

More Than Corn

Bush Hawg

[Verse]

You might take that shortcut,
and end up down our road.
See rusty plows and pickup trucks,
and corn by the rows.
But what you see ain't nothin',
Let me make one thing clear;
We raise more than corn around here.

[Chorus]

We raise our babies up believin',
that there ain't nothin' free in life.
We don't need a reason,
to raise ol' glory high, a'little.
Hell on the weekend,
and come Sunday mornin'.
It's "hallelujah" hans up in the air.
We raise more than corn around here.

[Verse]

Them stalks keep us rollin',
this town in the black.
Yeah before you get to goin',
let me put you some in a sack.
Remember if you get slowed down behind an ol' John Deere;
That we raise more than corn around here.

Yeah,

[Chorus]

We raise our babies up believin',
that there ain't nothin' free in life.
We don't need a reason,
to raise ol' glory high, a'little.
Hell on the weekend,
and come Sunday mornin'.

It's "hallelujah" hans up in the air.
We raise more than corn around here.

[Bridge]

Next time you're starin' at these fields,
while you're drivin' past.
Make sure you notice that farmhouse in the back.

[Chorus]

Well we raise our babies up believin',
that there ain't nothin' free in life.
We don't need a reason,
to raise ol' glory high, a'little,
Hell on the weekend,
and come Sunday mornin'.
It's "hallelujah" hand up in the air.
Cause, we raise more than corn around here.

Yeah, we raise more than corn around here.
Yeah, we raise more than corn around here.

(We might raise a little hell)

Lyrics submitted by Axel.

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