Pledge Allegiance To The Hag

Eric Church

There's a little dive on a dead-end road
Called the Cross-Eyed Cricket Waterin' Hole
Where you can hear the sound of a steel guitar
An' get loud, an' rowdy on PBR
But at the top of every hour
Man, you can hear a pin drop
As ol' Jack drops a quarter
An' plays Merle on that jukebox, an' we stop
An' tip our hats, an' raise our glasses of cold, cold beer
They say, country's fadin' but we're still wavin' that flag 'round here
When it's time to go, you know you're welcome back
Where the people pledge allegiance to the Hag
When the weekend comes an' the weather's clear
There's a high spot fifteen miles from here
Where you can always find a few dusty trucks
With the windows down an' the radio up
We sit there poppin' tops
Shootin' bull an' singin' songs
But you can bet your boots
That when Haggard comes on
We tip our hats an' raise our glasses of cold, cold beer
They say, country's fadin' but we're still wavin' that flag 'round here
When it's time to go, you know you're welcome back
Where the people pledge allegiance to the Hag
One of these days when my time has come
You can take me back to where I'm from
An' put me on a westbound train
An' ship me off in the pourin' rain
Don't cry for me when I'm gone
Just put a quarter in the jukebox
An' sing me back home
An' tip our hats, an' raise your glasses of cold, cold beer
They say, country's fadin' but just keep wavin' that flag 'round here
An' I know, it'll keep on comin' back long as people pledge allegiance
Where folks still pledge allegiance, I pledge allegiance to the Hag

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