

# In My Neighborhood

[Craig Morgan](#)

If you see a pick-up truck  
With a plastic coon dog mounted on the hood  
If you pass a trailer with a concrete donkey in the yard  
And tires up on the roof And if you see a woman in a moo-moo  
Reading tarot cards and palms down by the road  
That's how you know  
That's how you know, you're in my neighborhood In my neighborhood  
There's nothing ordinary 'bout the regular folk  
In my neighborhood  
We make our own wine outta berries we grow A word to the wise when they turn out the lights  
It's a free for all, y'all, every Saturday night  
But everybody treats everybody the way they should  
In my neighborhood When the wind is just right  
You can tell they're makin' paper at the mill on Champion lane  
When Mabel Johnson goes to fryin' rocky mountain oysters  
You can smell 'em from a mile away You might hear the church bells playin' Sweet Home Alabama  
'Cause the preacher loves rock and roll  
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