

HOME SWEET MOBILE HOME BLUES

words G. Lucas

music G. Lucas / R. Runyon

It was the Cadillac of trailers
Back when it was made
In Elkhart Indiana
Nineteen and sixty eight

Mailboxes nailed down
On old two by four
With magic marker numbers
Scribbled on the doors

CHORUS

Hello and welcome
To my neighborhood
If this place don't kill me
Lord I wish somebody would
That old devil whiskey
Got me paying dues
Sitting here just singing
These home sweet mobile home blues

Pit bulls and children
Out there running wild
Cut offs and tube tops
Are never out of style

A cherry red camaro
Up on cinder blocks
With baby blue fenders
And piston rods that knock

CHORUS

The battle of the stereos is
Messing with my brain
Van Halen keeps a jumping
All aboard the crazy train

Thought I heard a shotgun
Outside my back door
But it was just my bathtub
Falling through the floor

CHORUS

It's manufactured housing
A planned community
Fashioned from aluminum
And filled with misery

Just say you ain't seen me
If the landlord calls
I'll catch up with him someday
When I win that power ball

CHORUS

