The City Put the Country Back In Me

Neal McCoy

I was born dirt poor on a dead end country road
My every dream was to just grow up and go
Like a siren song those bright lights called my name
So I turned that country road into memory laneWell, I hit that fast lane, it was paved with gold
But it wasn't long 'til my highbrow ways got old
I started missin' things that I thought I had left behind
'Til I found two swingin' doors underneath the neon signThey were whirlin' and twirlin' to the fiddles and the steel guitar
Them city folk was drinkin' from Mason jars
I think I found what paradise might be
(Ooo)
The city put the country back in meWhen you leave the farm, you don't have to leave your room
Just go on home and slip on them cowboy boots
Now it's the best of both worlds, all I'll ever need
The city put the country back in me

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