

Now That's Country

Marty Stuart

Ridin' twenty miles on a midnight train.
Just to go fishin' in the pourin' rain.
Take along your baby, just 'cause you're in love.
Fishin' and lovin': I can't get enough. Well, that's Country.
I was raised a Country child.
Now that's Country,
Baby, that's my style. Got me a pick-up,
I got a piece of nothin' farm.
Shotgun and a hound dog,
I got a tractor in the barn.
Rockin' chair on my front porch
And a jug of home-made wine.
When I ain't makin' music,
That's how I spend my time.
Well, that's Country.
I was born, yes, a Country child.
Now that's Country,
But baby, that's my style. You know every man and woman,
Oughta have a place to lay their burdens down.
You all can do it in that city,
But it ain't the same in a big old town. Instrumental break. Now me just talk to y'all one
time. Have you ever laid in a field of clover
Late into the night?
An' watched a shooting star fall from heaven
Till the moon fades outta sight.
Get up an' go visitin',
That's just what neighbours do.
I'm proud to be from the country.
Now how about you?
Oh, that's Country.
I was raised on that Mississippi mile.
Now that's Country,
But baby, that's my style. Well, that's Country.
Guess I was born a Country child.
Now that's Country,
And baby, that's my style. Ooooooh.