Tennessee hills get dark when the sun clocks out
And the coyotes roam the hills with blood stained on their snout
And the bad guys hide in shadows while the good guys front porch sit
And sip fire from a jug 'til they pass out on the steps

Singin', I won't ever leave
I volunteer for what I bleed
In the holler, you'll remember me
'Member me
Singin', I won't ever leave
Carve my face in every tree
Sprinkle me in every creek
In every inch of Tennessee

Well, old folks in the valleys are stuck off in their ways And the tall grass in the front yard wraps around some Chevrolets The farm dogs cut the path to turn the dust around the ranch And the rattlesnakes make a cadence with the rhythm of roughnecks

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When the lights go out in my tatted up lid
The story of me will be told like I'm Billy the Kid
Runnin' wild through the south, not sayin' sorry for shit
Just ridin' with a pack of tobacco-spittin' crackers with fifths
With a strap on my hip and a shoulder of chips
Roll a blunt bigger than goals of people holdin' the scripts
This ain't no lullaby I'm hummin', I turn mud into gold
And when I'm gone you'll see a ghost in the woods singin' this song

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