

Arkansas

Chase Rice

We always went huntin' on Christmas
I was like eight, so I got like three good years of it
And uh you know, dad and all them always remembered goin' on Christmas
And that was usually a good time because that's when the ducks were in
Well anyway, Aaron's mom got mad that all the dudes were going duck-huntin' on Christmas
And his mom was the one that talked to your dad and said, hey no more huntin' on Christmas y'all are gonna be home with the family

Leavin' Nashville like the leaves leaving the trees when the cold comes from the north
It's been a year but it's here, five and some change door to door
Cross the Mississippi, west of Memphis on the go
Four good friends, one damn good black Labrador in tow

Oh Arkansas
We'll be there by the morning hope momma makes biscuits
Arkansas
Boys get the guns ready, we're hunting on Christmas

Levee turns to timber, turns to gravel rolling in
That delta breeze good to see the boys in camo again
Couple drinks down 'round the fire
But turning in, 'cause after all
Come sunrise it flies, it dies
When Rob yells kill 'em all

Oh Arkansas
We'll be there by the morning hope momma makes biscuits
Arkansas
Boys get the guns ready, we're hunting on Christmas

From Stuttgart up to Brinkley
Hatchie Coon on down to here
With guns hung up load up the truck
We'll see y'all next year

Here in Arkansas
We'll be there by the morning, hope momma makes biscuits
Oh Arkansas
Boys get the guns ready we're hunting on Christmas

Arkansas
We'll be there by the morning hope momma makes biscuits

Arkansas

Boys get the guns ready we're hunting on Christmas