

# My Nashville Song

*by* Jerry Ratch

I smell ham and biscuits

I ain't eatin' Triscuits

No more

No more, no more

Gonna get back on my Harley

With my mutt named Bisquick Charlie

I just ain't eatin' Triscuits

No more, no more

And I heard you know the score

Yeah, I know you know the score

But I ain't eatin' Triscuits

No more, no more

I won't eats oats or barley

Don't like nothing that healthy

And I won't be eatin' Triscuits

No more, no, no more

Get away from my door

With that awful stale kale

It just makes me go pale

And I ain't eatin' Triscuits no more

I think I know the score

I won't be choking down that stuff

Don't wanna start getting' tough

No more, no more

I've just about had enough

Of your exercise and stuff

Don't wanna have to play rough  
No more, no, no more

Just keep that crap  
Away from my door  
I can afford prime rib and pig  
I ain't that poor

I just won't be eatin'  
No damn three-day-old Triscuits  
No, I won't be eatin' Triscuits  
No more, no more

