

Nat Stuckey, Son Of A Bum

Well I was born in a tumbled down shack one quarter of a mile from a railroad track
Mama was a drifter and daddy was a bum and they didn't want a little hobo son
But things do happen and here I am just outside of Birmingham
Train's slowin' down and I'm gonna jump up
I'm gonna spread my wings and look all about
Give me the whip of the whippoorwill a whippin' it up on the lonely hill
Give me the sun the stars and the rain sleeky peeky wine in the blood of my veins
Cause I'm a son of a bum I'm a son of a bum
I'm a son of a bum son of a bum bum bum
Free as the breeze and I'm easy to please

Well fussin' and a fightin' and a goin' to war people don't know what's livin' for
Money money money that's all folks know they could learn a lesson from a rich hobo
I got no worries and no regrets I got no money but I got no debts
Rabbit in the picket and fish in the brook and I've got my supper if I got me a hook
Give me the whip...
I'm a son of a bum son and I'm easy to please