

Neal McCoy, The City Put The Country Back In Me

I was born dirt poor on a dead end country road
My every dream was to just grow up and go
Like a siren song those bright lights called my name
So I turned that country road into memory lane

Well I hit that fast lane it was paved with gold
But it wasn't long 'til my highbrow ways got old
I started missing things that I thought I'd left behind
'Til I found two swinging doors 'neath the neon sign

They were whirling and a twirling to the fiddles and a steel guitar
Them city folk was drinking from Mason jars
I think I found what paradise might be
The city put the country back in me

When you leave the farm you don't have to leave your room
Just go on home and slip on them cowboy boots
Now it's the best of both worlds all I'll ever need
The city put the country back in me

They were whirling and a twirling to the fiddles and a steel guitar
Them city folk was drinking from Mason jars
I think I found what paradise might be
The city put the country back in me
Yeah the city put the country back in me