

# Son Of A Gun

Black Oak Arkansas

Some say I'm a no account  
Back where I come from  
I ain't good for nothin'  
Except just to run  
But all I got to say  
To the likes of them  
I'm tired of workin'  
For the other man

I want to see the world  
I want to love the girl  
And I want to do what ain't been done  
On account I'm a son of a gun

I wrote my first song  
On a half mile row  
Where I learned down on the farm  
How everythin' goes  
I've been the backbone  
Of the workin' man's grief  
Now I just want to whoop it up, yeah  
And get some relief

I want to see the world  
I want to love the girl  
And I want to do what ain't been done  
On account I'm a son of a gun

Son of a gun  
Son of a gun  
Son of a gun

Some say I'm shiftless  
Back where I come from  
They don't like to see me  
When I'm a having fun  
But why should I settle down  
When I'm feelin' so young  
The time of my life  
Has just now begun

I want to see the world  
I want to love the girl  
And I kinda think it's time to switch  
On account I'm a son of ...

Son of a gun  
Son of a gun  
Son of a gun