

# Funky Country

John Anderson

Callin' all you country boys  
And girls from Dixieland  
Callin' all you folks up north  
Y'all come on and give us a hand  
Callin' all the former's daughters  
Callin' all the preacher's sons  
It don't matter where you're born and bred  
We're callin' on everyone  
Who want to put a little tonk in their country  
Put a little funk in the groove  
We're gonna raise some hell, gonna ring your bell  
We're gonna make you people move  
We got bluegrass punks, pigs and thugs  
And big girls gettin' down  
Don't give a flip about your politics  
Homegrown or raised uptown  
People, take a good look around  
It's a funky country  
We've come to town from miles around  
From both sides of the tracks  
Everything from nose rings  
To them big old cowboy hats  
We're all just a little bit different  
We got our own philosophies  
But when we get together  
We're just one big family  
And we got a little tonk in our country  
Got a little funk in the groove  
We're gonna raise some hell, we're gonna ring your bell  
We're gonna make you people move  
We got bluegrass punks, pigs and thugs  
And big girls gettin' down  
Don't give a flip about your politics  
Homegrown or raised uptown  
People, take a good look around  
It's a funky country  
Red and yellow, black and white  
On a new thread white and blue  
Country fad or city fad

Anything you wanna do  
Bang your head till you break your neck  
Docey Do your girl around  
When you hear that music fusion  
Throw you a big hoedown  
And we got a little tonk in our country  
Got a little funk in the groove  
We're gonna raise some hell, gonna ring your bell  
We're gonna make you people move  
We got bluegrass punks, pigs and thugs  
Big girls gettin' down  
Don't give a flip about your politics  
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