

# Corn Fed

## Shannon Brown

Corn fedWe don't flip the bird, we don't cuss and scream  
When the cars don't move when the light turns green  
We don't lock our doors when we leave the house  
There ain't nobody here that we'd keep out  
That's the way we do it in our town, yeahYou never hear me apologize  
For growin' up strong, growin' up right  
Livin' life by the Golden Rule  
Say, "Yes, Ma'am, thank you"Green fields for miles an' miles  
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial  
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Corn fedAin't no burnin' flags on our Court House Square  
You see Old Glory flyin' everywhere  
There ain't no Valley joint with five-star atmosphere  
Daddy's home grown beef's what's for dinner here  
An' we wash it down with a tall, cold beer, yeahYou never hear me apologize  
For growin' up strong, growin' up right  
Livin' life by the Golden Rule  
Say, "Yes, Ma'am, thank you"Green fields for miles an' miles  
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial  
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Corn fed  
Corn fedRooster crows, six a.m.  
John Deere pulling that plow again  
Spit on your face, hands in the dirt  
Ain't nothin' better on God's great earthYou never hear me apologize  
For growin' up strong, growin' up right  
Livin' life by the Golden Rule  
Say, "Yes, Ma'am, thank you"Green fields for miles an' miles  
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial  
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Well, I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Corn fed  
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