

Colt Ford "Ride Through The Country"

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(Intro)

Thank Yall, How Yall Doin? Yeh, my names Colt Ford, I
jus came here to do a little song for yall, bout where I
come from,

The way I see it, I brought my buddy, Mr. John Michael
Montgomery with me, he's gunna play a lil guitar and
sing a lil bit.

I'm gunna do a lil sumthin for yall called ride through
the country, let's go John.

(Verse 1)

Down the road where the black top starts you can find
Colt Ford with all his friends, we're used to gravel
roads, and fishin'

With cane poles, wasn't no swimmin' pools, jus
swimmin' holes.

We was dirt road poor, and cane switched raised, I've
been came a long way since back in them days, been
'round the world

Twice seen all fifty states, ate on thousand dollar
china, but love sum paper plates, there aint nuthin
wrong with them big

City lights, but me, I prefer them slow country nights,
where I can see the darkness come in and go

Most folks is honest, and they all speak slow, you can
leave your door open, aint nuttin' gunna happen, most
country folks

Sing, but I couldn't, so I'm rappin, I wanna show yall
where I come from, and invite yall all down to any
country town

(Chorus)

Now before I pack and things and leave, there's
sumthin I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things
in my life time,

That's why I walk the line, I'm just a simple man, and I
aint in the things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel,
so

Don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm
from, you always will come, take a ride through the

country.

(Verse 2)

Up, dressed, and gone by 5 am, he's country, and he's
rappin' we gotta play him, folks been waitin for some
one like me, to
Give 'em some heart beats and spit that country

My jeans don't sag, they fit, they kinda tight, got on a
white t-shirt, no nothin' but work. Daylight til dark, that's
how I
Was bread, and I'll keep bein' country til the day I'm
dead

See, country folks eat biscuits called cat heads, bar-b-
q, baked beans, sweet tea, and white bread, we like to
fish and
Hunt, aint scared of a fight, love the Good Lord and
believe in doin' right,

Got 4-wheel drives, some got mud on 'em, you can
keep your rolls roice, cuz baby, we don't want 'em! So
now yall all know
Exactly who I am, and if you aint into that, I don't give a
damn!

(Chorus)

Now before I pack and things and leave, there's
sumthin I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things
in my life time,
That's why I walk the line, I'm just a simple man, and I
aint in the things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel,
so
Don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm
from, you always will come, take a ride through the
country.

(Verse 3)

You might see my on your t.v, but honey, that don't
mean a thing, you see, I'm still that same 'ol country
boy, and that's
All I'll ever be, and sometime, those bright lights blind
me, and make it hard for me to see, but when I need to
be reminded,
I take a ride through the country

(Verse 4)

At about 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon, them country
boys head down to the local saloon, you welcome to
stop in and have a
Cold bottle, big city boys and stuck up super models,

we don't care where ya from, as long as you polite, cuz
push come to
Shove and every one of us will fight

We mostly easy like Sunday morning, ol' Colt came
here to give yall fair warnin', country folks wont be
pushed around, and
There's some of us livin' in every town, we believe in
the Bible, and the U.S.A, work hard for what you want,
it's the
American way, no body owe you nothin' supposed to
earn your keep, but in a hard days work, get a good
nights sleep,

I know some of yall think Colt's kinda odd, but I'm loud,
proud and country by the grace of God!

(Chorus)

Now before I pack and things and leave, there's
sumthin I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things
in my life time,
That's why I walk the line, I'm just a simple man, and I
aint in the things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel,
so
Don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm
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