

Straight Outta Cold Beer

Blake Shelton

Just a bunch of poor boys, daddy's girls
children of the corn field
tryin turn a shift job into a dollar bill
We wear the muddy boots
Stay true to how we're raised
A'int nothin bout us fake You know we're straight out of that dirty south dirty roads
nobody got no money
got them signed up pickup trucks
whistlin at them honies
from the country (yes sir)
you know we're straight out of that long week workin
now everybody wanna party
all night long bonfire on the back 40
in the middle of nowhere
ain't nobody leaving here
till we're straight out of cold beer
straight out of cold beer just a bunch of john deer junkies getting funky to some old hank
nothin been stuck in the mud that we came
we'll cut the rusty chain in the sun or in the rain
yeah thats the kinda thing You know we're straight out of that dirty south dirty roads
nobody got no money
got them signed up pickup trucks
whistlin at them honies
from the country (yes sir)
you know we're straight out of that long week workin
now everybody wanna party
all night long bonfire on the back 40
in the middle of nowhere
ain't nobody leaving here
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