

Brooks & Dunn, Hillbilly Deluxe

Hey, up in the backwoods, down in the holler,
Old boys feelin' like a dog on a collar,
Keepin' that chain pulled tight,
Waitin' on Saturday night.

Put on the smell-good, put on skinner'n,
Head into to town like a NASCAR winner.
Cruisin' back an' forth to the Tasty-Freeze.
Everywhere you look, all you see...

Is hillbilly deluxe, slick pick-up trucks.
Big timin' in a small town.
Stirrin' it up right about sundown.
Black denim an' chrome to the bone with a little home grown.
A country girl cuddled up...
Hillbilly deluxe.

Yeah, couple cute sweet things drivin' a fastback.
Shoot 'em a cool smile hopin' that they smile back.
"Hey, Baby, what's your name?"
Burn a little rubber when the red lights change.

Here come the blue lights, here come Barney.
Hot on the beer, y'all, let's move the party.
Gotta go, but that's all right...
Do it all again next Friday night.

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[Instrumental Break]

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[Instrumental fade]