

Muckalee Creek Water

Luke Bryan

It flows underneath the 32 bridge,
And cuts through the heart of South Georgia.
Big copperheads and mean wild pigs,
And gators in the weeds waitin' for ya. I leave my phone in the truck,
I leave my truck at the road
My four-wheeler gets me where I wanna go
I leave the world behind,
I pull my hat down low,
Get back to my roots, by a full moon glow I got an old Jon boat that I stowed down there
On them hot summer nights when I get a-wild here
I got a moonshine stash in a cypress stomp
And a catfish line going, bom bom
An old tractor tire where I sit by the fire
And drink to a sweet swamp song.
So if you're looking for me, don't even bother
When I dip my feet in that Muckalee Creek water. Daddy brought me down here when I was a kid
Taught me how to bait a crawfish basket.
From the time I was old enough to walk
He had me running down squirrels and rabbits. I feel right at home in this neck of the woods
If this was all I had, I'd be living good
So let the stock market do what it's gonna do
Let the dollar go down and gas soar through the roof I got an old Jon boat that I stowed down there
On them hot summer nights when I get a-wild here
I got a moonshine stash in a cypress stomp
And a catfish line going, bom bom
An old tractor tire where I sit by the fire
And drink to a sweet swamp song.
So if you're looking for me, don't even bother
When I dip my feet in that Muckalee Creek water. I'm free, and I'm me
Being everything that I wanna be
Nobody chucking with me,
No sign of the city lights.
Hell with the city lights! Well I got an old Jon boat that I stowed down there
On them hot summer nights when I get a-wild here
I got a moonshine stash in a cypress stomp
And a catfish line going, bom bom bom
An old tractor tire where I sit by the fire
And drink to a sweet swamp song.
So if you're looking for me, don't even holler

When I get my feet in that Muckalee Creek water.
That Muckalee Creek water.

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