

Sour Grain

Humble Pie

Well Shakey Jake is 103, still strong as Hickory
Swigs of mountain dew was his release
I know his only fear was country vulgar cold and clear
Throughout the day he'd booze and keep the peace.

He knows the best way to success
Is a proud fierce woman and a jar of whiskey
Someway, however you can, it's all right by me
Well I'd stake my claim but my mule got lame
How lucky can a poor boy be.

Don't you know that some bum stole my finger pet ?
Don't ask me how he gets in this fix
But I'd sure like to play some licksy game
'Cause I earn my pay and park it all on me
There's my brown dog barking, there's my landlord humming.

Oh yeah, someway, whatever you name, it's all right by me
Well I'd cut my corn but my leg got torn
How lucky can a poor boy be.

Well someway, whatever you name, it's all right by me
Well I'd cut my corn
How lucky can a poor boy be, yes.