

Montgomery Gentry "Daddy Won't Sell The Farm."

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His cows get loose and run
Right through the fast food parking lots
And Daddy gets calls from the mini-malls
When they're downwind from his hogs

When his tractor backs up traffic
The reception ain't too warm
The city's growing around him
But Daddy won't sell the farm

You can't roll a rock up a hill that steep
You can't pull roots when they run that deep
He's gonna live and die in the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm

He worked and slaved in '68, he bought these fields
and trees
He raised his corn and a big red barn and a healthy
family
He learned to love the woodlands, he can't stand to do
them harm
There's concrete all around him but Daddy won't sell
the farm

You can't roll a rock up a hill that steep
You can't pull roots when they run that deep
He's gonna live and die in the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm

One day he's gonna leave it all to me
And I'll start my own branch of the family tree
They'll get the message written on the roof of the barn
Daddy won't sell the farm

You can't roll a rock up a hill that steep
You can't pull roots when they run that deep
He's gonna live and die in the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm

We're gonna live and die
In the eye of an urban storm
Daddy won't sell the farm

Oh you know a country boy can survive

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