

## Shannon Brown "Corn Fed"

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Corn fed

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 it in our town, yeah

You never hear me apologize  
For growin' up strong, growin' up right  
Livin' life by the Golden Rule  
Say, "Yes, Ma'am, thank you"

Green fields for miles an' miles  
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial  
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Corn fed

Ain't no burnin' flags on our Court House Square  
You see Old Glory flyin' everywhere  
There ain't no Valley joint with five-star atmosphere  
Daddy's home grown beef's what's for dinner here  
An' we wash it down with a tall, cold beer, yeah

You never hear me apologize  
For growin' up strong, growin' up right  
Livin' life by the Golden Rule  
Say, "Yes, Ma'am, thank you"

Green fields for miles an' miles  
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial  
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Corn fed  
Corn fed

Rooster crows, six a.m.  
John Deere pulling that plow again  
Spit on your face, hands in the dirt  
Ain't nothin' better on God's great earth

You never hear me apologize  
For growin' up strong, growin' up right

Livin' life by the Golden Rule  
Say, "Yes, Ma'am, thank you"

Green fields for miles an' miles  
Ain't nothin' but country on the radio dial  
I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Well, I thank the good Lord I was born an' bred  
Corn fed  
Corn fed

Corn fed  
Corn fed

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