C-o-u-n-t-r-y

Joe Diffie

I ain't never hauled hay in the trunk of my car
But I drunk a little shine from a mason jar
I know how to work and how to have fun
I'm a good-timin', blue-collar, son-of-a-gun
I like monster trucks, tractor pulls, country fairs
Huntin' and fishin' and ice cold beer
That's the way I'm gonna be 'till the day I die
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
My baby looks hot in her high heel shoes
She looks even cooler in her cowboy boots
She can dance to the music, all night long
She's a stick of dynamite, she's bad to the bone
She likes boogy woogy, Reggae, Rap, Pop and Soul

Hip-Hop Blues, and Rock and Roll
If you really want to know what drives her wild
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
You might not know it by the way we talk
We might not show it by the way we walk
But we're true and tried, genuine, certified
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
That's the way we're gonna be until the day we die
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
I said, C-O-U-N-T-R-Y

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