

Swamp Rap

Tony Joe White

Ungr, now I don't move too fast
And my talk is kind o' slow
I'm from the swamps and I like to stomp
To the Cotton-Eyed-Joe

Now I work hard all week
When it comes Saturday night
I go downtown and cruise around
In my four wheel drive that's right
With mud flaps, ungr

Sometimes I like to slow dance
And I hold my woman tight
'Cause you can't get nothing done
If you stand apart and sling your arms and all
That's right

Now I see a lot of people
And they're thinking they're where it's at
But you know that times are a-changing
When soul brothers wear cowboy hats
That's right, ha ha

But there's still a lot of cowboys
Who don't mind biting the dust
They ride Brahman-bulls and bucking broncs
And they don't want no fuss

But now they're everywhere you look
And though it may sound strange
They ride Coupe De Villes done too cutter Bill's
And overnight they can ride the ranche
I heard that

Ha ha ha, alright
I was down in the swamps one night
Singing to the moon
When an alligator crawled up to me and said

"Hey, I like your tune"
He started to twist and shake his tail
Thought he was having a fit
And my fingers was starting to hurt like hell

But he wouldn't let me quit
He said, "Keep on, ha ha"
Yeah but it's a long time since I wanted to dance

Would you please give me some more
A one two three four you can't alligator
Till you get down on the floor that's right
That's right