

City Don't

Billy Currington

City don't let ya walk a field with your fingertips runnin' across the top of waist high hay
It don't have a quarter mile of red lights where everybody waves at your Chevrolet
The city don't grow the kind of girls that rather river bank, drink beer, and dance in the mud
I ain't sayin' that high-rise life is wrong, but right here is what I love

They got five stars, we got millions
They got nice bars, we got sippin' straight out of a can
On somebody's land with a homegrown girl
And a God-made tan singin', "Goodbye Earl"
Got everything I need, everything I could want
'Cause the country does something for me the city don't
Ah, the city don't

The city don't have a dirt road gravel parkin' lot steeple where you find your forgiveness
It don't have no farm pond, honey hole, you know you can always go catch a fish
The city don't sleep slowed down, don't know how to kick back or take a break
I ain't sayin' those high-rise folks are wrong, but I kinda like it this way

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Yeah, it feels like home to me as long as I got a little mud on my boots
So, anywhere made of concrete, I could never lay down my roots

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Mmm