

# I'll Keep The Kids

## Montgomery Gentry

Don't you dare go running down  
My little town where I grew up  
And I won't cuss your city lights

If you ain't ever took a ride around  
And cruised right through the heart of my town  
Anything you say would be a lie

We may live our lives a little slower  
But that don't mean I wouldn't be proud to show ya

Where I come from  
There's an old plow boy out turning up dirt  
Where I come from  
There's a preacher man in a cowboy shirt  
Where I come from  
Where a couple boys fight in the parking lot  
No, nobody's gonna call the cops  
Where I come from

See that door right there, man I swear  
It ain't never been locked  
And I can guarantee that it never will  
That old man right there in the rocking chair  
At the courthouse square I'll tell you now  
He could buy your fancy car with hundred dollar bills

Don't let those faded overalls fool ya  
He made his millions without one day schoolin

Where I come from  
There's a pickup truck with the tailgate down  
Where I come from  
The pine trees are singing a song of the south  
Where I come from  
That little white church is gonna have a crowd yeah  
I'm pretty damn proud  
Where I come from

Where I come from

There's a big old moon shining down at night

Where I come from

There's a man done wrong gonna make it right

Where I come from

There's an old plow boy out turning up dirt

Where I come from

There's a preacher man in a cowboy shirt

Where I come from

Where a couple of boys fight in the parking lot no

Ain't nobody's gonna call the cops

Yeah, that river runs across that Oakland rock

Where I come from

Where I come from

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Davidson, Dallas / Clawson, Rodney

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>