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
Corn fedCorn fed
Corn fed

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