

# Tracy Byrd, Pink Flamingos

I was a rebel in my younger years  
I'd.....drink with the devil if he bought the beer  
Wore out two pick-ups just running around  
Mamma thought I never would settle down  
That was before I met sweet Irma Jean  
She made a new man outta me

Chorus:

We got pink flamingos in the front yard  
Picture window with a view of Wal-mart  
Blue collar heaven...domestic bliss  
It just doesn't get better than this  
We got pink flamingos, pink flamingos, pink  
flamingos

Sweet Irma Jean is a den mother now  
With a station wagon and an charge account  
Bubba Junior pitches for his baseball team  
Little sister's running for Rose Bud Queen  
And me I'm doing good at the used car lot  
Is this a great country or what

Repeat Chours

People slow down when they drive by  
They wave and smile but there's envy in their eyes  
We ain't rich and won't be for a while  
But no doubt about it we got style

Repeat Chours