

Waitin' In the Country

Jason Michael Carroll

Five O' clock smokestacks 15th, check's fat
Hacked off, backed up
Hurry up and wait on the interstate
Irate, tailgate tight
Yeah, nothin' but brake lights
High rise concrete, painted up city street
Fed up, red tape, add another lane
Make it more insane, more strain
Starbucksed up
Man, I know where I'm pointin' my truck
Out in the country where the world turns green
There's a pretty girl waitin' on a front porch swing
The lazy river is a-windin' around
With a cane pole bobber goin' down, goin' down
Time is sweeter than a buttermilk pie
And the people of the steeple and the steeple don't lie
I swear somewhere out there's everything I need
Waitin' in the country for me, for me
Big city hip hop, rattilin' when I stop
Parkin' lot jumpin', cars thumpin'
Hard mixin' those rhymes
And keepin' it right in time, that's cool
But I guess I'm just old school
Juke box, hony tonk
Mom and pops restaurant
Willie, Waylon, Merle, yes
Singin' them a country song, bring it on, son
Yeah, I know where to get me some
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Waitin' in the country for me

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