

Craig Morgan, I'm Country

There's a plastic stretched across a broken window pane.
You gotta dodge the pots an' pans on the floor when it rains.
There's a ten-point buck on my livin' room wall:
A squirrel and two ducks are hangin' in the hall.
That hole in my yard is a barbecue pit:
A couple times a year, we'll throw a hog in it.
There's a four-wheel drive parked in my driveway:
I'm a proud and active member of the NRA.

Hey, I'm country: I was born and raised in it.
I'm country, that's my kind of livin'.
White beans, collard greens, sweet tea, chicken and dumplin's.
Well, I get up every mornin' when the rooster crows:
I stay out some nights until the cows come home.
I'm dog-runnin', deer-huntin', fish-catchin', cow-tippin',
Hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.

Well, there's my Mama in the rockin' chair by my screen door:
The red, white, and blue hangs off of my front porch.
There's my darlin' in the garden pickin' black eyed peas:
Kids are bouncin' up and down on the trampoline.
My truck cost less than my champion 'coon dog:
My neck is painted red, by the Grace of God.
My kids say: "Please, Sir, Thank you and Ma'am."
I ain't what I ain't, but I am what I am.

Hey, I'm country: I was born and raised in it.
I'm country, that's my kind of livin'.
White beans, collard greens, sweet tea, chicken and dumplin's.
I get up every mornin' when the rooster crows:
I stay out some nights until the cows come home.
I'm dog-runnin', deer-huntin', fish-catchin', cow-tippin',
Hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.

Yeah, I get up every mornin' when the rooster crows:
I stay out some nights until the cows come home.
I'm dog-runnin', deer-huntin', fish-catchin', cow-tippin',
Hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.

Yeah, I'm a-dog runnin', deer huntin', fish catchin', cow tippin',
Corn-pickin', cider-sippin', fight-startin', kid-raisin',
Wife-lovin', gun-totin', hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Yeah, I guarantee you, I'm country.
I ain't scared to be country neither.