

Country Flavor

Brownsville Station

Sittin' in a cornfield lookin' for a meal
Thirty days in the clink's a pretty rotten deal
Now, Jojo told my momma, my momma told my pa
Now I'm doin' thirty more with the county, Lawd

And I know
Lordy momma, I know
Well, I know
The Good Book, she told me so

Well, I got somethin' special a-sittin' on the hill
If Michael don't a-get it, I know that Kippy will
Thirty-day September, April June July
Either one that touch the stuff, I'll hit him in the eye

'Cause I know
Mm, Lordy momma, I know
'Cause I know
The Good Book, she told me so
She did

Country flavor
I love you so

You know, my momma told me, she told me once before
To keep my cotton-pickin' fingers out her cellar door
Well, deep down in the cellar there's a big ol' still
I sneak right down and get my fill every now and then

I love that country flavor, it's soothin', sweet, and slow
It trickles down my tummy just like a Tupelo
Yeah well, good ol' country flavor, the taste, it ain't so tame
Drink it by the gallons or quarts, it's just the same

Country flavor, country flavor
How I love that country flavor
Country flavor, country flavor
How I love that country flavor

Country flavor, country flavor
How I love that country flavor
Country flavor, country flavor
How I love that country flavor

Country flavor, country flavor
How I love that country flavor
Country flavor, country flavor
How I love that country flavor

Country flavor, country flavor
How I love that country flavor

Ahhhh, lordy momma I know, ha-ha-ha-ha, yeah yeah yeah
Well I know, ha-ha a-lordy-lordy momma, I know, ha, yeah yeah yeah yeah

Well I know, a-momma momma momma, I know, yeah, whoo
Well I know, I know, I do, and truly truly, I know

Oh, what to do, well I know, all all all night long
Yeah, well all night long, lordy momma, oh yeah
Well come on (Well, I know), ohh-ho (Lordy momma, I know)
(Well, I know) Yeah, alright (Momma momma, I know), whoo
Yeah yeah (Well, I know) Ahhh (Lordy momma, I know)
(Well I know, lordy momma I know)