

# Dirt Road Kid

[Justin Moore](#)

YELLOW BLUE BIRD ON A RED CLAY ROAD  
KICKIN' UP A CLOUD OF DUST  
BURNS INTO MY MEMORY LIKE AN ARKANSAS SUMMER SUN  
LAST DAY OF SCHOOL KICK OFF YOUR SHOES  
GONNA GRAB UP A FISHIN' POLE  
EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTY  
GONNA MEET AT THE SWIMMIN' HOLE  
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID, AND I'M PROUD OF IT  
AND IF YOU ASK ME,  
THAT'S THE WAY EVERYBODY OUGHTA LIVE  
IM A COUNTRY BOY, BORN TO HUNT AND FISH  
RAISED WAY OUT YONDER, AIN'T NO WONDER  
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID  
IF I SHOW UP AT YOUR PARTY IN MY MUDDY BOOTS  
DON'T GET BENT OUTTA SHAPE  
I DRANK A LITTLE TOO MUCH, GET LOUD AND ROWDY  
AND GET UP IN YOUR FACE  
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID, HELL I'M PROUD OF IT  
AND IF YOU ASK ME,  
THAT'S THE WAY EVERYBODY OUGHTA LIVE  
IM A COUNTRY BOY, BORN TO HUNT AND FISH  
RAISED WAY OUT YONDER, AIN'T NO WONDER  
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID  
RAISED WAY OUT YONDER, AIN'T NO WONDER  
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID

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