

Good Ole Boy Like Me

Don Williams

When I was a kid Uncle Remus would put me to bed,
With a picture of Stonewall Jackson above my head.
Then Daddy came in to kiss his little man,
With gin on his breath and a bible in his hand,
And he talked about honor and things I should know.
Then he'd stagger a little as he went out the door.

I can still hear the soft southern winds in the live oak trees
And Those Williams boys they still mean a lot to me,
Hank and Tennessee.
I guess we're all gonna be what we're gonna be,
So what do you do with good ol' boys like me?

Nothing makes a sound in the night like the wind does,
But you ain't afraid if you're washed in the blood like I was.
The smell of cape jasmine through the window screen,
John R. and The Wolfman kept me company
By the light of the radio by my bed,
With Thomas Wolfe whispering in my head.

When I was in school I ran with a kid down the street,
And I watched him burn himself up on bourbon and speed,
But I was smarter than most, and I could choose.
Learned to talk like the man on the six o'clock news.
When I was eighteen, lord, I hit the road
But it really doesn't matter how far I go.

Yeah, what do you do with good ol' boys like me?