# These Are My People

## Rodney Atkins

Well, we grew up down by the railroad tracks
Shootin' B.B's at old beer cans
Chokin' on the smoke from a Lucky Strike
Somebody lifted off his old man
We were football flunkies, southern rock junkies
Crankin' up the stereos
Singing loud and proud to 'Gimmie Three Steps'
'Simple Man' and 'Curtis Lowe', we were good ya know
Got some discount knowledge at the Jr. College
Where we majored in beer and girls
It was all real funny till we ran out of money
And they threw us out into the world
Yeah, the kids that thought they'd run this town
Ain't a runnin' much of anything
Just lovin' and laughin', and bustin' our asses
And we all call it all livin' the dream
These are my people
This is where I come from
We're givin' this life
Everything we've got and then some
It ain't always pretty but it's real
It's the way we were made
Wouldn't have it any other way
These are my people
Well, we take it all week on the chin with a grin
Till we make it to a Friday night
And it's church league softball, holler about a bad call
Preacher breaking up the fight
Then later on at the Green Light Tavern
Well everybody is gathered as friends
And the beers a pourin' till Monday mornin'
And we start it all over again
And these are my people
This is where I come from
We're givin' this life
Everything we've got and then some
It ain't always pretty but it's real
It's the way we were made
Wouldn't have it any other way

These are my people
We fall down and we get up
We walk proud and we talk tough
We got heart and we got nerve
And even if we are a bit disturbed
Ooh, come on
These are my people
This is where I come from
We're givin' this life
Everything we've got and then some
It ain't always pretty but it's real
It's the way we were made
Wouldn't have it any other way, oh, no
These are my people, yeah

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