

My Neck Of The Woods

Blake Shelton

Grandpa's down by the two lane
In the blazing sun or pouring rain
Sells tomatoes from the back of his pickup truck
Reads the Bible line for line
While sipping on some homemade wine
That's who he is
And what he does
He's just like us
My Dad's got a crippled hand a casualty of Vietnam
But he's still down at the sawmill every day
Oh and first thing before the break of dawn
Mama's got his eggs and coffee on
My whole life it's been that way
We come from back in the hollers
We got sweat on our blue collars
The living is hard but the living is good
You see God sent the heavens down
And hung 'em 'round my neck of the woods

Just as sure as the river flows
We take care of our own
Step right up when someone needs a friend
Last year on the Johnson farm
A fire wiped out the house and barn
The whole town showed up
To build 'em back again, all right
We come from back in the hollers
We got sweat on our blue collars
The living is hard but the living is good
You see God sent the heavens down
And hung 'em 'round my neck of the woods
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