

# I Still Like Bologna

Alan Jackson

There's satellite communications  
Long distance Internet relations  
The world's a little faster every day Now I know it's all well and good  
And I don't embrace it like I should  
But I wouldn't wanna go backwards even if I could But I still like bologna on white bread, now and then  
And the sound of a whippoorwill down a country road  
The grass between my toes and that sunset sinking low  
And a good woman's love to hold me close I like my 50 inch HD plasma  
Feels like they just reach out and grab you  
500 channels at my command I finally gave in and got a cell phone  
That I hardly ever seem to turn on  
I guess I never had that much to say And I still like bologna on white bread, now and then  
And the sound of a whippoorwill down a country road  
The grass between my toes and that sunset sinking low  
And a good woman's love to hold me close I got a laptop that sits on a desk  
I don't use it much except to check on  
Some old car from yesterday I kinda like that music thing  
You just download 'em  
And you can save about every song  
That's ever been made But I still like bologna on white bread, now and then  
And the sound of a 'shovelhead' down a gravel road  
The grass between my toes and that sunset sinking low  
And a good woman's love to hold me close Well, I guess what I've been trying to say  
This digital world is okay  
It makes life better in a lot of ways But it can't make the smell of spring  
Or sunshine or lots of little things  
We take for granted every day Oh, and I still like bologna on white bread now and then  
And the sound of a whippoorwill down a country road  
The grass between my toes, that old sunset sinking low  
And a good woman's love to hold me close  
Yeah, bologna, a woman's love, and a good cell phone

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>