

Big & Rich, Comin' To Your City

[Chorus:]

Well we're comin to your city
Gonna play our guitars and sing you a country song
We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner
And if you want a little bang in your ying yang come along

Well we flew through Cincinnati
And we all got really happy
Grabbed a bowl of that sky line chili along the way
Then we rolled on into Kansas
Scared the hell out of Marilyn Manson
And the party started happenin
Hey hey hey

Then in the middle of a Charleston night
We ran into Jessica White
And a little moonshine got us right plum smacked insane

[Chorus]

Well we broke down in greenville
In the middle of a hayfield
But a Bud Light truck pulled up and helped us out

So we then headed up to Philly
Partied down like real hillbillies
Brought the Music Mafia
And rocked it out

And Chippewa's where we go
When we're up in Buffalo
Don't you know those yankees drink enough to DROWN

[Chorus]

Listen up
Now LA's got the freaks
At Pink's and 50 dollar drinks
And San Antonio Was a wild wild rodeo

And then Phoenix, Arizona
We drank way too much Corona
And we woke up by the river
In Jeff City, MO

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah
We're comin to your city
We're gonna play our guitars and sing you a country song
We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner
And if you want a little band in your ying yang
If you wanna little zing in your zang zang
If you wanna little ting in your tang tang
Come along, come along, come along, come along

Yeah, we're comin to your city