

# Selma Drye

Kellie Pickler

My great grandma's name was Selma Drye  
Everybody tell me I got her hazel eyes  
It turn Carolina blue when I cry  
And that's alright with me

She kept a 38 special and a can of snuff  
In the pocket of her rip in case something came up  
She grew up ragged and she grew up rough  
The way she had been

I know so much she'd be proud of me  
'Cause I'm the only apple on the tree  
That didn't hit the ground  
And sit down in the mud

But she's up in heaven raising hell  
And if I can stand up by myself  
It's 'cause her gunpowder's running through my blood  
And when I die put me in the ground beside, Selma Drye

Folks round town, they said she was neat  
But never saw the woman I've seen  
Never even touched a washing machine  
And hung everything on the line

Kept the peaches and her money in a can and jar  
Never owned a TV or drove a car  
That stuff don't make you what you are  
She used to say that all the time

I know so much she'd be proud of me  
'Cause I'm the only apple on the tree  
That didn't hit the ground  
And sit down in the mud

But she's up in heaven raising hell  
And if I can stand up by myself  
It's 'cause her gunpowder's running through my blood  
And when I die put me in the ground beside, Selma Drye

I still got her words of wisdom playing in my head  
And her old beat-up Bible's on my night stand by my bed

I know so much she'd be proud of me  
'Cause I'm the only apple on the tree  
That didn't hit the ground  
And sit down in the mud

But she's up in heaven raising hell  
And if I can stand up by myself  
It's 'cause her gunpowder's running through my blood  
And when I die put me in the ground beside,  
When I die just put me in the ground beside, Selma Drye

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