

Country Boy Can Survive

Kid Rock

The preacher man says, it's the end of time
The Mississippi river, she's goin' dry
The interest is up and the stock market's down
You only get mugged if you go down town
I live back in the woods, you see
My woman, my kids and my dogs and me
I got a shotgun and a rifle and a 4 wheel drive
A country boy can survive
And a country boy can survive
See, I can plow a field all day long
I can catch catfish from dusk till dawn
We make our own whiskey and our own smoke too
Ain't too many things these ole boys can't do, no
We grow good ole tomatoes, make homemade wine
A country boy can survive
And a country boy can survive
'Cause you can't starve us out, can't make me run
Hey there boy, I got a big shotgun
We say, "Grace" and we say, "Mam"
If you ain't into that, we don't give a God damn
I had a good friend in N.Y. City
He never called me Kid Rock, he called me, Hillbilly
My grandpa taught me how to live off this land
His taught him to be a businessman
He used to send me pictures of the Broadway night
I'd send him some of that homemade wine
But he was killed by a man with a switchblade knife
For 43 dollars, my friend lost his life
I wanna spit some beach nut in the dudes eyes
Shoot him with my mother fuckin' 45
A country boy can survive
'Cause you can't starve us out, can't make us run
Hey there boy, I got a big shotgun
We say, "Grace" and we say, "Mam"
If you ain't into that, we don't give a God damn
Were from North California and South Alabama
And little towns all around this land
Well I can skin a buck and run a trout line
A country boy can survive

Well, a country boy can survive
Survive

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