

Tramp

Otis Redding & Carla Thomas

Tramp
What you call me?
Tramp
You didn't
You don't wear continental clothes
Or Stetson hats Well I tell you one doggone thing
It makes me feel good to know one thing
I know I'm a lover
Matter of opinion
That's all right, mama was, papa too
And I'm the only child, lovin' is all I know to do
You know what, Otis?
What?
You're country
That's all right
You straight from the Georgia Woods
That's good You know what?
You wear overalls
And big old Brogan shoes
And you need a haircut, Tramp
Haircut? Woman, you foolin' Ooh, I'm a lover, mama was, Grandmama, papa too
Boogaloo, all that stuff
And I'm the only son of a gun this side of the sun
Tramp
You know what, Otis?
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp
What?
That's right
You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket
You probably haven't even got twenty-five cents
I got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns, four Fords
Six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang Ooh, I'm a lover
Well tell me
Mama was, papa too, I tell you one thing
I'm the only son of a gun this side of the sun
You're a tramp, Otis
No I'm not I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp
What's wrong with that?
Look here, you ain't got no money
I got everything
You can't buy me all those minks
And sables and all that stuff I want I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels

Rabbits, anything you want woman
Look, you can go out in the Georgia Woods
And catch them baby
Oh, you foolin'
You're still a tramp That's all right
You a tramp, Otis
You just a tramp
That's all right
You wear overalls
You need a haircut baby Cut off son of a Hell
You think you're a lover huh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>