

Rascal Flatts, Me and My Gang

Way on down to southern Alabama
With the guitars jammin' that's where we're headed
Straight up to Butte, Montana singin' Lord I was born a ramblin' man
California to Oregon
Even New York City got one or two hillbillies ready to hit the road

It's a brother and a sister kinda thang
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang with
Me and my gang
We live to ride, we ride to live
Me and my gang
Jump on that train
Grab a hold of them reigns
We gonna rock this thang, cock this thang
Me and my gang

We got hippies, gypsies, freaks and geeks
High class women in Daisy Duke denim
Bangin' on gongs and singin' our songs
Dude named Elrod jammin' on an iPod
Beer and bonfires
Wide open throttle, Coors in a bottle
It's all for one and one for all y'all

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