

# 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, yeah Now 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 boy Yeah, 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 boy He'll go off and take a long walk when he needs some time to think  
Might even let you 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 boy Yeah, 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 boy Now you can drag him from the country every now and then  
But you can't drive them 40 acres out of him Yeah, 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 COTY Published by

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