

Funky Country

John Anderson

Callin' all you country boys
And girls from Dixieland
Callin' all you folks up north
Y'all come on and give us a hand
Callin' all the former's daughters
Callin' all the preacher's sons
It don't matter where you're born and bred
We're callin' on everyone
Who want to put a little tonk in their country
Put a little funk in the groove
We're gonna raise some hell, gonna ring your bell
We're gonna make you people move
We got bluegrass punks, pigs and thugs
And big girls gettin' down
Don't give a flip about your politics
Homegrown or raised uptown
People, take a good look around
It's a funky country
We've come to town from miles around
From both sides of the tracks
Everything from nose rings
To them big old cowboy hats
We're all just a little bit different
We got our own philosophies
But when we get together
We're just one big family
And we got a little tonk in our country
Got a little funk in the groove
We're gonna raise some hell, we're gonna ring your bell
We're gonna make you people move
We got bluegrass punks, pigs and thugs
And big girls gettin' down
Don't give a flip about your politics
Homegrown or raised uptown
People, take a good look around
It's a funky country
Red and yellow, black and white
On a new thread white and blue
Country fad or city fad
Anything you wanna do
Bang your head till you break your neck
Docey Do your girl around
When you hear that music fusion
Throw you a big hoedown
And we got a little tonk in our country
Got a little funk in the groove
We're gonna raise some hell, gonna ring your bell
We're gonna make you people move
We got bluegrass punks, pigs and thugs
Big girls gettin' down
Don't give a flip about your politics
Homegrown or raised uptown
People, take a good look around

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