Born and Raised

Hunter Brothers

I hear the sound of a gravel road
I feel the wheels of a Detroit steel takin' me home
I see the house just up aheadSing to the one, my daddy's son will lie awake in bedAnd dream myself to sleep
And pray my soul to keep
Plaid, dirt, white shirts, blue collar
Still runnin' through my veins
I was born small town, deep rootsMud on these boots
I wouldn't change a thing
It's how I was born and raised
(born and raised, born and raised)
(born and raised)
Born and raised
I'll never leave this little town
The family, the memories, the roots that I put down
Know who I am, ain't gonna change
Might find a brand new melody but the song remains the sameI'm proud of where I'm from
Yeah we're the lucky ones
Plaid dirt, white shirts, blue collar
Still runnin' through my veins
I was born small town, deep rootsMud on these boots
I wouldn't change a thing
It's how I was born and raised
(born and raised, born and raised, born and raised)
Born and raisedIt's how I was born and raised
(born and raised, born and raised, born and raised)
Born and raised
It's how I was born and raised
I know that gravel road will always lead me home
Somewhere that shootin' star points me to where you are
I know that gravel road will always lead me home
Somewhere that shootin' star points me to where you arePlaid dirt, white shirts, blue collar
Still runnin' through my veins
I was born small town, deep roots
Mud on these bootsI wouldn't change a thing
It's how I was born and raised
(born and raised, born and raised, born and raised)
Born and raisedIt's how I was born and raised
(born and raised, born and raised, born and raised)
Born and raised

(It's how I was born and raised)
I'll never leave this little town
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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