The Right Place

Aaron Watson

(Chorus)
Lord dont you walk with a little
Sawin on a fiddle and the crying of a steel guitar
Coming from the heart and soul
Born and bred in the ole Lone Star
Get them honky tonkin blues
Let them be your saving grace
If you want to hear some country
Then youve come to the right placeYou miss Waylon, if it dont make you smile
Like Willie and George Jones
You better stick around a while
You like Merle, Buck and Johnny
We might just get along
But if you dont, go slap your mommy
Cause your momma raised you wrongChorusI like gravy on my biscuit, I like my chicken fried
I drink my coffee black, I sure like my Charlie Pride
Well I still solute ole Glory and I give glory to the lord
I tip my hat to ole E.T. and his Texas Troubadours

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