

If That's Country

Dallas Wayne

Well, you've called my kinfolk trash all their lives
And I'm a chip off the heap, ask any one of my ex-wives
I'm a social drinker, and I stay social all I can
I'm a deer-snuffin', chain-smokin', simple kinda southern man
First you gut our farms, strip-mall all the five-
and-dimes
Then you tax our so-called sins, call our pleasures a crime
Now you're turnin' our music into some strange elevator noise
Think it's time for us to win one back for the good ol' boys
You can paint stripes on a billy goat/call it a tiger if
it floats your boat
You can make a star of a teenage girl
But one million dollars won't make her Merle
Laser beams, navel rings, and a pretty face might be something
But you can kiss my Ozark ass, if that's country
There's a certain song that's got my local station stuck
It's got a steel guitar, and I believe it mentions a truck
But the singer don't sound like he ever worked a stick shift
Sounds more like bad Phil Collins with a hick facelift
Now I ain't denyin' them suburban moms their fun
But don't you try to tell me it's the way hank wanted it done
You better keep your money-grubbin' hands off the poor man's song
And make sure Chris Gaines stays the hell offa my front lawn
You can take an ear from a barnyard sow/milk it
'til it turns into a cash cow
You can lead a chick to a watering-hole
But you can't make her drink 'til she gets white soul
Might be rock, might be schlock, might be the Beatles or monkeys
But you can kiss my Ozark ass, if that's country

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