

**We Don't Take Kindly To Strangers Here**  
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We's called slack jawed yokels  
Cause we likes to roast a skunk  
I reckon I could mess you up  
But I'm just fixin to get drunk

We's got '57 chevvy's  
With curtains in the back  
A gun rack and an 8-track  
Playing Skynnard, Hank and Cash

We get our vitamins from Denny's  
Like our gravy plenty  
Drink moonshine whiskey,  
drano and green beer  
We don't take kindly to strangers here

We get hitched right out of highschool  
No lifeguard at the genepool  
Our kids all have six toes  
and a cousin on death row  
We don't take kindly to strangers here

(it's all relative in the south)

Our opinions come from Swaggert  
We hate them God'damned faggots  
We like all colors bright  
as long as they're shades of white  
We don't take kindly to strangers here

We go fishin' with a 12 gauge  
We kill it, then we grill it  
Love the dog more than the wife  
And they both got crooked smiles  
We don't take kindly to strangers here

(he needed killing is a valid  
defense here in the south)

We burn the yard don't mow it  
And we don't call 911

When I give the gal some sugar  
Keep my boots and Stetson on

My junior prom had daycare  
And we drink tabacco juice  
We hustle round in flannel shirts  
and expensive gator boots

And if you yanks come a down here  
For our grits, beans and beer  
We'll get messed up at the hoedown  
But I hope I made it clear  
Sure hope I made it clear

We don't take kindly to strangers here

(y'all keep coming back now)