

Blame Me

Craig Morgan

She's pony-tailed an' she's halter topped
Her bumper-sticker says, "I hate hip-hop"
With a southern drawl, she says, "Howdy, y'all"
And her hands ain't afraid of dirt
He's proud of his old truck
He spray painted over dents and rust
The motor smokes, it's got four bald tires
But the radio works
Raised on the Good Book and our country songs
Ridin' down back roads singin' along
So blame me for the way they are
Their love of the fiddle and the steel guitar
Blame me for their cowboy hats
Roper boots, Wrangler jeans, and rifle racks
If you wanna point a finger at somebody
For the way they've been led
Blame me
They were kids when Hag and me came to town
All eyes and ears, look at 'em now
Center stage on the Grand Ole Opry
On a Saturday night
And sing of fishin' and the Lord above
Fallin' in and out of love
From Aunt Bea to Uncle Sam
And that American Pie
From big cities to the little towns
Were hard-core country inside and out
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For the way they've been led
Blame me
Blame me
Blame me, yeah

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