

Steve Von Till

"Hoedown In Motown"

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I was born and raised down in the south
You'll know it soon as I open my mouth
All the cotton fields have blown away
Unless you're rich there ain't no reason to stay

So I'm up in Detroit in a factory
Leaving her back home is killin' me
I told my baby I'm a homesick man
She said I'll bring you up some Dixieland

CHORUS:

There'll be a hoedown in Motown tonight
She's gonna bring some southern sun
To these northern skies
We'll make sweet tea and some good fried chicken
The love we make will be finger lickin'
There's gonna be a hoedown in Motown tonight

All my buddies say I'm country square
Told her I stick out like a thumb up here
I said you know they're all some real cool cats
But when they see you they'll forget all that

They all listen to that hip-hop rap
There ain't no way that you can dance to that
Unless you string up that ol' violin
We're gonna show 'em all some fiddlin'

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