

## Clay Walker "Countrified"

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This working all day ain't gettin' me nowhere  
Breakin' my back won't get it done  
Wish I had a dime, wish I had a dollar  
For every dream that I gave up on, that I gave up on

This hammer I'm swingin' is startin' to feel heavy  
I clench my fist when I punch the clock  
A little for the bank leaves nothing for my baby  
Stretchin' my paycheck around the block

I need to go face first into that fresh air  
Free up there where the eagle flies  
Need to drop a line in that cool clear water  
Leave the city behind and get countrified

A fool's gold watch and a lung  
Full of black smoke is all I get for all I gave  
My only reward for this broken down body  
Was diggin' my way to an early grave

Always dreamed I'd end up on a river  
Fast asleep on a mountain high  
But I'm way down here in this concrete valley  
In a sea of barbers and red taillights, red taillights

I need to go face first into that fresh air  
Free up there where the eagle flies  
Need to drop a line in that cool clear water  
Leave the city behind and get countrified

I need to go face first into that fresh air  
Free up there where the eagle flies  
Need to drop a line in that cool clear water  
Leave the city behind and get countrified

Fit to be tied

This working all day ain't gettin' me nowhere  
Breakin' my back won't get it done  
Wish I had a dime, wish I had a dollar  
For every dream that I gave up on, that I gave up on

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