

Shannon Brown, Corn Fed

We don't flip the bird, we don't cuss an' scream,
When the cars don't move when the light turns green.
We don't lock our doors when we leave the house,
There ain't nobody here that we'd keep out.
That's the way we do it in our town, yeah.

You never hear me apologise,
For growin' up strong, growin' up right.
Livin' life by the Golden Rule.
Say: "Yes, Ma'am," "Thank You."
Green fields for miles an' miles,
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial.
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred,
Corn fed.

Ain't no burnin' flags on our Court House Square.
You see Old Glory flyin' everywhere.
There ain't no Valley joint with five-star atmosphere.
Daddy's home-grown beet's what's for dinner here.
An we wash it down with a tall, cold beer, yeah.

You never hear me apologise,
For growin' up strong, growin' up right.
Livin' life by the Golden Rule.
Say: "Yes, Ma'am," "Thank You."
Green fields for miles an' miles,
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial.
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred,
Corn fed.

Rooster crows, six a.m.;
John Deere pulling that plow again.
Spit on your face, hands in the dirt,
Ain't nothin' better on God's great earth.

You never hear me apologise,
For growin' up strong, growin' up right.
Livin' life by the Golden Rule.
Say: "Yes, Ma'am," "Thank You."
Green fields for miles an' miles,
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial.
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred;
Well, I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred,
Corn fed.
Corn fed.
Corn fed.
Corn fed.