

Justin Moore

"Dirt Road Kid"

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Yellow blue bird on a red clay road, kickin' up a cloud
of dust.
Burned into my memory like an Arkansas summer sun.
Last day of school, kick off your shoes, gonna grab up
a fishin' pole.
Every boy and girl in this part of the county gonna
meet at the swimmin' hole.

I'm a dirt road kid, and I'm proud of it.
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta
live.
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt
road kid.

If I show up at your party in my muddy boots, don't get
bent outta shape.
Drank a little too much, gettin' loud and rowdy, an' get
up in your face.
But by the end of the night you'll be a friend of mine
and I'll even let you drive my truck.
Show you how to pull it out with a winch when you're
stuck to the axel studs.

I'm a dirt road kid, and I'm proud of it.
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta
live.
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt
road kid.

When the show is over and the lights go down,
Don't look for me out on the town,
There's just one place I'll be found.

I'm a dirt road kid, hell I'm proud of it.
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta
live.
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt
road kid.

Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt
road kid.

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