

# Redneck

## Atlanta Rhythm Section

Hey, redneck  
Man, ain't you a cool head  
Man about town, your hair slicked down  
Little grease on your forehead

Well those things you say and do  
Gonna make poppa real proud of you  
Play football, hang around the pool hall  
And cheat on exam

Hey, redneck  
Pullin' in at the drive-in  
Spend a little money, poke a lot of fun  
At people tryin' to make a livin'

But you never did have much use  
For all these darkies, dagos and Jews  
Talk real loud, draw a big crowd  
Baby, you what's happenin'  
Whoa, screw you

Hey, redneck  
Goin' down to the ghetto  
A dollar's worth of gas, heckle and harass

All the hippies and the weirdos

Well you talk about havin' fun  
You a good time son of a gun  
Four years of college, a little bit of knowledge  
And outsmart the draft board

Hey hey hey, redneck  
You're All-American lover  
When God said brain, you thought he said rain  
And you ran for cover

Well I've done all that I can do  
Just tryin' to get along with you  
You're too much, everything you touch  
Turns to something else

Hey, redneck  
You're redneck  
Hey, redneck  
You're redneck  
Hey, redneck  
All-American redneck...