

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, White Trash Toodle Oo

He was a bebopper,
He came and left her life,
He smacked her round a bit
She cut herself with kitchen knives
Then the police they came,
And took those kids away
Away from the trailer park
Now I can hear the neighbors say,
As we went away
What a mess, oh what a mess
All those kids are poor white trash
Run away and leave today
All you?ve ever been is poor white trash...
And then I had a job,
But soon I had to quit,
My boss he had a mouth
That hung open a little bit
His tiny view of life
Depressed and swallowed me
I dreamed of something more
Deep down inside I felt this way,
But I couldn?t say
What a mess, oh what a mess
All those kids are poor white trash
Run away and leave today
All you?ve ever been is poor white trash...
instrumental break
What a mess, oh what a mess
All those kids are poor white trash
Run away and leave today
All you?ve ever been is poor white
What a mess, oh what a mess
All those kids are poor white trash
Run away and leave today
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TRASH!