

Keeping Up With The Joneses

Corey Smith

Back in the day, back in the hills, we were busted,
Made a living on the government dime.
Mama couldn't keep a job,
and the alimony check never came on time.
We were poor. I wasn't proud, only angry
that our daddy couldn't send us more.
Always embarrassed by my free lunch card,
and food stamps for the grocery store.

No keeping up with the Joneses.
No keeping up with the Joneses.
When you're stuck on the bottom,
You take what you can get.

I went to school in hand-me-downs from my cousin,
Baggy britches seemed to suit me well,
Kinda thin, kinda loose in the middle,
Slouching in after the tardy bell.
The teacher never called me trash,
But I knew what she was thinking when she looked at me,
Born to be the underclass,
Growing up to make a living on our charity.

No keeping up with the Joneses.
No keeping up with the Joneses.
When you're stuck on the bottom,
You take what you can get.

Don't go looking down your nose at me neighbor,
I can spot you from a yard away,
Don't try to judge me by the clothes I'm wearing or the cars in
my driveway.
I'm not rich but I'm not poor any longer,
And I'm happy as a man can be.
I'm proud to work, I'm proud to pay my taxes,
And I'm grateful for my family.

No keepin' up with the Joneses,
No keepin' up with the Joneses,
When you come up from the bottom,
You love whatever you got.

Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down.
Ain't nothing, ain't no one, gonna hold me down.