

# Pledge Allegiance To the Hag

Eric Church

There's a little dive on a dead-end road  
Called the Cross-Eyed Cricket Waterin' Hole  
Where you can hear the sound of a steel guitar  
An' get loud, an' rowdy on PBR

But at the top of every hour  
Man, you can hear a pin drop  
As ol' Jack drops a quarter  
An' plays Merle on that jukebox, an' we stop

An' tip our hats, an' raise our glasses of cold, cold beer  
They say, country's fadin' but we're still wavin' that flag 'round here  
When it's time to go, you know you're welcome back  
Where the people pledge allegiance to the Hag

When the weekend comes an' the weather's clear  
There's a high spot fifteen miles from here  
Where you can always find a few dusty trucks  
With the windows down an' the radio up

We sit there poppin' tops  
Shootin' bull an' singin' songs  
But you can bet your boots  
That when Haggard comes on

We tip our hats an' raise our glasses of cold, cold beer  
They say, country's fadin' but we're still wavin' that flag 'round here  
When it's time to go, you know you're welcome back  
Where the people pledge allegiance to the Hag

One of these days when my time has come  
You can take me back to where I'm from  
An' put me on a westbound train  
An' ship me off in the pourin' rain

Don't cry for me when I'm gone  
Just put a quarter in the jukebox  
An' sing me back home

An' tip our hats, an' raise your glasses of cold, cold beer

They say, country's fadin' but just keep wavin' that flag 'round here  
An' I know, it'll keep on comin' back long as people pledge allegiance  
Where folks still pledge allegiance, I pledge allegiance to the Hag

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