

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

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

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