

Dallas Wayne "If That's Country"

Visit "[If That's Country](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

V.1

Well, you've called my kinfolk trash all their lives
And I'm a chip off the heap, ask any one of my ex-wives
I'm a social drinker, and I stay social all I can
I'm a deer-snuffin', chain-smokin', simple kinda
southern man

V.2

First you gut our farms, strip-mall all the five-and-dimes
Then you tax our so-called sins, call our pleasures a crime
Now you're turnin' our music into some strange
elevator noise
Think it's time for us to win one back for the good ol'
boys

Ch.1

You can paint stripes on a billy goat/call it a tiger
if it floats your boat
You can make a star of a teenage girl
But one million dollars won't make her merle
Laser beams, navel rings, and a pretty face might be
something
But you can kiss my ozark ass, if that's country

V.3

There's a certain song that's got my local station stuck
It's got a steel guitar, and I believe it mentions a truck
But the singer don't sound like he ever worked a stick
shift
Sounds more like bad phil collins with a hick facelift

V.4

Now I ain't denyin' them suburban moms their fun
But don't you try to tell me it's the way hank wanted it
done
You better keep your money-grubbin' hands off the
poor man's song
And make sure chris gaines stays the hell offa my front
lawn

Ch.2

You can take an ear from a barnyard sow/milk it 'til

it turns into a cash cow

You can lead a chick to a watering-hole

But you can't make her drink 'til she gets white soul

Might be rock, might be schlock, might be the beatles

or monkees

But you can kiss my ozark ass, if that's country

Visit [Dallas Wayne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.