

# Sticks

## Craig Morgan

I was raised in the sticks  
That's where I get my kicks  
Tailgatin' with my buddies  
Boots and dog and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek  
Gods green earth for my sink  
I feel at home around a crowd of hicksIf you're on your feet before the sun comes up  
And out there in your truck  
Makin' hay rain or shine  
Break a sweat before day lightKind that ain't afraid of work  
Elbow grease and good clean dirt  
Taste of whiskey made from corn  
You save your Sundays for the Lord  
It's a good chance you were born andRaised in the sticks  
That's where you get your kicks  
Tailgatin' with your buddies  
Boots and dog and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek  
Gods green earth for your sink  
You feel at home around a crowd of hicks  
That were raised in the sticksHow 'bout them girls in baseball caps  
Ponytails goin though the back  
T-shirts tied up in a knot  
Holey jeans and old flip flopsBet they know some fishin' holes  
They sure cut down some old dirt roads  
How to lock and load a gun  
She'll shoot you straight, believe me son  
I'm so glad I found me oneRaised in the sticks  
And that's where they get their kicks  
Tailgatin' with their buddies  
Boots and dog and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek  
Gods green earth for your sink  
You feel at home around a crowd of hicks  
That were raised in the sticksTailgatin' with their buddies  
Boots and dogs and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek  
Gods green earth for the sink  
They feel at home around a crowd of hicks  
That were raised in the sticks  
Yeah, we're raised in the sticks

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>