

## **Bret Michaels**

### **"Rock'n My Country"**

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Charlie went down to Georgia  
He was looking to make a deal  
He heard a southern band singing ramblin man  
Playing guitars of steel

It was Travis, Hank, Merle and Mick  
Singing about them honky tonk women  
Walyon and Willie, Coe and Cash  
Just trying to make a living

It wasn't about fame, it wasn't about money  
Just outlaws putting some rock in their country

The king made the young girls scream  
In a pair of blue suede shoes  
Heard Clapton, Earl and Stevie Ray  
Just playing them delta blues

Ronnie sang me home sweet home  
Talkin' 'bout Alabama  
Outlaws, 38 and Hatch  
You got me flirting with distaster

Them Van Zant boys they was on to somethin'  
Just outlaws putting some rock in their country

It was born down in the bayou  
Raised out in the streets  
Simple songs I could sing along to  
That made me stomp my feet

Yeah my hair is long and I may look funny  
But I still love some rock in my country

Yeah it all sounds good to me  
I like country in my rock  
And rock in my country

She rolled on down the highway  
Yeah, Janis and Bobbie McGee  
Singing la la la la la la la la

Yeah sure sounded good to me

It ain't about the fame, the glamour or the money  
She's just a bad girl putting some rock in her country

If the music biz left it up to me  
I'd keep country in my rock and rock in my country

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