

Chris Cagle, Country By The Grace Of God

Hot sun goin' down, heatin' up this little town
The cows are fed and the plowin's all been done
Moon light, fireflies, beer on the bank by the riverside
We're gonna have ourselves a little fun
Dancin' on the tailgates and raisin' a little Cain
Rockin' in the pastures and rollin' in the hay
It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it 'til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American born and country by the grace of God, yeah
I don't need no Cadillacs, you can't put no hay bails in the back
It won't cross a creek or tow no heavy load
I don't like a high rise cluttering up my clear blue skies
Don't wanna be where the city's all that grows
Some are born with a silver spoon and some come from the farm
Some have a ball in the mansion, but we get down in the barn
It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it 'til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American born and country by the grace of God, yeah
We build a world of dreams on a big ol' piece of land
We're free to do anything we like, we're country so we can
It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it 'til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American born and country by the grace of God, yeah