

Colt Ford

"This Is Our Song"

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It's the mudslingin', country singin' redneck stunner
I'ma show you who I am if you really think you wanna
Take a ride down the dirt road, show ya where the still
is
Scared, stay at home son, this is where the real is
Folks 'round her still believe in God
And the right to tote a gun and our flag don't run
Ain't askin' you fo' nothin' if we can't get it on our own
Tell the government to leave my check and church
alone
Y'all can do y'all and we'll do us
And our money should always say "In God We Trust"
So if you think like that, then you one of us
If not then move on and leave us alone
Cuz country folk can survive, jus' ask Hank
Leave my money in my pocket y'all can have the bank
I'm tryin' to tell ya we smarter than some of y'all think
Even though we talk slow all of y'all should know that..

This is our song everybody sing it
Clap your hands y'all and do it like you mean it
Stand our ground and we don't back down
If you're from a small town and you're never gonna
leave it
This is our song everybody sing it
Clap your hands y'all and do it like you mean it
Stand our ground and we don't back down
And if you don't like it then don't come around

We come from hardworking people, they can't stand a
thief
Don't like a liar, freezer full of deer meat
Homegrown tomatoes in the kitchen window
Daddy is a deacon, mama sings "Swing Low"
At the church in the choir, Sunday dinners on the fire
Colt Ford, Danny Boone gettin' mud up on the tires
We represent our folks but don't take it for a joke
We got a cooler full of boo and a pocket full of smoke
Yeah we country as corn bread, and pumpin' Nappy
Roots
And if it ain't a funeral we ain't gon' wear a suit

We peein' off the front porch, peein' of the back
Cuz we livin' in the boonies and they don't know where
we at
Can't market us urban, won't market us rural
Drinkin' moonshine till we drunk and seein' plural
Small town livin' and we don't give a damn
If yo Hollywood or not, cuz we know who we am

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Ain't it funny how the money change who you is
Sell your soul to the devil be a star in his biz
Give up everything so you can play this game
Make a buncha folks happy that don't know your name
Don't worry 'bout me, cuz I'ma spit the truth
See I gotta represent for our country youth
And keep hope alive, cuz I will survive
With a shotgun baby and a four wheel drive
I'm buck huntin' dog runnin' playin' in a mud hole
Pumping Johnny Cash, haulin' ass down a back road
Love it in the country where my soul is free
And God and my family is all I need, sing it

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[x2]

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