

# 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 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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