

# Drive-By Truckers, The Buford Stick

Now Sheriff Buford Pusser's gotten too big for his britches  
With his book reviews and movie deals  
Down at the car lot making public appearances  
For breaking up our homes and stills  
I know he likes to brag how he wrestled a bear  
But I knew him from the funeral home  
Ask him for a warrant, he'll say "I keep it in my shoe"  
That son of a bitch has got to go  
That son of a bitch has got to go  
Now they lined up around the block to see that movie  
And crying for his ambushed wife  
Marveling about about shot eight times and stabbed seven  
Some folks can't take a hint  
They say he didn't take no crap from the State Line Gang  
What the hell they talking bout?  
I'm just a hard workingman with a family to feed  
And he made my daughter cry  
Said he made my daughter cry  
"Watch out for Buford!" is what they keep on telling me  
But to me he's just another crooked lawman up in Tennessee  
He gets a new hot car to keep us on our toes  
And that ridiculous stick where the press corp. goes  
And some big time Hollywood actors playing him on the big screen  
"Watch out for Buford! He's shutting down our stills and whores"  
But it ain't like he's all that different from what was there before  
It wouldn't take my man long to do the job  
Just a partially sawed through steering rod  
And I wouldn't have to worry about the good Sheriff anymore  
Now the funeral's got'em lined up for twenty blocks  
No one liked that SOB when he's alive  
But the ruckus he began keeps a spreadin' like a wildfire  
Not sure if I'm gonna survive  
Hit an embankment doing 120 on a straight-away  
The Lord works in mysterious ways  
They'll probably make another movie, glorifying what he done  
But I'll never have to hear them say  
I'll never have to hear them say  
Watch out for Buford