

Backwoods

Justin Moore

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Rifle in a gun rack hangin' in the back glass
Buck knife on my belt, ain't no land for sale around here
Red clay country mud, sippin' on a cold Bud
Blue tick coon hound, you know where I'm found
Out in the backwoods, down in the holler
Out in the backwoods, workin' hard for a dollar
In the backwoods, yeah, we get it done right
Work hard, play hard, hold my baby tight
Lordy have mercy, it's a real good life in the backwoods, yes sir
Preacher's daughter couldn't get hotter
Floatin' that river on an inner tube with her, splash
35's and a lift kit, how stuck can you get?
Ain't that just my luck, where's the chain? I'm stuck
Out in the backwoods, down in the holler
Out in the backwoods, workin' hard for a dollar
In the backwoods, yeah, we get it done right
Work hard, play hard, hold my baby tight
Lordy have mercy, it's a real good life in the backwoods
Out in the backwoods, down in the holler
Out in the backwoods, workin' hard for a dollar
In the backwoods, yeah, we get it done right
Work hard, play hard, hold my baby tight
Lordy have mercy, it's a real good life in the backwoods
Out in the holler, son, out in the backwoods

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