

We've all got a place called home
I hold it dear to me
And everywhere that I roam
It ain't the same to me
All these changes
All these highs and lows
No matter where I go
I always know where I come from

And I was raised
In the Lone Star State where my mama taught me how to pray
And I was raised
Just a simple man clocking double shifts trying to earn my pay
And I was raised
To remember where I'm from
And the roots run through my blood
By the good Lord's grace above
I'm flying on the wings of love

I'm riding on a renegade dream
I'm a concrete cowboy
Rolling with my tumbleweed heart
Living the life of an outlaw
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