

Good Country Song

Blake Shelton

Shotgun in my daddy's truck
Eight years old and acting tough
He smiled at me and said, "You shift the gears"
He would search that FM dial
And I would count down every mile
Til the station out of Tulsa came in clear
It was old Thomas Conley on the radio
It punched me in the gut, man, it rattled my soul
I'm talking about a good country song
Makes you smile, makes you hurt
Leaves you hanging on every word
A good country song
Makes you love, makes you leave
Raise some hell or hit your knees
All I know is I think of home
Grab my guitar and strum along
Kick on back and sip me something strong
When I hear a good country song
While hip-hop, rap, and rock were cool
I was in my basement getting schooled
On George and Keith and Vernon and Alabama
I was learning bout those neon lights
Wasted days and wasted nights
And honky-tonks from Texas to Montana
And when my fingers found the fret board
I close my eyes and sing
I swear that beat up guitar only played one thing
I'm talking bout a good country song
Makes you smile, makes you hurt
Leaves you hanging on every word
A good country song
Makes you love, makes you leave
Raise some hell or hit your knees
All I know is I think of home
Grab my guitar and strum along
Kick on back and sip me something strong
When I hear a good country song

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