

Ballad Of A Southern Man
Whiskey Myers

G D Cadd9 G

My first rifle was a .243

Em D Cadd9 G

That papa gave daddy and daddy gave to me

G D Cadd9 Em

And-they taught me how to shoot with a steady hand

Em D Cadd9 G

I guess that?s somethin you don t understand

G D Cadd9 G

Now, i grew up on a prison farm

Em D Cadd9 G

Sneakin pulls-of-shine from a mason jar

G D Cadd9 Em

Used to go fishing out cripple creek dam

Em D Cadd9 G

But i guess that?s somethin you don t understand

Cadd9 G

Grandma s in the kitchen

Cadd9 G D

Papa done passed on

Cadd9 G

We sit out on the front porch

Em D Cadd9

Just a pickin? on a song

Cadd9 G

And there s blood on the table

Cadd9 G D

cause we work for what we have

Em D Cadd9

And i was raised in this land

Em D Cadd9 G

I guess that?s somethin you don t understand

G D Cadd9 G

And i still fly that southern flag

Em7 D Cadd9 G

Whistling dixieland enough to brag

G D Cadd9 Em

And i know all the words to simple man

Em D Cadd9 G

I guess that?s something you don t understand

G D Cadd9 G

I pledge my allegiance the original way

Em D Cadd9 G

I say, merry christmas, not happy holidays
 G **D** **Cadd9** **Em**
They can?t change my ways, i know who i am
Em **D** **Cadd9** **G**
I guess that?s somethin you don t understand

Cadd9 **G**
Grandma s in the kitchen
Cadd9 **G** **D**
Papa done passed on
Cadd9 **G**
We sit out on the front porch

Em **D** **Cadd9**
Just a pickin? on a song
Cadd9 **G**
And there s blood on the table
 Cadd9 **G** **D**
cause we work for what we have

Em **D** **Cadd9**
I was raised in this land
Em **D** **Cadd9** **G**
I guess that?s somethin you don t understand

Bb **F**
They ll grind us up in a big machine
C **G**
They ll feed us all on the same beliefs
Bb **F** **C**
Holy dollar and a credit card
Bb **F**
But we got a way of doing things
C **G**
And no bankers gonna steal from me
D
They wanna tear it all apart

Cadd9 **G**
Grandma s in the kitchen
Cadd9 **G** **D**
Papa done passed on
Cadd9 **G**
We sit out on the front porch
 Em **D** **Cadd9**
Just a pickin? on a song
 Cadd9 **G**
And there s a bible on the table
 Cadd9 **G** **D**
cause he bled for what we have

Em **D** **Cadd9**
And that s the ballad of southern man
Em **D** **Cadd9** **G**
But i guess that?s something you don t understand

G **D** **Cadd9 Em**

My first rifle was a .243

Em **D** **Cadd9** **G**

Papa gave daddy and daddy gave to me