

# Flyover State

Butch Walker

Well I'm on the corner by 7 o'clock  
Looking at my father's watch that time forgot  
Trying to scrape off yesterday's mud  
With yesterday's drinks still in my blood

There's a routine to this storybook town  
Sometimes I cry when no one's around  
Either about my job or wantin' a son  
Or how my life is halfway done  
Are we done?

Oooooohhhh  
Freedom dumb my way  
Oooooohhhh  
Freedom dumb my way

Sexuality, religion, and politics  
Nobody round here challenges that list  
We'll shoot you and your Judas kiss  
It's just the fucking way it is  
You know, bro?  
(Oooh, should you touch it, motherfucker)

At holidays I tolerate  
All my fucking annoying cousins from snowflake states  
They interrupt my dinner time  
With propaganda and knowledge of wine  
So I just wear a smile that even a president can't fake  
What a time to be alive!

Oooooohhhh  
Freedom dumb my way  
Oooooohhhh  
Freedom dumb my way

Well some radio DJ named The Grinder  
Is laughing on cue at a bad joke  
While playing my favorite song from 1998 on repeat  
(Closing time)  
I want whatever they are drinking at 6 AM  
Because I feel like shit, honestly  
Sorry, I misspoke - I meant, I wouldn't  
I win, fuck it, get over it

Oooooohhhh  
Freedom dumb my way  
Oooooohhhh  
Freedom dumb my way

Oooooohhhh  
(In the jungle, the mighty jungle)  
Freedom dumb my way  
(The lion sleeps tonight)  
Oooooohhhh  
(In the jungle, the mighty jungle)  
Freedom dumb my way  
(The lion sleeps tonight)