

# Country In My Soul

## Florida Georgia Line

Yeahhh, I like a little Captain in my coke.  
You know I like a little good time in my smoke,  
With a pair of tan legs hangin' off the tailgate,  
Underneath the bridge down Harrison Road,

I like fried chicken right off the bone,  
I like my peaches home grown.  
Pickin' on a six string, listenin' to the choir sing,  
With a little Garth on the radio.

A little bit of Florida,  
A little bit of Georgia,  
And a whole lot of country in my soul.

You see my roots are buried deep down in the south.  
And these boots don't get muddy from sittin' around.  
Out here in the holler, we work hard for a dollar,  
From sun up to sun down.

Well I ain't been handed a thing from the man,  
And all that I own I got with my own hands.  
I work hard and play hard so don't be alarmed,  
That's just who I am.

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And a whole lot of country in my soul.

Yeah, my way of life is from Jesus to Jones.  
I've got fire in my blood and desire in my bones.

I am who I am and I don't give a damn,  
'Cause that's just how I roll.

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In my soul, In my soul, yeahhh,  
In my soul, Yeah.

A little bit of Florida,  
A little bit of Georgia,  
And a whole lot of country in my soul!

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Lyrics submitted by Kerry.

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