

Dying Breed

Colby Acuff

I woke up this mornin' with a poundin' in my head
I got thirty-five beer cans of fear beneath my bed
So I head down to the quick stop for a Slim Jim
And a cup of coffee
The worker there, her name is Charlene
She's got a couple missin' teeth
And a rabbit foot on her keychain
She's been servin' me breakfast since 2017

She looks me dead in the eyes
Says, "You know what, boy? You're just one of a kind"

'Cause I'm a dyin' breed
What you get is what you see
I'm not tryna be anything that I don't wanna be
'Cause I'm a dyin' breed
I pick a little on my six-string
A fly fishin' in a small stream
Payin' cash kind of thing
'Cause I'm a dyin' breed

Saturdays, I watch the Bulldogs play
And you can bet on Sundays, I'm cheerin' on Green Bay
Then it's off to Mom's for a home-cooked meal
And a beer with dad

Mama warns me I need to change my ways
But I am not a product of the lives they live today

'Cause I'm a dyin' breed
What you get is what you see
I'm not tryna be anything that I don't wanna be
Man, I'm a dyin' breed
I pick a little on my six-string
A fly fishin' in a small stream
Payin' cash kind of thing
'Cause I'm a dyin' breed
Baby, I'm a dyin' breed, yeah

Well, I can't be the only one out there
So if you feel like me, put your drinks up in the air
Let me know you're right here

'Cause I'm a dyin' breed
What you get is what you see
I'm not offerin' anything that I don't wanna be
'Cause I'm a dyin' breed
I pick a little on my six-string
A fly fishin' in a small stream
Payin' cash kind of thing
Well, there's one too many and a firm hand shake kind of thing
'Cause I'm a dyin' breed
Baby, I'm a dyin' breed, yeah

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