

Levi Riggs

"Down Home Boy"

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Born twenty miles outside of town, up a road only
trucks and tractor's go down.

Two bare feet's how you got around, growin up a down
home boy.

Ate what we planted in the ol red clay, sun burned from
workin' in the field a day.

You use what you learn in the FFA, growing up a down
home boy.

(CHORUS) Down home boys have roots that don't break
loose and pull up in the first hard rain. They got
grandma's bible, grandpa's rifle and well water in their
veins.

Could-a cut my first tooth on a silver spoon. Thank God
I had no choice

But to grow a little backbone, growin' up a down home
boy.

Pull your rusty bucket in that four year school, your Co-
Op cap and your boots ain't cool.

The frat daddy's all make fun of you for growing up a
down home boy.

But between that football scholarship and datin' that
sorority president

And that degree you proved it don't hurt a bit, growing
up a down home boy.

CHORUS

You buy 15 acres off your old man. Have a little baby
just a quick as you can.

Then you and your woman get to try your hand at
growin' up a down home boy.

CHORUS?

Could-a cut his first tooth on a silver spoon. thank God
he's got no choice

But to grow a little backbone, growing up a down home,
grow a little backbone growing up a down home boy,
growing up a down home boy!

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