

Lee Kernaghan "Where Country Is"

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He sat by the door of the grand old Birdsville Pub
His swag and gera was guarded by a faithful heeler
dog
He wore a shirt that would blind ya and a rumpled
ringer's hat
This old man was country, he left no doubt of that
Well he sang of mobs of cattle moving down the
Birdsville track
And the camels carting wool in the early days outback
He sang of wild eyed scrubbers runnin' flat out in the
night
Tryin' to ring the mob cause lightnin's quick to fright
CHORUS

He sat there hillbilly pickin' on a cracked and battered
Gibson
And the songs that he sang were all his
Every song told a story and the more that I listened
The more I realised this is where the country is
Well his songs told how they did it and I felt a sense of
shame
And I wondered if the battler would ever be again
His pride for his country rang true in every song
And I wondered if the chips were down if I would be as
strong
CHORUS

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