

Country Folks (livin' Loud)

The Lost Trailers

Hey look at all those cowgirls tearin' down the gravel roads on Saturday night,
Singing "Summertime" at the top of their lungs, sippin' Dixie cups of strawberry wine,
All my boys are out, we holler and whistle and honk our horns in time
We're just country folks livin' loud
We're country folks livin' loud
We're just country folks livin' loud

[Chorus]

We're crankin' Waylon Jennings in our pickup trucks
Clinkin' beer bottles till the sun comes up
Mammas in the church choir, oh, what a sound
We're country folks livin' loud
We're drivin' tractors in the cotton till the cows come home
Boots on the dance floor, around we go
The Star Spangled Banner, we sing it proud
We're country folks livin' loud

Interstates jammed with race fans, we're heading towards a Talladega infield sign
Our tailgates are droppin' and barbecue's poppin', everybody's gonna have a good time
There ain't nothin' like those engine's starting and the crowd at the finish line
We're just country folks livin' loud
We're country folks livin' loud
We're just country folks livin' loud

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

It's a hoot and a holler on a touchdown pass
A George Strait crowd when he tips his hat
Lord, ain't that what it's all about

[Chorus]

We're country folks, and we're proud of livin' loud

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