

Nat Stuckey, Alabama Wild Man

Now my daddy was a hard shelled Alabama preacher
My mama was a dedicated a Sunday School teacher
My brother went a college and got a PHD
Daddy said the only dud in the family was me
He said boy you ain't never gonna amount to a thing
All you do is sit around with that silly looking guitar and sing
You hang around them joke joints most of your time
Making music like some wild man done lost his mind

Going uh hook it now what's that s'posed to mean boy
And sock it to me you're just a wild man boy

Well one day my daddy told me boy I've had enough
Now you can pack up that guitar and you can just pack up your stuff
So I left with my guitar and organized me a band
Called myself the Alabama Wild Man
Well I worked in every joint from New York City to Gulf
Singing songs for pennies never making enough
Many nights I lived on coffee and cold sardines sody crackers and pork and beans
But friends I finally went to Music City USA
Said I'm the Alabama Wild Man folks I'm here to stay
Took my guitar and showed 'em what I's talkin' about
So we made a little record and we put it out

With me going uh hook it hook it boy hook it again
Sock it to that guitar

Well now I'm driving cadillacs a city block long
And the Alabama Wild Man can do no wrong
Cause I'm selling them records I'm working those shows
And people love me everywhere I go
But friends a funny thing happened bout a week or so back
I worked a show in my hometown and the place was packed
And I guess who was sittin' out on a front row seat
Was my daddy grinnin' up at me and pattin' his feet

Sayin' sock it to your daddy's wild man
Hook it son hook it play that guitar boy show 'em
Yeah that's my boy up there alright taught him everything he knows
Bought him his guitar hook it son sock it to me