C.O.U.N.T.R.Y.

Tyler Farr

We come from Eastabuchie, Booger, Hooker, Possum Knuckle, Bug
And Grinder's Switch
We hoop and holler when old Charlie Daniels calls that devil
Son of a bitch
Yeah we plow it, nail it, bail it, then hightail it to town
We spend our payday on them ladies and them long-necked rounds
We gonna live out past the limits 'til the day that we die
We're from the banjo chicken-pluckin' double-clutchin' C.O.U.N.T.R.Y
C.O.U.N.T.R.YWe like them shiny silver buckle, straight tequila
Wrangler-knuckle Barbie dolls
We got them bait and tackle, barbecutie booty-tannin' one-stop shoppin' malls
We like our Beech-Nut long cut, Truck Nutz hangin' off of the hitch
We whiskey shoot it, scoot it, Fridays when we're hillbilly rich
Charlotte's brother's on the sofa eatin' chocolate pie
Out in the deer and dirt road-ruttin', corn row-cuttin' C.O.U.N.T.R.YWe love our guns, our God, our Jesus, pledge allegiance, too
We bleed in John Deere green, red and white and blue
Screw politically correct, we gonna let it fly
Out in the get-it-good-and-stuck and mother-truckin' C.O.U.N.T.R.Y
C.O.U.N.T.R.Y
C.O.U.N.T.R.Y

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