

Josh Abbott "Flatland Farmer"

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He's a flatland farmer
Who flat-picks an old guitar
Yeah, he's a flatland farmer
He flat-picks an old guitar

He don't make no money
But he can out-pick a Nashville star

Yeah, the people come in pick-ups
They're driving in from miles around
Yeah, the people come in pick-ups
They're driving in from miles around

They just park in his front yard
And they sit on his ground
And they eat fried chicken
To the flatland sound, eat a little

Well, they call mighty Nashville
Music City, USA
They call god-all-mighty Nashville
Music City, USA

Ah but get out the city
To where the farmers play
You're into real music country
Without them city ways

Get with the flatland farmer
Who flat-picks an old guitar
Get with the flatland farmer
Who flat-picks an old guitar

And the closest you'll want
To any music row
Is a long dirt furrow
Where the cotton grows, grow

Get with the flatland farmer
Who flat-picks an old guitar
Get with the flatland farmer
Who flat-picks an old guitar

He don't make no money, aw
I'll tell you that boy can out sing
Out pick, out play, out drink, out pray
And out lay any of them Nashville stars

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