Dirt Road Kid

Justin Moore

Yellow blue bird on a red clay road, kickin' up a cloud of dust.
Burned into my memory like an Arkansas summer sun.
Last day of school, kick off your shoes, gonna grab up a fishin' pole.
Every boy and girl in this part of the county gonna meet at the swimmin' hole.I'm a dirt road kid, and I'm proud of it.
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta live.
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid.If I show up at your party in my muddy boots, don't get bent outta shape.
Drank a little too much, gettin' loud and rowdy, an' get up in your face.
But by the end of the night you'll be a friend of mine and I'll even let you drive my truck.
Show you how to pull it out with a winch when you're stuck to the axel studs.
I'm a dirt road kid, and I'm proud of it.
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta live.
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid.When the show is over and the lights go down,
Don't look for me out on the town,
There's just one place I'll be found.
I'm a dirt road kid, hell I'm proud of it.
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta live.
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid.
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/