

Frank Foster

"Blue Collar Boys"

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Well I'm poor boy proud

I like to get loud

I run with a redneck rough and rowdy crowd

You got your friends I got mine

Yea I get by, by working in the sun

Picking guitar grocery shopping with a gun

Use a scope if you aint drug a buck up in a four wheel drive

And we don't need no caviar and no high dollar wine

And got cornbread sweet tea and brown patch moonshine

Chorus

We gone turn it on

Crank it up

Ice down some crown in a dixie cup

Get back in the pines and lose our minds

Turn it loose and get it right

Were all about a down south saturday night

And we working hard and making noise

Blue Collar Boys

Verse 2

Best get out my way first day from off shore

Cause I'm gonna ride around I'm gone ride somemore
And I'll be bumping bocephus out the speakers of my
4X4
Call up my country queen my dixieland delight
With cut offs and horka boots and cheater pipe tight
Nicknamed the Florida mile cause she's out of sight
I get so high when she's by my side
Feel like I'm floating thru the air like cloud deglide
Got on my boots and spurs cause no on heard she
gone let me grind

Chorus

Bridge

A yankee slicker from up in New York
Down on music road trying to tell me how to be a
countryboy
Excuse me sir but have you lost your mind
Yea take your shiny shoes and your suit and tie
And toat your ass back north of the mason dixon line
And don't forget your pen cause I aint gone sign

CHORUS

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