Too Country

Heartland

Have you ever popped a can
And put a pinch between your cheek and gum?
Run barefooted through the woods
Come hunting with a Blue Tick and a gun?
Patted your tomatoes by the light of the moon
Or is that too country for you?
Is you're idea of kicking back
Six pack on the tailgate by the tree?
Kettle full of mud bugs
And a pair of Levis rolled up to your knees?
With a long-legged 'Bama girl
And her 'Born To Ride' tattoo
Or is that too country for you?
That's too country for you, I understand
Man, I can't talk any faster than I already am
But I think there might be something
Going wrong with your roots
If that's too country for you

How about sitting on the porch by the tiki torch
Picking a song with only three chords
Good and loud, Saturday night for sure
And Sunday, praising the Lord
I pulled up in your driveway
With my kicking stereo turned up to ten
Would you cook a pig and float a keg
And get down with my rough and rowdy friends?
Talk about big bucks, big trucks all afternoon
Or is that too country for you?
That's too country for you, I understand
Man, I can't talk any faster than I already am
But I think there might be something
Going wrong with your roots
If that's too country for you
If that's too country for you
Is that clay a little too red for you?

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