

Montgomery John Michael, It's What I Am

I got my first guitar when I was just a boy
I was playing the blues instead of playing with toys
Listening to the Opry and daydreaming of those neon lights
So it was late to bed and early to rise
I worked the field all day and the crowd all night
My finger on the trigger and Nashville in my sights
I'm the real thing and I sing songs about real life

Chorus:

And I never heard a fiddle called a violin
Never really worried if I fit in
Country ain't what I sing it's what I am
This hat ain't something I wear for style
And these boots have been around a while
Country ain't what I sing it's what I am
I learned to drive on a red dirt road
Cruised the strip on rock and roll
And drove around on "Miles and Miles of Texas"
And as I grew Daddy showed me how
To earn a living by the sweat of my brow
But he never made me follow in his steps
He said work hard and let the good Lord do the rest
Repeat Chorus