

Jerry Reed, Us Male

Now, I'm a U.S. Male 'cause I was born
In a south Georgia town on a Sunday morn
Now Georgia just happens to occupy a place
In the southeastern portion of this here United States
Now that's a matter of fact, buddy
And you know it well
So I just call myself the U.S. Male
That's M-A-L-E, son.

Now I said all that to say all this
I've been watchin' the way
You've been watchin' my miss
For the last three weeks you been hot on her trail
And you kinda upset this U.S. Male
You touch her once with your greasy hands
I'm gonna stretch your neck like a long rubber band
She's wearin' a ring that I bought her on sale
And that makes her the property of this U.S. Male

Through the rain and the heat and the sleet and the snow
The U.S. Male is on his toes
Quit watchin' my woman, for that ain't wise
You ain't pullin' no wool over this boy's eyes
I catch you 'round my woman, champ
I'm gonna leave your head 'bout the shape of a stamp
Kinda flattened out, so you'll do well
To quit playin' games with this U.S. Male

You better not mess with the U.S. Male my friend
The U.S. Male gets mad, he's gonna do you in
You know what's good for yourself son
You better find somebody else son
Don't tamper with the property of the U.S. Male

Tell 'em guitar

I'm tellin' you son, keep your greasy meat hooks off my woman.
I'm just liable to drop the male on you.