Tell a Country Boy

Rodney Atkins

Now he ain't much for talking but he means every word he says
And that color on his arms and neck ain't from no tanning bed
Leaves no doubt about where he stands on the Chevy or the Lord
Yeah, you can always tell a country boy, yeahNow his idea of heaven is home sweet home, East Tennessee
But for a girl like you, he would pull up roots
And move down the road a piece
He'll always take his own sweet time if you give him a choice
Yeah, you can always tell a country boyYeah, you can always tell him but you can't tell him much
'Cause all he is ever gonna be is who he always was
A cross between his old man and his mama's pride and joy
You can always tell a country boyHe'll go off and take a long walk when he needs some time to think
Might even you let drive his truck when he's had too much to drink
'Bout as true blue as Old Glory waitin' out there on the porch
You can always tell a country boyYeah, you can always tell him but you can't tell him much
Sometimes his gears turn so slow you swear they're gonna rust
From the way he bangs that old guitar to the gravel in his voice
You can always tell a country boyNow you can drag him from the country every now and then
But you can't drive them 40 acres out of himYeah, you can always tell him but you can't tell him much
He's on the fence about a lot of things but on you his mind's made up
'Cause he swears there's nothing sweeter
Than the sweet sound of your voice
You can always tell a country boy
Whatever's on your heart, now come on and tell this country boy

Songwriters
JON HENDERSON, NEAL COTYPublished by
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