

Craig Morgan

"International Harvester Lyrics"

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I'm the son of a third generation farmer

I've been married 10 years to the farmer's daughter

I'm a god fearing, hard working, combine driver

Hogging up the road with my papapaplower

Chuggaluggaluggin 5 miles an hour

I'm an International harvester

3 miles of cars layin on their horns

fallin on deaf ears of corn

lined up behind me like a big parade

I'm late to work, road raged jerks, shoutin obscene words, flippin me the bird

well you may be on a state paved road

but that black top runs through my pay load

excuse me for tryin to do my job but this here ain't been no bumper crop

If u don't like the way I'm driving then get back on the interstate

Otherwise sit tight and be nice and quit your honking at me that way

Chorus : I'm the son of a third generation farmer

I've been married 10 years to the farmer's daughter

I got 2 boys in the county 4-H

I'm a life time sponsor of the FFA hey

Thats a what I make i make a lot of hay for a little pay

But i'm proud to say i'm a god fearing, hard working,
combine driver

Hogging up the road with my papaplower

chuggaluggaluggin 5 miles an hour

I'm an international harvester

Well I know you got your own deadlines

But cussin me wont save you no time hoss

This big wheel wide load aint goin any faster

So smile and wave and tip your hat to the man up on
the tractor

Chorus

Thanks to Jeffery Beeson for these lyrics

Thanks to james snow for these lyrics

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