

Rodney Atkins "Curtis Loew"

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Well We grew up Down by the railroad Tracks
shootin BB's at old beer cans
Choakin' on the smoke from a lucky strike
somebody lifted off his old man

We were Football Flunkies
Southern Rock Junkies
Crankin' up the stereo's
Singing Loud and Proud
to "Gimmie Three Steps" "Simple Man" and "Curtis
Loew"
We were big yuh know

Got some discount Knowledge at the Jr. Collage
Where we majored in beer and girls
It was all real funny 'til we ran out of money
and they threw us out into the world

Yeah the kids that thought they'd run this town
ain't a runnin' much of anything
just lovin' and laughin' and bustin' our asses
and we all call it all livin' the dream

These are my people
This is where I come from
Were givin' this life everything we got and then some
It ain't always pretty
But its real
It's the way we were made
Wouldn't have it any other way
These are my people

Well We take it all week on the chin with a grin
'til we make it to a friday night
And it's church league softball
holler about a bad call
preacher breaking up the fight
Then later on at the Green Light Tavern
Well everybody is gathered as friends
And the beers a pourin'
'til Monday Mornin'
and we start it all over again

These are my people
This is where I come from
Were givin' this life everything we got and then some
It ain't always pretty
but it's real
It's the way we were made
Wouldn't have it any other way
These Are My People

We fall Down and We get up
We walk proud and We talk tough
We got heart and We got nerve
Even If we are a bit disturbed

Woo Come on

These are my people
This is where I come from
Were givin' this life everything we got and then some
It ain't always pretty
but it's real
Its the way we were made
Wouldn't have it any other way Ah naw
These Are My People Yeah woo

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