While The World Goes Down The Drain

[Montgomery Gentry](...)

Some kids grow up on mean streets
Dealing with the crypts and bloods
But me, I was born on a back road
In a 4x4 rollin' through the mudThe street kid deals with the dealer
And he's always watchin' his back
Me, I'm a watchin' a line with the woman of mine
Down by the creek bank shackGive me a .308 and a shotgun
And a gallon of homemade wine
Drop me off on a mountain side
Where the bear and the deer resideI'll spend my nights sittin' 'round the fire
Makin' this guitar ring
I'll be doin' fine underneath the pines
While the world goes down the drainJust to dwell on life in the city
Is makin' my blood run cold
'Cause miles and miles of concrete
Eats away at the human soulBut when you live and you die in the country
There's little that your heart could mourn
With your hands in the dirt
And a little work you can weather out any stormGive me a .308 and a shotgun
And a gallon of homemade wine
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C'mon!