

This Accent

The Cadillac Three

You can take my truck
Take that old blue hound
Take that barn in the back
Burn it down to the ground
Well there's more to me than an F-150
A dog and couple bales of hay, that's right

You can take these six strings right out of my hand
Take all these songs and shove 'em in a can
Throw them in a river yeah,
I got more than that to say

Well this is real hand-me-down from my pa-paw (?)
It's a sweet slow rolling of southern drawl
It's my last name, it's where I come from

It's as thick as the whiskey runnin' through my blood
It ain't just my looks that my girl loves
My father's father
To my father's son

Yeah you can take a lot of things from a man
And leave him deep broken-hearted and bent
But you ain't never gonna take this accent

It's got a little dirt
It's got a little rasp
Yeah them Marlboro Reds, well, they'll do that
If you're talkin' bout taking things from me
Why don't you take those

Oh it's Tennessee truth
Yeah, it's a small town proud
It's Sunday prayer comin' outta my mouth
Thanking God she said "Yes" when I proposed

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