

# Country On the Radio

## Blake Shelton

You ever wondered why country songs say the same ol' thing,  
Like a broken record skippin down on main,  
Pretty girls, pickups and cut-off jeans?  
You know what I mean Dirt roads, corn rows and homemade wine  
Juke joints, jumpin on the county line  
Heard 'em singin 'bout it a million times  
But I don't mind As long as there's a small town and a Saturday night  
Blue jean babies in the full moonlight  
Tip back your Dixie, howl at the stars  
Every time you hear that sly guitar  
And your baby's on the tailgate  
And you're stealin those kisses to a little George Strait  
That's how we're rockin, that's how we roll  
As long as there's country on the radio There's always gonna be a party out in the pines  
Always gonna be a shot up highway sign  
Paper sack full of beer and a jar of shine  
From time to time There's always gonna be people tryin to run us down  
Sayin we ain't got nothin on a big town  
I bet they'd come around  
If they came on down As long as there's a small town and a Saturday night  
Blue jean babies in the full moonlight  
Tip back your Dixie, howl at the stars  
Every time you hear that sly guitar  
And your baby's on the tailgate  
And you're stealin those kisses to a little George Strait  
That's how we're rocking, that's how we roll  
As long as there's country on the radio There's always gonna be a part of me  
Kickin back in BFE  
Yea, that's how it's always gonna be As long as there's a small town and a Saturday night  
Blue jean babies in the full moonlight  
Tip back your Dixie, howl at the stars  
Every time you hear that sly guitar  
And your baby's on the tailgate  
And you're stealing those kisses to a little George Strait  
That's how we're rocking, that's how we roll  
As long as there's country on the radio Some country on the radio  
As long as there's a small town  
Saturday nights  
Blue jean babies

Yeah, tip back your Dixie  
Stealing those kisses

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