

# Country 'til I Die

**John Anderson**

I got an invite to a Saturday night  
Shindig way up town  
You know old John likes to have his fun  
I couldn't turn a party down  
The band was playing some highfalutin music  
I'd never heard before  
Everybody there seemed to like it a lot  
But I was headed for the door  
Then somebody had the nerve, to call in order  
Like something from a real bad dream  
On my dish was a little piece of fish  
Some rice and three green peas  
I've never had a taste for the social graces  
But the way some folks do  
I've got problems, doctor can you solve 'em  
Would you give me a clue  
He said, "I can't treat a man in your condition"  
As he looked me in the eye  
All I see, is John you'll be  
Country 'til you die  
Country 'til you die, every bone in your body is countrified  
It runs in the family, and you can say that with pride  
It's in the way you look, the way you walk and talk  
Down to the truck you drive and you just gonna be country 'til you die  
Yeah, country 'til you die, every bone in your body is countrified  
It runs in the family and you can say that with pride  
It's in the way you look, the way you walk and talk  
Down to the truck you drive and you just gonna be country 'til you die  
Yeah, I'm just gonna be country 'til I die

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