

Good Ole Boys Like Me

William Michael Morgan

When I was a kid Uncle Remus would put me to bed
With a picture of Stonewall Jackson above my head
Then Daddy came in to kiss his little man
With gin on his breath and a bible in his hand
He talked about honor and things I should know
Then he staggered a little as he went out the door

I can still hear the soft southern winds in the live oak trees
And those Williams boys they still mean a lot to me
Hank and Tennessee
I guess we're all gonna be what we're gonna be
So what do you do with good ole boys like me?

Nothing makes a sound in the night like the wind does
But you ain't afraid if you're washed in the blood like I was
The smell of Cape Jasmine through the window screen
John R. and The Wolfman kept me company
By the light of the radio by my bed
With Thomas Wolfe whispering in my head

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When I was in school I ran with a kid down the street
But I watched him burn himself up on bourbon and speed
But I was smarter than most, and I could choose
Learned to talk like the man on the six o'clock news
When I was eighteen, lord, I hit the road
But it really doesn't matter how far I go

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I guess we're all gonna be what we're gonna be
So what do you do with good ole boys like me?
Yeah, what do you do with good ole boys like me?