

Yeah, he was a big landowner
He was a bad mouth breather
But you can see his station wagon stand alone
Woulda, coulda, we shoulda known
He was a failed cropduster
I am his little sister
He was a whistleblower for the f.d.a.
Maybe was them sent him away
He was a football player
He didn't have alot to say
That guy's a lousy actor
He was a hard-core cracker
He wore a trenchcoat, and waved a dixie flag
But he's my brother so i brag
Don't be no dark naysayer
So they all said he was a fag
He had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
He had a really big trenchmouth
It's on the edge of nowhere
No way for them to go there
I know i'm not much help
But here is where i'll stay
I'm hoping they'll find him someday
I should put up some flyers
Can you think of another way?
He had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
Then he up and disappeared
He just left his car up here
He had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
He had a really big trenchmouth
Nobody seems to know why he
Would disappear just leaving me here
On a dirty hill for all time
Me and the pinetree i satnd behind
He had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
He had a really big trenchmouth