

# White Trash

Chris Janson

Between the trailer and the dog  
And the cars on blocks and the hogs  
Out in the front yard  
Where us kids play  
No grass  
Yeah there was mama  
In her house shoes  
Smokin' Salem Lights with the tattoos  
You add it all up  
That's why they call us white trash

Well if they'd had their way  
They'd have thrown us away  
Like an empty bottle of wine  
We belong sacked up  
Stacked on the curb  
In their mind  
And their daddy's didn't want us  
Hanging 'round their girls  
And they told every son they had  
Don't even think about it  
Taking out the white trash

Now between her Beamer and her Ray Bans  
And her spring break seaside sun tan  
Hell I could see she  
Was on her own side of the tracks  
Oh you know I knew her from school  
Yeah she ran with the boys that were cool  
Well as far as I knew she wanted nothing to do  
With white trash

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They'd have thrown us away  
Like an empty bottle of wine  
We belong sacked up  
Stacked on the curb  
In their mind  
And their daddy's didn't want us  
Hanging 'round their girls  
And they told every son they had  
Don't even think about it  
Taking out the white trash

That girl is my baby now  
We live right here in this town  
Got a bunch of kids running around  
Ain't it funny how it all turned out?

Well if they'd had their way  
They'd have thrown us away  
Like an empty bottle of wine  
We belong sacked up  
Stacked on the curb  
In their mind  
And their daddy's didn't want us  
Hanging 'round their girls

And they whipped their boy's white ass  
All for even thinking 'bout taking white trash

Thank God I know something 'bout  
Running 'round with white trash