

Kevin Denney, My Kind Of Song

MY KIND OF SONG

Stuck in traffic on my way out of town
The music's playing but it's way down
It's awful pretty but it don't say a thing to me
The singer don't know the working mans blues
And he wants to sound like he was born to lose
But all I hear is a poor man melody
My kind of song sing's about the facts of life
I want words of wisdom and don't care how they rhyme
If it's got the heart to tell the truth I'll sing along
Call it what you want but that's my kind of song
My heroes talk about the real things
Johnny Walker verses King James
The price of cheating or the cost of a happy home
They made music that could make me feel
Tears of laughter to ice cold chills
So dont water down what I was raised up on
At the end of the second time through Chours Put
I'm talking strait to jones that's my kind of song