

Uncle Kracker, Place At My Table

And you'll always have a place at my table
Hey dinner's ready come on and eat
Get her done

This ain't no Memphis soul songs
And Motown rhythm and blues
Or smoky broken soundtracks
Of my every childhood moves
Soothing are the camera's looking out at my back 40
Lord I don't know where I'd be if not from Berigordi
See my story ain't that simple and it don't stop here
Patsy Cline still echos through my younger years
I know you can hear me cause the music never stops
George Jones sang me to sleep whether he knows it or not

CHORUS

And I'll always lend a hand if I'm able
And you'll always have a place at my table

I've been this whole world over with Detroit on my mind
But I've got friends in Tennessee Atlanta and Caroline
We don't need no money and we don't want no grief
But if you came to give some you'll be pickin' up your teeth

REPEAT CHORUS

That's your Uncle Kracker sittin' back there on that back porch
And I think sittin' back here I can see everything I need to see
I think back here I can see poor old Mr. Bradford fuelin' up the Benz
Everything is truly everything
That's all it can ever be
And that sure is good enough for me ha ha

(And I'll always give ya help if I'm able
And you'll always have a place at my table)

REPEAT CHORUS Get her done