

# My Inlaws Are Outlaws

Jeff Bates

Ah, yeah, y'all listen to this  
True story

My in-laws are outlaws  
So I stay on my toes  
'Cause anythin' can happen  
An' anythin' could go

I have to lock up my ol' tool box  
An' hide all my fishin' gear  
'Cause my in-laws are outlaws  
But they ain't wanted here

She may not be like Bonnie  
An' he ain't exactly Clyde  
An' they don't carry Tommy guns  
But they tote big pocket knives

I don't turn my back for nothin'  
Though there's nothin' for me to fear  
My in-laws are outlaws  
But they ain't wanted here

I call 'em Mom an' Dad  
An' they both call me Son  
I'd like to call 'em lots of things  
But I just bite my tongue

We say we love each other  
But Lord knows we ain't sincere  
'Cause my in-laws are outlaws  
But they ain't wanted here

'Cause he drinks all my whiskey  
An' she drinks all the wine  
They tell us how to raise our kids  
While their's are doin' time

They've worn out their welcome  
An' my favorite easy chair  
My in-laws are outlaws  
But they ain't wanted here

Yeah, I bet no one would miss 'em  
If they just happened to disappear  
My in-laws are outlaws  
But they ain't wanted here

Yeah, my in-laws are outlaws  
But they ain't wanted here