

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