Rock'n My Country

[Bret Michaels](#)

Charlie went down to Georgia
He was looking to make a deal
He heard a southern band singing ramblin man
Playing guitars of steelIt was Travis, Hank, Merle and Mick
Singing about them honky tonk women
Walyon and Willie, Coe and Cash
Just trying to make a livingIt wasn't about fame, it wasn't about money
Just outlaws putting some rock in their countryThe king made the young girls scream
In a pair of blue suede shoes
Heard Clapton, Earl and Stevie Ray
Just playing them delta bluesRonnie sang me home sweet home
Talkin' 'bout Alabama
Outlaws, 38 and Hatch
You got me flirting with distasterThem Van Zant boys they was on to somethin'
Just outlaws putting some rock in their countryIt was born down in the bayou
Raised out in the streets
Simple songs I could sing along to
That made me stomp my feetYeah my hair is long and I may look funny
But I still love some rock in my countryYeah it all sounds good to me
I like country in my rock
And rock in my countryShe rolled on down the highway
Yeah, Janis and Bobbie McGee
Singing la la la la la la la la la
Yeah sure sounded good to meIt ain't about the fame, the glamour or the money
She's just a bad girl putting some rock in her countryIf the music biz left it up to me
I'd keep country in my rock and rock in my country