

# 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