

Heartland, Too Country

Have you ever popped a can
And put a pinch between your cheek and gum
Run barefooted through the woods
Coon hunting with a blue tick and a gun
Planted your tomatoes by the light of the moon
Or is that too country for you

Is your idea of kicking back a
Six pack on the tailgate by the creek
Kettle full of mud bugs
And a pair of levis rolled up to your knees
With a long-legged 'bama girl
And her born to ride tattoo
Or is that too country for you

If that's too country I understand
Man I can't talk any faster than I already am
But I think there might be something
Going wrong with your roots
If that's too country for you

How about sitting on the porch by the tiki torch

Picking a song with only three chords
Good and loud
Saturday night for sure
And Sunday praising the Lord

If I pulled up in your driveway
With my kicking stereo turned up to ten
Would you cook a pig and float a keg
And get down with my rough and rowdy friends
Talk about big bucks, big trucks all afternoon
Or is that too country for you

If that's too country I understand
Man I can't talk any faster than I already am
But I think there might be something
Going wrong with your roots
If that's too country for you
If that's too country
For you

Is that clay a little too red for ya