

Morgan Wallen, Still Goin Down

The way I talk, I guess I got it from my pops
Product of some kneelin' down
In a town where the doors don't lock
And there's a million other people like me
From a scene a little more podunk than pop
I didn't choose being born in the sticks
And I'll be damned if I sound like something I ain't
For some folks a back road gets old
But for me, it just can't

'Cause I'm from a small town, southern drawl crowd
We're sippin' clear, drinkin' beer on a Friday night
Every country girl got on her cut offs
Shakin' her hips, take a trip, buddy tell me I'm a liar
Still circle up big trucks around a fire
Still kickin' up some dust behind the tires
Call it cliché, but hey, just take it from me
It's still goin' down out in the country

Somewhere now, someone's out there
Sippin' on some hundred proof
Every day, a baby's born with some baby blues
A good ol' boy's got on his faded boots
Workin' a nine to five
I'm just another southern hell raiser
Ain't breakin' ground
Makin' sound for them drop-it-down tailgaters
But y'all, that's all I know to say
So if you think I'm full of it, ain't done it, check the resume

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