

Redneck

Atlanta Rhythm Section

Hey, redneck
Man, ain't you a cool head
Man about town, your hair slicked down
Little grease on your forehead

Well those things you say and do
Gonna make poppa real proud of you
Play football, hang around the pool hall
And cheat on exam

Hey, redneck
Pullin' in at the drive-in
Spend a little money, poke a lot of fun
At people tryin' to make a livin'

But you never did have much use
For all these darkies, dagos and Jews
Talk real loud, draw a big crowd
Baby, you what's happenin'
Whoa, screw you

Hey, redneck
Goin' down to the ghetto
A dollar's worth of gas, heckle and harass

All the hippies and the weirdos

Well you talk about havin' fun
You a good time son of a gun
Four years of college, a little bit of knowledge
And outsmart the draft board

Hey hey hey, redneck
You're All-American lover
When God said brain, you thought he said rain
And you ran for cover

Well I've done all that I can do
Just tryin' to get along with you
You're too much, everything you touch
Turns to something else

Hey, redneck
You're redneck
Hey, redneck
You're redneck
Hey, redneck
All-American redneck...