

Hell Out Of It

Colt Ford

These boots, they're the same ones we work in
Go to church in on Sunday mornin'
And these trucks they ain't covered up in dust
They're covered up in mud 'cause it's stormin'
Y'all ain't got a neck 'bout as red as a Texaco star
And a collar 'bout as blue as a light at the bar

Yeah, in a town like this if you leave you're gonna miss the hell out of it
Yeah, I know it ain't much but people like us love the hell out of it
That hard earned, yeah, we burn the hell out of it
Them six packs we tip back the hell out of it
Mama prayed so the devil stays the hell out of this
Life we're givin' 'cause we're down here livin' the hell out of it
(The hell out of it)

Us boys love drinkin' in these fields where we're gonna build a house up someday
With one of these girls with that back home on her smile
Gonna settle down that wild one day
'Til then every time that red sun sinkin' we'll be hangin' 'round out here singin'

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Yeah, we're gonna be livin' it big down here ain't we buddy?
Let's show 'em how we do it