

Terry Allen, Flatland Farmer

He's a flatland farmer
Who flatpicks and old guitar
Yeah he's a flatland farmer
He flatpicks and old guitar
He don't make no money
But he can out-pick them Nashville stars
Yeah the people come in pick-ups
They travel in from miles around
Ahhh the people come in pick-ups
They travel in from miles around
Yeah they park in his front yard...sit on his ground
An they eat fried chicken to that flatland sound
Eat a little...
Well they call mighty Nashville
Music City USA
Yeah they call that god-all-mighty Nashville
Music City USA
Ahhh but get out of the city to where the farmer plays
An you're into real music country without them city ways
Get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
Get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
An closest you'll want to any Music Row
Is a long dirt furrow where cotton grows
Grow...
Get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
Yeah, get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
He don't make no money...Awww
But I'll tell...that boy can
Out sing
Out pick
Out play
Out drink
Out pray...and out lay
Any of them Nashville stars