

Tom T. Hall, Redneck Riviera

Down here on the Redneck Riviera a drinkin' beer and singing country songs
Chillin' with the motel door wide open hopin' somethin' good will come along
Gulf Shores up through Apalachi-cola they got beaches of the whitest sand
Nobody cares if gramma's got a tottoo or Bubba's got a hot wing in his hand
Redneck Riviera is where I wanna be down here on the Redneck Riviera by the sea

Down here on the Redneck Riviera trawlin' up and down Mir-a-cle Mile
Smoothin' out my tan and disposition and wearin' little other than a smile
(trumpet - guitar)

On Highway 98 I got a ticket something I ain't never understood
If driving a convertible is topless why can't I ride my Harley in the nude
Down here on the Redneck Riviera sign says Smoking Mullet Here Today
I really don't know what I'm gettin' into but I'm in line to try some anyway
Redneck Riviera is where I wanna be down here on the Redneck Riviera by the sea

I got seven dollars for the jukebox twenty more left over for some beer
Down here on the Redneck Riviera there ain't no better living anywhere
Now here comes them dreadful possums

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