

Fast Cars, Guitars and Fine Tuned Women

Confederate Railroad

Momma rocked me in a cradle
Daddy rolled me in his arms
I been robin rolling lord lord since the day I was born

My baby blanket was a rebel flag
I'm from Dixie and I don't brag
I was raised on cornbread and sweet iced tea
Baby long came in an o'shea tree
Ain't nothing better than Southern fried chicken

Fast cars guitars and fined tuned women
I'm a man I know what I like I like to party come Saturday night
To me raising hell it's just another word for living
Fast cars guitars and fined tuned women

Lord I learned to play a guitar when I was fifteen
Want to be like Elvis make the young girls scream

I got my first car I was hell on wheels
I could drive it fast make them ol tires squeal
My dad tried warn me but he knew I wouldn't listen

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I'm a man I know what I like I like to party come Saturday night
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Yeah I'm a man I know what I like I like to party come Saturday night
To me raising hell it's just another word for living
I'm a man I know what I like I like to party come Saturday night
To me raising hell it's just another word for living
Fast cars
Guitars
Some fined tuned women