

Eric Church, How 'Bout You

I know where I come from:
How 'bout you?
I don't need baggy clothes,
Or rings in my nose to be cool.
The scars on my knuckles,
Match these scuffs on these cowboy boots.
An' there's a whole lot more like me:
How 'bout you?

I punch the clock tryin' to make it to the top:
How 'bout you?
I ain't got no blue-blood trust fund,
I can dip in to.
Yeah, I wish Uncle Sam would give a damn,
About the man who's collar's blue.
But if he don't, hell, I'll make it on my own:
How 'bout you?

An' how 'bout you?
Do you feel the way I do?
To tell the truth,
I think we're the chosen few.
But that's just me:
How 'bout you?

I still say: "Yes, Ma'am" to my Momma:
How 'bout you?
If I shake your hand, look you in the eye,
You can bet your ass, it'll be the truth.
I cover my heart with my hat,
When they fly that Red, White and Blue,
Just like my Daddy taught me:
How 'bout you?

An' how 'bout you?
Do you feel the way I do?
To tell the truth,
I think we're the chosen few.
But that's just me:
Well, how 'bout you?

I like my country rockin':
How 'bout you?
Just put me on a stage, man,
Turn it up an' I'll turn it loose.
Yeah, give me a crowd that's redneck an' loud,
We'll raise the roof.
Yeah, I might just stay all night long.

How 'bout you?
Do you feel the way I do?
To tell the truth,
I think we're the chosen few.
An' how 'bout you?
Do you feel the way I do?
'Cause, man, I know where I come from:
How 'bout you?