

# Put Myself On

Brian Kelley

Don't hear no twang, don't hear no fiddle  
Don't hear no steel, don't hear no bristle  
Don't hear it  
I don't hear it

Can't tell where you're from by the words in your song  
Tick-tock's running out, I'm 'boutta put myself on  
Put myself on  
Been on the shelf too long

Whoa, he's never played a show  
Whoa, gotta get him on the road

So tune him up, take him on tour  
Can't play guitar, can't tie a lure  
Don't know a word of Country State Of Mind  
Buy him some fans, pick him a producer  
Get him on TV and fake it for the viewers  
I know what Waylon'd say if he's still alive  
He'd say "I don't think Hank'd done it that way"  
And Junior'd say  
"It's getting hard out here but a country boy can survive"

If you wanna be a pop star, go be that  
I'll be in my bag and my cowboy hat  
Flying my flag, no waiver to the calls  
Living how I was raised, yeah me and my dogs  
Me and my dogs (time to put myself on)  
Ain't talking shit, just call it like I see  
He from the West Coast but sounding Tennessee  
All for a dollar, yeah send him down the line  
But this country boy will survive

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And Junior'd say  
"It's getting hard out here but a country boy can survive"  
(Can survive) aw hell, let her rip boys

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Whoa, gotta get him on the radio

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"It's getting hard out here but a country boy can survive"  
"It's getting hard out here but a country boy can survive"

Hard to get spins when there's hands getting tied  
Hard to break bread when you don't vote for their guy  
If I know one thing I know five  
And this country boy will survive  
And I'll do it my way, I'll do it with a song  
I'll look back and say I put myself on  
I put myself on