we're gonna be  
So what do you do with good ole boys like me  
Nothing makes a sound in the night like the wind does  
But you ain't afraid if you're washed in the blood like I was  
The smell of cape jasmine thru 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

When I was in school I ran with kid down the street  
But 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 o'clock news  
When I was eighteen, Lord, I hit the road  
But it really doesn't matter how far I go