

## **Josh Abbott Band**

### **"Flatland Farmer"**

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He's a flatland farmer  
Who flatpicks an old guitar  
Yeah he's a flatland farmer  
He flatpicks an old guitar  
He don't make no money  
But he can out-pick a Nashville star

Yeah the people come in pick-ups  
They're drivin' in from miles around  
Yeah the people come in pick-ups  
They're drivin' in from miles around  
They just park in his front yard and they sit on his  
ground  
And they eat fried chicken to the flatland sound  
Eat a little...

Well they call mighty Nashville  
Music City USA  
They call god-all-mighty Nashville  
Music City USA  
Ah but get out the city to where the farmers play  
You're into real music country without them city ways

Get with the flatland farmer  
Who flatpicks an old guitar  
Get with the flatland farmer  
Who flatpicks an old guitar  
And the closest you'll want to any Music Row  
Is a long dirt furrow where the cotton grows, grow...

Get with the flatland farmer  
Who flatpicks an old guitar  
Get with the flatland farmer  
Who flatpicks an old guitar  
He don't make no money... awww  
I'll tell you that boy can out sing  
Out pick, out play  
Out drink, out pray and out lay  
Any of them Nashville stars

