

Blame It All On Country Music

Chase McDaniel

Spend the whole night drinkin' to it
Blowin' smoke like Willie grew it
I'd take the credit, but the truth is

Daddy won tickets to some Tim McGraw
Lucky number seven on an FM call
Bought a cold beer can for a front row queen
She came for the band and left in his jeep
Mama met daddy singin' Tim McGraw
Learned my first words from the radio
Took my first steps down a red dirt road
I grew up raisin' hell where the black top ends
And all my rowdy friends ain't settled down yet
We stay turned up like the radio

It's all that we know
Spend the whole night drinkin' to it
Blowin' smoke like Willie grew it
I'd take the credit, but the truth is
It ain't my fault, blame it all on country music

Yeah, I'm a second-generation George Strait junkie
Sixteen took a six-string to Southern Kentucky
Was singin' songs for my dinner and a bucket of money
I got addicted when the picking started gettin' me lucky
I got a long-hair rock 'n' roll reputation
Hop on this train 'fore it leaves the station
Love it or hate it, you're gonna know what my name is
The lights are comin' on and people are waitin'

To spend the whole night drinkin' to it
Blowin' smoke like Willie grew it
I'd take the credit, but the truth is
It ain't my fault, blame it all on honky-tonk bars
Music City, Gibson and guitars, that's what gets me
Run the tip jar, shoot the whiskey
When it's all gone, blame it all on country music
Country music

(Country music)
Let's get to pickin' and grinning, we got a crowd of believers
Hell, it started in a church, now it's filling arenas
(Country music)
It's a hell of a livin' that only country could teach us
Damn, I wish that Hank and Johnny could see us

Spend the whole night drinkin' to it
Blowin' smoke like Willie grew it
I'd take the credit, but the truth is
It ain't my fault that I'm long gone
Spend the whole night drinkin' to it
Blowin' smoke like Willie grew it
I'd take the credit, but the truth is
It ain't my fault, blame it all on honky-tonk bars
Music City, Gibson guitars, that's what gets me
Run the tip jar, shoot the whiskey
'Til it's last call, sing along, y'all

It ain't our fault, blame it all on
Country music