

Country 'Til The Day We Die

Halfway to Hazard

Tearing up the earth and knocking down those cornrows
Plowboy and mule and a size twelve steel toe
Workin' up a sweat, gonna meet her at the fishin' hole
She got the bait and I'll bring the cane pole
Let down the tailgate
And tonight she gon' get home late
Yeah, yeah, you call us hicks from the sticks
We don't really give a shit
Hell yeah, little redneck, corn fed, up a hollow, born and bred
Real live southern pride and country 'til the day we die
Styrofoam cooler keeping all them beers cold
Lights on a roll bar shining down a dirt road
Pontoons tied up right up to the floating dock
Girls keep it bouncin', dancin', goin' non-stop
When it gets hotter
We naked in the water
Yeah, yeah, you call us hicks from the sticks
We don't really give a shit
Hell yeah, little redneck, corn fed, up a hollow, born and bred
Real live southern pride and country 'til the day we die
Yeah, yeah, I'm proud of where I come from, no
Yeah, yeah, you call us hicks from the sticks
We don't really give a shit
Well, hell yeah, little redneck, corn fed, up a hollow, born and bred
Yeah, you call us hicks from the sticks
We don't really give a shit
Well, hell yeah, little redneck, corn fed, up a hollow, born and bred
Real live southern pride, well, my daddy sure did raise me right
Nah, we ain't scared to fight 'cause we're country 'til the day we die

Songwriters

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Published by
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