

Paul Brandt

"Come On Get Some"

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I love the Country
I ain't never gonna change
Like to get my hands dirty
Like to do it my own way
But don't go lookin down on me
Cause I like my chicken fried
A my my.

Come on and get some
Is what I'd hear my mamma say
After working out in the fields
Hoein rows or bailin hay
That's how it is out here
Honest work for honest pay
A Hey hey

Cause I'm loud
And I'm proud
Like to get up in my pick-up and get down
Flying round the back-roads is how I like to spend my
time
I can hang barbed-wire
I love big tires
And havin' fun when my chores are done
But if you think 'cause I'm from the country that I'm
dumb
Come on and Get Some

Ain't been to college yet
I ain't got no PhD
But I've got knowledge yeah
Beyond what most folks see
So if you need the job done right
Well you know where I'll be
A whoo eeeee

(Chorus)

Just me and
Verline
Neath the corn rows

plantin' dreams
Aw Shucks

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