

# This Is Our Song

Colt Ford

It's the mudslingin', country singin' redneck stunner  
Imma show you who I am if you really think you wanna  
take a ride down the dirty road, show ya where the still is  
skeered? stay at home son, this is where the real is

Folks 'round her still believe in God  
and the right to tote a gun and our flag don't run  
ain't askin' you fo nothin' if we can't get it on our own  
tell the government to leave my check and church alone

Y'all can do y'all and we'll do us  
and our money should always say "In God We Trust"  
So if you think like that, then you one of us  
if not then move on and leave us alone

Cuz country folk can survive, jus' ask Hank  
leave my money in my pocket y'all can have the bank  
I'm tryin to tell ya we smarter than some of y'all think  
even though we talk slow all of y'all should know that..

This is our song everybody sing it  
clap your hands y'all and do it like you mean it  
Stand our ground and we don't back down  
if you're from a small town and you're never gonna leave it  
This is our song everybody sing it  
clap your hands y'all and do it like you mean  
Stand our ground and we don't back down  
and if you don't like it then don't come around

We come from hardworking people, they can't stand a thief  
don't like a liar, freezer full of deer meat  
home grown tomatoes in the kitchen window  
Daddy is a deacon, mama sings "Swing Low"  
at the church in the choir, Sunday dinners on the fire  
Colt Ford Danny Boone gettin' mud up on the tires

We represent our folk but don't take us for a joke  
we got a cooler full of boo and a pocket full of smoke  
Yeah we country as corn bread, and pumpin' Nappy Roots  
and if it ain't funeral we ain't gon' wear a suit

We peein' off the front porch, peein' of da back  
cuz we livin' in da boonies and they don't know where we at  
Can't market us urban, won't market us rural  
drinkin' moonshine till we drunk and seein' plural  
Small town livin' and we don't give a damn  
if yo Hollywood or not, cuz we know who we am

Ain't funny how the money change who you is  
sell your sould to teh devil be a star in his biz  
give up everything so you can play this game  
make a buncha folks happy that don't know yo name

Don't worry 'bout me, Imma spit the truth  
see I gotta represent for our country youth  
and keep hope alive, cuz I will survive  
with a shotgun baby and a four wheel drive

I'm buck huntin' dog runnin' playin' in a mud hole  
pumping Johnny Cash, haulin' ass down a back road  
Love it in the country where my soul is free  
In God and my family is all I need, sing it