

Brian Davis

"Dirty Kind Of Country"

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Well that's country
That's country y'all (whoowh)

She was sittin on a hay bale,
Staw in her mouth,
Pa's on the John Deere pullin that plow,
Granny's fried chicken ridin shotgun,
Greasin that brown bag on up,
After 10 hours of sweat on my brow,
There ain't nothin like watchin the sun go down over

Chorus:
Corn rows, dirt roads, Lord knows that's country,
Old truck covered up in farm mud that's country,
Hoe, barn, chickens in yard, drinkin' shine from a
mason jar,
Ain't nothin like livin a life country,

Pray for rain when you're in a drought,
Make it the sun when you're about to drown,
Seventh day you take a rest, on a pew in your Sunday
best,
It's Monday morning and that old rooster crows,
Put on my overalls cause it's time to tend to those,

Chorus

It's a hard life, long days, short nights,
But I wouldn't change a thing,
Cause there's nothing like

Corn rows, dirt roads, Lord knows that's country
Old truck covered up in farm mud that's country
Corn rows, dirt roads, Lord knows that's country
Old truck covered up in farm mud that's country
Hoe, barn, chickens in yard, drinkin shine from a
mason jar,
Ain't nothin like livin a life no there ain't nothin like livin
a life country

That's country
Well That's Country

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