

Blake Shelton

"Hillbilly Bone"

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Yeah I got a friend in New York City,
He never heard o' Conway Twitty,
Don't know nothin 'bout grits and greens,
Never been south of Queens,
But he flew down here on a business trip,
I took him honky-tonkin and that was it,
He took to it like a pig to mud, cow to cud

We all got a hillbilly bone down deep inside
No matter where you from you just can't hide,
When the band starts bangin and the fiddle saws,
You can't help but hollerin' YEE-HAW!
When you see them pretty lil' country queens
Man you gotta admit that it's in them jeans,
Ain't nothing wrong just gettin on your
Hillbilly bone-ba-bone-ba bone bone

Now you ain't got to be born out in the sticks with a f-
150 and a 30-06.
I have a bubba in the family tree
To get on down with me, yeah bubba all you need is an
open mind,
It fires you up you got a let it shine,
When it feels so right that it can't be wrong,
Come on come on come on you ain't alone you ain't
alone.

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