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411 "If That's Country"

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V.1

Well, you've called my kinfolk trash all their lives
And I'm a chip off the heap, ask any one of my ex-wives
I'm a social drinker, and I stay social all I can
I'm a deer-snuffin', chain-smokin', simple kinda
southern man

V.2

First you gut our farms, strip-mall all the five-anddimes

Then you tax our so-called sins, call our pleasures a crime

Now you're turnin' our music into some strange elevator noise

Think it's time for us to win one back for the good ol' boys

Ch.1

You can paint stripes on a billy goat/call it a tiger if it floats your boat

You can make a star of a teenage girl But one million dollars won't make her merle Laser beams, navel rings, and a pretty face might be something

But you can kiss my ozark ass, if that's country

V.3

There's a certain song that's got my local station stuck It's got a steel guitar, and I believe it mentions a truck But the singer don't sound like he ever worked a stick shift

Sounds more like bad phil collins with a hick facelift

V.4

Now I ain't denyin' them suburban moms their fun But don't you try to tell me it's the way hank wanted it done

You better keep your money-grubbin' hands off the poor man's song

And make sure chris gaines stays the hell offa my front lawn

Ch.2

You can take an ear from a barnyard sow/milk it 'til it turns into a cash cow
You can lead a chick to a watering-hole
But you can't make her drink 'til she gets white soul
Might be rock, might be schlock, might be the beatles
or monkees
But you can kiss my ozark ass, if that's country

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