

Diffie Joe

"C-O-U-N-T-R-Y"

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I ain't never hauled hay in the trunk of my car,
But I drunk a little shine from a mason jar.
I know how to work and how ta have fun,

I'm a good-timin', blue-collar, son-of-a-gun
I like monster trucks, tractor pulls, country fairs,
Huntin' and fishin' and ice cold beer.

That's the way I'm gonna be 'till the day I die,
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y

My baby looks hot in her high heel shoes,
She looks even cooler in her cowboy boots.
She can dance to the music, all night long,
She's a stick of dynamite, she's bad to the bone.

She likes Boogy Woogy, Ragae, Rap, Pop, and Soul,
Hip-Hop Blues, and Rock and Roll.
If you really want to know what drives her wild, C-O-U-
N-T-R-Y

You might not know it by the way we talk,
We might not show it by the way we walk,
But we're true and tried, genuine, certified, C-O-U-N-T-
R-Y

That's the way we're gonna be until the day we die
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
I said C-O-U-N-T-R-Y

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