

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.Y We 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.Y We 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

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