

# Country my ass

Dale Watson

He ain't even near twenty, but he says he's seen plenty of hard times,  
'Cause he's been on his bus for five days and in his hotel for five nights.  
And his satellite dish is broke and the new band is treatin' him mean. (Yeah, I know.)  
And there's still another week to go: he misses that karaoke machine.

Hey, that's country, my ass,  
Who do they think we am?  
Force-feed us that shit.  
Ain't you real tired of it?  
Tell 'em, stick it up high,  
Where the sun don't shine.  
Get pissed, an'get mad,

'Cause that's country, my ass. Now, she's out there too, she's got her own secrets too. (Shhhh, don't tell nobody.)  
She can't sing a lick and in a bucket, she couldn't carry her tunes. (Now wait a minute.)  
She's pretty as a picture and she sure got a nice set of...wits. (Yeah.)  
And she misses her producer slash boyfriend who seduced her, er produced her a hit. Hey, that's country, my ass,

Who do they think we am?  
Force-feed us that shit.  
Ain't you real tired of it?  
Tell 'em stick it up high,  
Where the sun don't shine.  
Get pissed, an'get mad,

Tell 'em that's country, my ass. Now don't get me wrong, to each his own I believe.  
But they've took the soul out of what means a whole lot to me.  
'Cause I can see Hank and Lefty, they're spinning around in their graves.  
And if they were here now, I think y'all know what they'd say. (Don't you?)  
(What they'd say?)

Songwriters

DALE WATSON Published by

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