

No Trash In My Trailer

Colt Ford

Yes I live in a single wide, to get up here it takes a four wheel drive.

Got a mean xxx dog whose name is Sickem Sam. I got a motor hangin from a tree, a satellite dish and a trampoline. A sixty-eight red chevelle, been known to raise a little hell. All night, bar fightin some of you all say I ain't liven right Eat butterbeans and fried spam. But I ain't what you all say I am. CHORIS

Cause there ain't no trash in my trailer oh no. Though you might find an empty can of beer. No their ain't been no trash in my trailer oh no. Since the day I threw you out of here. I burn my trash in a drum. Sometimes I shoot my gun. I'm mud boggin, camouflagen, a ball game is what I'm watchen. I work hard, mow the yard, fish, hunt, knuckle scar, change oil, plow the soil, love a boat country boy.

I wear a suit to church and stuff and Daddy's the one that made me tuff. He told me son, don't be ashamed of who you are and our family name. I'm makin it proud, sayin it loud, doin my thing a country crowd.

I tell you the truth and don't give a damn. But I ain't what you all say I am. CHORIS x2 No there's no trailer trash livin here.

It's pretty damn spotless around here now Uncle Mike Ain't no trash in my trailer.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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