

## A Place at My Table

Uncle Kracker

And you'll always have a place at my table  
Hey dinners ready come on and eat  
Get her done  
This aint no Memphis soul songs  
And Motown rhythm and blues  
Or smoky broken soundtracks  
Of my every childhood moves  
Soothing are the cameras looking out at my back 40  
Lord I don't know where I'd be if not from Berigordi  
See my story aint that simple and it don't stop here  
Patsy Cline still echos through my younger years  
I know you can hear me cause the music never stops  
George Jone sang me to sleep whether he knows it or not  
CHORUS

And I'll always lend a hand if Im able  
And you'll always have a place at my table  
Ive been this whole world over with Detroit on my mind  
But Ive got friends in Tennessee Atlanta and Caroline  
We don't need no money and we don't want no grief  
But if you came to give some you'll be pickin up your  
teeth

REPEAT CHORUS

That's your Uncle Kracker sittin back there on that  
back porch  
And I think sittin back here I can see everything I  
need to see  
I think back here I can see poor old Mr. Bradford  
fuelin up the Benz  
Everything is truly everything  
That's all it can ever be  
And that sure is good enough for me ha ha  
(And I'll always give ya help if Im able  
And you'll always have a place at my table)  
REPEAT CHORUS Get her done