

# All American Middle Class White Boy

Thomas Rhett

We wasn't rich but we wasn't poor  
Lived on a cul-de-sac 'til my parents divorced  
I drove a hand-me-down Ford pickup truck  
We had to drive ten miles just to sink it in the mud  
Come on, come on,  
Come on, come on  
I went to private school for a couple of years  
And I loved Jesus but I still drank beer  
I played high school football but I didn't start  
Coach said I was slow but I hit real hard  
Hey, hey what can I say  
I grew up in the heartland USA  
I sing it loud and proud and I make a lotta noise  
I'm an all-American middle class white boy  
Hey, hey  
Lived in the sticks 'til I moved to the city  
But the stars ain't as bright and the girls ain't as pretty  
I still say yes sir, ma'am and y'all  
So don't you be hatin' on the way I talk  
Hoss  
Hey, hey what can I say  
I grew up in the heartland USA  
I sing it loud and proud and I make a lotta noise  
I'm an all-American middle class white boy  
Hey, hey  
I like what I like, I am who I am  
And even when they lose, I'm still a Bulldog fan  
I rocked DMX when I was I kid  
And now I sing country music like my daddy did  
Hey, hey what can I say  
I grew up in the heartland USA  
I sing it loud and proud and I make a lotta noise  
I'm an all-American  
Hey, hey what can I say  
I grew up in the heartland USA  
I sing it loud and proud and I make a lotta noise  
I'm an all-American middle class white boy  
Hey  
Middle class white boy  
Hey

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