

Country

Mo Pitney

Have you ever picked guitar on your front porch
In the morning as the sun was risinâ€™
Or followed your dog down to the river
And ran into an old baptizinâ€™
You think to pull off on the side of the road
When that big black hearse is passinâ€™
Have you ever helped someone in need
Without them even askinâ€™
We do that in the country
Let me tell you about country

Country can be in the middle of a city
Country can be on a farm
Country ainâ€™t even a place on the map
Itâ€™s a place in your heart

Would you ever hitch a ride to music city
Just to see an Opry show
Would you drive across the country
Just to listen to some country?

Country can be in the middle of a city
Country can be on a farm
Country ainâ€™t even a place on the map
Itâ€™s a place in your heart

Have you ever been there at the courthouse square
For the parade on the Fourth of July
With a tear on your face and a lump in your throat
As you watch Old Glory go by
Or sat through a service where they play â€œTapsâ€•
For a shoulder who never came home
Or looked in the sad brown eyes of his mama
As she touched his name on that stone
He fought for his country
And died for his country
Yeah, I love my country
Let me tell you about country

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