

Dry Cell

"God Loves All His Rednecks"

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Moonshine, gun racks, God fearing folks, Johnny Cash
Way off base, but down here's right on track
Lifes race dead last, a NASCAR sticker on a Cadillac
Takin' 'er slow in a life goes too fast
Well I may not never be upper class society
But I've met God and he told me to say
I've lied and I've messed up, done my fair share of you
know what
But I don't try denying mistakes I've made
'Cause I may have a truckers mouth, and I drink til I
pass right out
But I'll be heaven bound when it's my day
'Cause God loves all his rednecks just the same
Just the same
A long week of all sin
Sunday church live it up again with a six pack smile of
mine that's getting all the blame
One kiss good night shows the one true love of my life
on a front porch swing on an August summer night
How I ever made her mine with just smile and
homemade wine but thanks goes up to the heavens
every day
CHORUS
Oh he loves us just the same

Well I may fly with broken wings but that part don't
bother me cause my buddies are here with a box of
beer and we'll fix anything
CHORUS X2
Well I might be third but it's all class and I got friends
to watch my ass
I wouldn't change a thing about the way I've made
'Cause God loves all His rednecks just the same X2 he
loves us just the same yeah God loves all his rednecks
just the same

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