C.O.U.N.T.R.Y.

Tyler Farr

We come from... booger hooker opossum knuckle ... switch
We whoop and holler when ol' Charlie Daniels calls that Devil "Son of a Bitch"
Yeah we plow it, nail it, bail it, then high tail it to town.
We spend our payday on them ladies and them long neckin' rounds
We gonna live out past the limits til the day that we die
We're from the banjo chicken pluckin', double clutchin' C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
We like them shiny silver buckles, straight tequila, wrangler knuckle, Barbie Dolls.
We got them bait and tackle, barbi-cutey booty, tannin', one stop shoppin' mall.
We like our pieced up, long cut, truck nuts, hanging off a the hitch.
We whiskey shootey scootey friday, when we're hillbilly rich
charlotte's brothers on the sofa eating chocolate pie
out in the deer and dirt road ruttin', corn row cuttin' C-O-U-N-T-R-Y.
Can I get an Amen
We love our guns, our God, our Jesus, pledge allegiance too
We bleeding John Deere Green, Red n White and Blue
screw politically correct, we gonna let it fly
out in the get it good 'n stuckin mother truckin C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
END
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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