**Good Ole Boys Like Me
Bob McDill**

When I was a kid Uncle Remus would put me to bed
With a picture of Stonewall Jackson above my head
Then Daddy came in to kiss his little man,
With gin on his breath and a Bible in his hand
And he talked about honor and things I should know
Then he'd stagger a little as he went out the door

**I can still hear the soft southern winds in the live oak trees
And those Williams boys they still mean a lot to me: Hank and Tennessee
I guess we're all gonna be what we're gonna be,
So what do you do with good ol' boys like me?**
Nothing makes a sound in the night like the wind does
But you ain't afraid if you're washed in the blood like I was
The smell of cape jasmine through the window screen
John R. and The Wolfman kept me company
By the light of the radio by my bed
With Thomas Wolfe whispering in my head

**I can still hear the soft southern winds in the live oak trees…**
When I was in school I ran with a kid down the street
And I watched him burn himself up on bourbon and speed
But I was smarter than most, and I could choose
Learned to talk like the man on the six o'clock news
When I was eighteen, Lord, I hit the road
But it really doesn't matter how far I go

**I can still hear the soft southern winds in the live oak trees…**