

Son Of A Gun

Jordan Davis

My family blood line runs a little crooked
It's half-Mississippi, half-"Hell! Who knows?"
And I found a way to finding trouble when it wasn't lookin'
Muddy water runs through my roots and the soles
Of these ol' boots that carve this path
And my last name's to thank for that

I raised daddy's blood pressure and my mama's eyebrows
Raised to raise hell, with my hands and my head bowed
This apple might've rolled all the way to Tennessee
Didn't always have it made, but that's what made me
Daddy was a hammer down, hair trigger, silver tongue
My mama was a pistol, they made a son of a gun
They made a son of a gun

It takes a certain kind of heart, special kind of woman
To be the brakes on a runaway train
Well, I guess the good Lord knew way more 'bout what he's doing
'Cause now, that angel's raising babies with a boy that

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Raised to raise hell, with my hands and my head bowed
This apple might've rolled all the way to Tennessee
Didn't always have it made, but that's what made me
Daddy was a hammer down, hair trigger, silver tongue
My mama was a pistol, they made a son of a gun
Yeah, they made a son of a gun

I got one of my own now
He's catching steam down the same track
He looks like his mama but he acts like me
And I got a feeling it's payback

I've raised daddy's blood pressure and my mama's eyebrows
Raised to raise hell, with my hands and my head bowed
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Didn't always have it made, but that's what made me
Daddy was a hammer down, hair trigger, silver tongue
My mama was a pistol, they made a son of a gun
They made a son of a gun

Yeah, they made a son of a gun
They made a son of a gun