

Montgomery Gentry, Daddy Won't Sell The Farm

His cows get loose and run right through the fast food parking lots
And Daddy gets calls from the mini-malls
when they're downwind from his hogs.

When his tractor backs up traffic, the reception ain't too warm.

The city's growing around him, but Daddy won't sell the farm.

You can't roll a rock, up a hill that steep.

You can't pull roots when they run that deep.

He's gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm.

Daddy won't sell the farm.

He worked and slaved in '68, he bought these fields and trees.

He raised his corn and a big red barn and a healthy family.

He learned to love the woodlands, he can't stand to do them harm. There's concrete all
around him, but Daddy won't sell the farm.

You can't roll a rock, up a hill that steep.

You can't pull roots when they run that deep.

He's gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm.

Daddy won't sell the farm.

One day he's gonna leave it all to me and I'll start my own branch of the family tree.

They'll get the message written on the roof of the barn, Daddy won't sell the farm.

You can't roll a rock, up a hill that steep.

You can't pull roots when they run that deep.

He's gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm.

Daddy won't sell the farm.

We're gonna live and die, in the eye of an urban storm.

Daddy won't sell the farm. Oh you know a country boy can survive.