

BR5-49, Little Ramona

Little Ramona (gone Hillbilly Nuts)

Remember when we hung in the low places in 1979?
We used to think that it mattered to the man with the money
Where we spent our time

Well, I knew a little gal with a mohawk hairdo
and a chain around her neck
But you'd never recognize her if you saw her now
She done something that you'd never expect

Chorus

She done traded in her Doc's for kicker boots
Safety-pinned tee shirts for Manuel Suits
Her hair's grown out and it's piled up high
She only shows her tattoos one at a time
She ain't ashamed of the way she was
She hears old Hank, she can't get enough
Her punk rock records are gathering dust
'Cos little Ramona's gone hillbilly nuts
Thrashin' dancin' still out there, the bodies piled up high
She used to mosh in pit with the best of them

You could see those elbows fly
Well now she's drinking Blue Ribbon and jitterbuggin'
to the honky-tonkin' beat

Get that line dance outta here man
Give her room to move her feet

Chorus

You see her in thrift stores everywhere,
Hardly ever at a shopping mall
She acts just as tough as she always did
She just looks a little country, that's all
She's got Emmylou Patty Smity on a 90-minute cassette
'Cause where do you go after the end of the world
When you still ain't been there yet?

Chorus

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