

# Jeff Bates, Good People

My cousin Bobbys on the county road  
Pickin up trash for the car he stole  
You see him in them orange clothes youd swear hes evil  
Hes had sticky fingers since he was a kid  
If it wasnt nailed down considered it his  
For the lyin cheatin dog he is hes GOOD PEOPLE

GOOD PEOPLE they aint bad  
GOOD PEOPLE they get ya back in a fight  
Loan ya couple bucks  
Buy you a beer when youre down on your luck  
Too bad their aint more of us GOOD PEOPLE

Girl down the street in that doublewide  
She aint ashamed of them no tan-lines  
Shes 36-24-35 and barely legal  
She gotta big ol tattoo on her back  
All the wives on the block says shes white trash  
She may not be high class but shes GOOD PEOPLE

GOOD PEOPLE they aint bad  
GOOD PEOPLE theyll bring you food when youre sick  
Feed your dog when youre gone  
Cover you up when you pass out on the lawn  
Why we gotta look down on GOOD PEOPLE

GOOD PEOPLE they aint bad  
GOOD PEOPLE give you the shirt off their back  
Never steer you wrong,  
Go outta their way to make you feel at home  
Raise hell stand up let me hear ya if youre one of us  
GOOD PEOPLE