

Hey Country

Montgomery Gentry

Shotguns, halter tops
A fire bird from a chop shop
A six pack, ice cold Bud, screaming at the cop
?Hey, need another cold one?
Can't you see, can't you see
What that woman been doing to me
Well, that's Jay in the backseat
Marshall Tucker cranking on the CD
Never could sing [Incomprehensible]
He's a hick, just like me
Hey country, fresh off the farm
Hey country, look at that cowboy hat
Hey country, everybody, everybody, everybody sing
Oh, oh, oh, oh, check it out
A small town, busted dreams
Turned eighteen, joined the marines
Get a crew cut, a tattoo
Tell your girlfriend you'll be right back
Give or take a war or two, boot camp, push ups
You get a gun and you muscle up
I don't know but I've been told
I don't know but I've been told
Hey country, fresh off the farm
Hey country, look at that cowboy hat
Hey country, everybody, everybody, everybody sing
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Two years an ex wife later
I got a job patching up radiators
And the occasional fuel pump
Saving up, moving to the city
There I was working on a Tuesday
When a fire bird showing his age
Pulled up to the middle bay
What you know, it's Jay
Hey country, fresh off the farm
Hey country, look at that cowboy hat
Hey country, everybody, everybody, everybody sing
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hey country

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