

# Chris Cagle, Hey Ya'll

I pulled up to a cattle yard.  
Got on out opened up the gate.  
I drove down the long dirt road  
To the banks of an old 2 acre lake.  
We had bon fires and barbed wire,  
Fresh caught catfish in the deep fryer.  
I jumped out my truck and I said it's on.

And everybody sang Hey ya'll.  
Break out the beer turn the Skynyrd on.  
Hey ya'll how ya doin, what ya doin?  
Hey ya'll, we ain't leavin' till they call the law.  
Hey ya'll, hey ya'll  
Hey ya'll come on.

A cloud of dust came rolling in.  
Blue lights flashin' there were 10 of them.  
Sheriff Hopper and all of his boys  
Said all they had to do was just follow the noise.  
He dropped his gun and then his star.  
Reached in his cruiser pulled out his guitar.  
I said officer what have we done wrong?  
He just smiled and me and said nothing at all.

Singing hey ya'll.  
Break out the beer turn the Skynyrd on.  
Hey ya'll, what ya doin how ya doing?  
Hey ya'll, crank it up, we ain't never going home.  
Hey ya'll, hey ya'll, hey ya'll watch this.  
See that girl over there looking fine.  
Well I bet you by morning I can make her mine.

And everybody sang Hey ya'll.  
Break out the beer turn the Skynyrd on.  
Hey ya'll, what you doing? Baby how'm I doing?  
Hey ya'll, we aint leaving till the law goes home.  
Hey ya'll, hey ya'll, hey ya'll come on.

Hey ya'll, hey ya'll, hey ya'll.