

Sabbath On Cornbread

The Cadillac Three

Sabbath on cornbread, whiskey, and weed
Hank and the Grateful Dead
Some might call us a crossbreed
Some just call us the best
There ever was, there ever is, yeah, there ever will be
If you see the skull and crossbones comin' your way
Well, you in the place to be

Sticks and skins, slide and steel
Guitar man, three hippie hillbillies from Tennessee shootin' to
kill
Keepin' it heavy, keepin' it real
Better hide your woman 'cause me and the boys
We's a lookin' for a heart to steal

Best damn band in country, you best believe
You ain't never seen nothin' like The Cadillac Three

Well, Nashville sure has changed a lot, yeah, over the years
Cranes, and condos, and knockin' down the studios
And the bars where we used to drink beer
But one thing you can bet your damn bottom dollar on
Gonna stay the same
These three longhairs born and raised here
Gonna keep on changin' the game

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