

# Held Up

Hank Williams III

They're making lots of noise down in Texas  
And I love that red flag of Tennessee  
Drinkin' with the ghost of Mississippi  
Flirtin' with old misery

I've broken that train in Alabama  
And I've crossed more than one too many lines  
Smell that weed deep in Louisiana  
Makes that trouble in Texarkana seem so fine

And I've been railed up more than once in Carolina  
How I love that sweet southern smell of Virginia's vagina

Ain't nothing like the wives of West Virginia  
Or the howl of a Kentucky trail  
That mud gets deep down in Florida  
Hell it keeps me out of Arkansas jail

I love that big sky in Montana  
Idaho's rivers are always cold as ice  
By the time I get to California  
The rowdy folks are always out of sight

And I've been railed up more than once in Carolina  
Ain't nothing like the feel of Virginia's vagina

That Navajo nation brings the thunder  
And Arizona burns you alive

Those roughnecks raise Hell in Houston  
And Minnesota always blows my mind

I got buzzed one time in Indiana  
Couldn't walk for two days in Lakeville  
I've hung out with Hell in Pennsylvania  
And only Tolleson knows the shape I'm in

And I've been railed up more than once in Carolina  
Ain't nothin' like the feel of Virginia's vagina

They're makin' lots of noise down in Texas  
And I love that red flag of Tennessee  
Drinkin' with the ghost of Mississippi  
And flirtin' with old misery

I've broken that train in Alabama  
And I've crossed more than one too many lines  
That Michigan madhouse makes me wonder  
Am I walkin' on someone else's time?

And I've been railed up more than once in Carolina  
Ain't nothin' like the feel of Virginia's vagina  
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