

Shannon

"Corn Fed"

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Written by Shannon Brown / John Rich / Vicky McGehee

We don't flip the bird
We don't cuss and scream
When the cars don't move, when the light turns green
We don't lock our doors, when we leave the house
There ain't nobody here that we'd keep out
That's the way we do in our town

Chorus

You'll never hear me apologize
For growing up strong, growing up right
Livin' life by the golden rule
Say yes ma'm thank you
Green fields for miles and miles
Ain't nothing but country on the radio dial
I thank the good Lord I was born and bred
Corn fed

There ain't no burning flags
On our courthouse square
You see ole' glory flying everywhere
There ain't no valet joint
With five star atmosphere
Daddy's home grown beef's what's dinner here
And we wash it down with a tall cold beer

Repeat Chorus

Roosters crows 6 am, John Deere pulling that plow
again
Sweat on your face hands in the dirt
Ain't nothing better on God's green Earth

Repeat Chorus

Well I thank the good Lord I was born and bred

Cornfed
Cornfed
Cornfed

Cornfed

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