

The Grace Of God by Chris Cagle

"Country By The Grace Of God"

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Hot sun goin' down, heatin' up this little town
The cows are fed and the plowin's all been done
Moon light, fireflies, beer on the bank by the riverside
We're gonna have ourselves a little fun
Dancin' on the tailgates and raisin' a little cain
Rockin' in the pastures and rollin' in the hay

It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it 'til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and
the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American-born and country by the grace of
God

I don't need no Cadillacs, you can't put no hay bails in
the back
It won't cross a creek or tow no heavy load
I don't like a high-rise cluttering up my clear blue skies
Don't wanna be where the city's all that grows
Some are born with a silver spoon and some come
from the farm
Some have a ball in the mansion, but we get down in
the barn
It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it 'til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and
the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American-born and country by the grace of
God

We build a world of dreams on a big ol' piece of land
We're free to do anything we like, we're country so we
can
It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it 'til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and
the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American-born and country by the grace of

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