

## Chase Bean "Southern Crowd"

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I grew up in the pines, near the pecan groves,  
With the southern belles who talk real slow.  
No doubt this was the place for me,  
But I started to think that there was more to see.  
So I moved out west for a year or so,  
Couldn't find work, so I ended up broke.  
No place to stay, no place to roam,  
So I packed up my stuff and then I headed back home.

Cause where I'm from we like to drink our beer.  
We root for the Braves for most of the year.  
And we don't have to go downtown,  
Plop a keg in the field, and ice it down.  
We play our country just a little too loud,  
Cause there ain't nothing like a southern crowd,  
No there ain't nothing like a southern crowd.

We got some hot girls, call em Georgia peaches,  
From the Chatahoochie to Savannah's beaches.  
Before a good game, hit up a bar in Athens,  
And after happy hour we don't care what happens.  
In a big truck riding through the country,  
Four wheel drive when the gravel gets bumpy.  
Down a dirt road, that's where I stay,  
I put my work boots on that Georgia clay.

(Chorus)

Were taking shots, and were feeling alright.  
Look up in the sky, it's a beautiful night.  
Riding in my truck with the big mud tires,  
Down to the creek, have a big bonfire.  
Couple more shots and were feeling alright,  
Look at what we got, it's a beautiful life.  
Bed of my truck, with the big mud tires,  
All my friends 'round a big bonfire.

(Chorus)

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