

Johnny Law

Wayne Hancock

(Alright, whatever y'all say, a 1-2, 1-2-3-4)
Well I was cruisin' Texarkana in my Cadillac,
We were giggin' Louisiana and a comin' back,
It was startin' to get light and I was really gone,
I saw a flashin' in my mirror, he was movin' on,

Hey Johnny Law, why you pickin' on me,
Hey Johnny Law, drivin' off my misery,
You got the biggest attitude I ever saw,
I bet you's wishin' I was guilty Johnny Law
Standin' by my cruiser waitin' for your friends,
Or you sidle by later, maybe haul me in
You're pushin' me around just hopin' that I'll choke
And if you get your way I'll be locked up and broke

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(Yeah, go git'em yeah)

Well you got everything all lit up for the world to see
But you ain't found nothing so you're settin' me free
You make your money puttin' fear at those oppressed
You ain't nuthin' but a bully with a star on your chest

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Yodal lay ee, yodal oh, yodal eh