

Dirt Road Kid

[Justin Moore](#)

YELLOW BLUE BIRD ON A RED CLAY ROAD
KICKIN' UP A CLOUD OF DUST
BURNS INTO MY MEMORY LIKE AN ARKANSAS SUMMER SUN
LAST DAY OF SCHOOL KICK OFF YOUR SHOES
GONNA GRAB UP A FISHIN' POLE
EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTY
GONNA MEET AT THE SWIMMIN' HOLE
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID, AND I'M PROUD OF IT
AND IF YOU ASK ME,
THAT'S THE WAY EVERYBODY OUGHTA LIVE
IM A COUNTRY BOY, BORN TO HUNT AND FISH
RAISED WAY OUT YONDER, AIN'T NO WONDER
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID
IF I SHOW UP AT YOUR PARTY IN MY MUDDY BOOTS
DON'T GET BENT OUTTA SHAPE
I DRANK A LITTLE TOO MUCH, GET LOUD AND ROWDY
AND GET UP IN YOUR FACE
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID, HELL I'M PROUD OF IT
AND IF YOU ASK ME,
THAT'S THE WAY EVERYBODY OUGHTA LIVE
IM A COUNTRY BOY, BORN TO HUNT AND FISH
RAISED WAY OUT YONDER, AIN'T NO WONDER
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID
RAISED WAY OUT YONDER, AIN'T NO WONDER
I'M A DIRT ROAD KID

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