

# Holler From The Holler

Stephen Wilson Jr.

I was kinda quiet as a kid growing up  
First twenty years man, I didn't say much  
Taking all the shit that the poor folks are given  
Dodging daddy's fist and the Jackson County Prison  
Can't cut a bleach stain who am I kidding

I came from the mud where the low lives waller  
Sailor-swearing, single-parent, double-wide squalor  
Wild child, coyote-kid without a collar  
Trying to get by on a high and a dollar  
It's the salt in the sting  
The fire in my veins  
Hear it when I sing  
It's the pain that put the holler in the holler from the holler  
Holler from the holler (Hey!)

Bored as a 2 by 4, fightin' just for fun  
In the middle of nowhere with nowhere to run  
Hellbent, broken-soul seeking salvation  
Where the preachers all preach The Book of Revelations  
A hundred dollar Chevy was my ticket out  
And The Valley of The Shadow always with me no doubt

I came from the mud where the low lives waller  
Sailor-swearing, single-parent, double-wide squalor  
Wild child, coyote-kid without a collar  
Trying to get by on a high and a dollar  
It's the salt in the sting  
The fire in my veins  
Hear it when I sing  
It's the pain that put the holler in the holler from the holler  
Holler from the holler (yeah) (yeah)

I was kinda quiet as a kid growing up  
I was kinda quiet as a kid growing up  
Yeah, I was kinda quiet as a kid growing up

I came from the mud where the low lives waller  
Sailor-swearing, single-parent, double-wide squalor  
Wild child, coyote-kid without a collar  
Trying to get by on a high and a dollar  
It's the salt in the sting  
It's the fire in my veins  
Hear it when I sing  
It's the pain that put the holler in the holler from the holler  
Holler from the holler