It Ain’t Home Till You Take The Wheels Off

Antsy McClane and the Trailer Park Troubadours

C D G G
/ / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /     X2

C                                                                   G
Polly and me, we got tired of livin’ with her parents
C                                                                            G      G
Thought it was time we should get a place of our own
C                                                                  G      E7
We can’t afford no fancy ten-room mansion. Oh, no
   A                                                                    D              D
Then we saw a sign that said “Uncle Ed Birds Mobile Home”        /   /   /

C                                                                  G      G
Uncle Ed Bird came right on outside to greet us
C                                                                            G      G
He was eager to help us fulfill our American Dream
C                                                                  G      E7
Well, I can still hear him say, as we signed the papers, ah yeah,
   A                                                                    D              D
And rolled away with our twenty four foot Airstream.          /   /

   G                                                                   C      C
“It ain’t home, till you take the wheels off,
   G                                                                   D      D
It ain’t home, till it’s up on blocks.
   G
There ain’t nothin’ like your very own spot,
   C                                                                   A      A
Your own redneck Camelot.          /   /

   G                                                                   D      G      G
It ain’t ho-o-o-o-ome till you take the wheels off.”
We took that little trailer and we plopped her right down by the freeway
Set her down in between a couple little Dogwood trees
Ya’ know it warms my heart, to see Polly hangin’ up our laundry, ah yeah!
With the kids throwin’ lawn darts over my BVD’s

“It ain’t home, till you take the wheels off,
It ain’t home, till it’s up on blocks.
There ain’t nothin’ like your very own spot,
Your own redneck Camelot.
It ain’t ho-o-o-ome till you take the wheels off.”
It ain’t ho-o-o-ome
Till you take the wheels off.”

“Zen” chord in first verse replaces a ‘D’, ‘C#’, ‘C’ “walkdown
Zen chord = dampen all strings while strumming