

Billhilly, he's the king of the hill
Billhilly, he hits the sour mash swill
Billhilly, he made it off the farm
Billhilly

Well, he's kickin' up dirt out on the loose
Hee-haw-haw, chewin' on roots
Always down for the Chicken Shack
And he's leavin' for the city and he ain't coming back

Do the do-si-do with and off-road know how
Cop a feel like he milks a cow
He's going far in the land of steel
Got everybody talking 'bout the full moon swill

Life of the party, buck knife rowdy
Slappin' his knee like Laurel slapped Hardy
Do-si-do on the concrete lotion
He put it all in motion

Jumpin' the barbed wire, hop in the pool
Flintstone brakes, using John Deere tools
Like Jed Clampett jumped the claim
Billhilly is his name

Billhilly, he's the king of the hill
Billhilly, he hits the sour mash swill
Billhilly, he made it off the farm
Billhilly, he's never meaning no harm

Now yank out the plug he's strummin' on a banjo
OshKosh B'gosh, square dance hoedown
Rodeo and a bucket full of rocks
Passing the jug and the catfish crockpot

Hayseed, with a gun like a trumpet
Barefoot drinkin' from a Dixie cup
Picking his teeth with an old switchblade
Loogie to the Dew can twenty feet away

From the coal mine to the combine
Ransack the shack and treat the girls fine
Day-in day-out, always lookin' up
When he takes downtown making soo-ee sounds

Now everybody on the block
Ain't wearin' no shoes, ain't wearin' no socks
Got the itch for the mountain way
Watching old Billy and his jug-band play

Billyilly, he's the king of the hill
Billhilly, he hits the sour mash swill
Billhilly, he's escaped from the farm
Billhilly, he's never meaning no harm

Get down and disco down
Yeah, get down and boogie

Billhilly, he's the king of the hill
Billhilly, he hits the sour mash swill
Billhilly, just lock him up in the bar
Billhilly