

Trent Tomlinson, Country Is My Rock

One, two, three, four

Can't you see that ol' weepin' willow tree
Just enough shade for my ice-cold Bud an' me
I just sit here where the breeze is soft
An' I play the tapes with the letters horn off
There ain't no better way to end a long hard week

Than some Hank wailin' from my pick-up truck
Pumpin' like my blue-collar redneck blood
Give me some Hagg, give me the possible
With screamin' guitars on top
'Cause country, I said, country is my rock

Everybody needs somethin' to keep them strong
Yeah, something they can feel down in their bones

For me there ain't no substitute
For three simple chords an' the God's honest truth
An' a steel guitar from the heart to take me home

Like some Hank wailin' from my pick-up truck
Pumpin' like my blue-collar redneck blood
Give me some Hagg, give me the possible
With screamin; guitars on top
'Cause country, I said, country is my rock
Yes, it is

Give me some Hagg, give me the possible
With screamin; guitars on top
'Cause country, I said, country is my rock
Yeah, country, I said, country is my rock
Yes, it is