

Hillbilly Line Dance  
Written By Alvin Ray Kessinger  
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Oh Man I feel so lucky, going to Kentucky, gonna get to see my cousin Ned.  
Thirty years sence I saw him, I won't even know him, guess he must be thinking that I'm  
dead.  
We may drink some moonshine, talk about the old times, remembering the way it used to  
be.  
Back when we were just kids, all the things that we did, Memories are always good to  
me.

Grandma had a party line, she was on it all the time, listening to the neighbors while they  
chat.  
Kept her money in a fruit jar, buried in the back yard, noone ever knew where it was at.  
Daddy had a shot gun, said he would get me one, so we could go hunting every day.  
But a gun I never got, so I used my sling shot, and I went a hunting anyway.

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Mama was a lady, had a lot of baby's, Daddy died and left us all alone.  
But she was a fighter, nothing would excite her, went to work and razed us on her own.  
Gave me every thing she could, promised her that I'd be good, was not her fault that I  
turned out so wrong.  
I guess I have said enough, I think I will shut up, and let somebody try to sing this song.

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