

## Neal McCoy

# "The City Put The Country Back In Me"

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I was born dirt poor on a dead end country road  
My every dream was to just grow up and go  
Like a siren song those bright lights called my name  
So I turned that country road into memory lane

Well, I hit that fast lane, it was paved with gold  
But it wasn't long 'til my highbrow ways got old  
I started missin' things that I thought I had left behind  
'Til I found two swingin' doors underneath the neon  
sign

They were whirlin' and twirlin' to the fiddles and the  
steel guitar  
Them city folk was drinkin' from Mason jars  
I think I found what paradise might be  
(Ooo)  
The city put the country back in me

When you leave the farm, you don't have to leave your  
room  
Just go on home and slip on them cowboy boots  
Now it's the best of both worlds, all I'll ever need  
The city put the country back in me

They were whirlin' and twirlin' to the fiddles and the  
steel guitar  
Them city folk was drinkin' from Mason jars  
Well, I think I found what paradise might be  
(Ooo)  
The city put the country back in me  
Yea, the city put the country back in me

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