

Kid Rock

"A Country Boy Can Survive"

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The preacher man says it's the end of time
The Mississippi river she's goin' dry

The interest is up and the stock markets down
Your only getting mugged if ya go downtown

I live back in the woods you see
My woman, my kids, and my dogs and me

I got a shotgun and rifle and a 4-wheel drive
A country boy can survive
And a country boy can survive

See I can plow a field all day long
I can catch catfish from dusk till dawn

We make our own whiskey and our own smoke too
Ain't too many things these old boys can't do

We grow good old tomatoes make homemade wine
A country boy can survive

Because you can't stomp us out and you can't make me
run
Hey there boy I got a big shotgun

We say grace, and we say ma'am
If you ain't into that, we don't give a goddamn

I had a good friend in New York City
He never called me Kid Rock he called me Hillbilly

My grandpa taught me how to live off this land
His taught him to be a businessman

He used to send me pictures of the Broadway nights
I'd send him some homemade wine

But he was killed by a man with a switchblade knife
For forty-three dollars, my friend lost his life

Ohhh I'd love to spit some Beech-Nut in the dude's eye
Shoot him with my mother f*****n old forty-five

A country boy can survive
Cuz you can't stomp us out and you can't make us run
Hey there boy I got a big shotgun

We say grace, and we say ma'am
If you ain't into that, we don't give a goddamn

Went from North California and south Alabam'
And little towns all around this land

I can skin a buck, and run a trotline
A country boy can survive
And a country boy can survive
Survive

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