

Alive

Cooper Alan

(Listen)

There's something wrong, they don't want the pop shit
Of course they don't, they want fiddle and a chicken pig guitar
None of that country star
Singin' back forty when all they got is a backyard
PBR stars goin' straight to my head
When I'm blowin' out smoke from a stacked longbed
Thinkin' 'bout Merle and the words that he said
Bet his fightin' side would be out again
'Cause schools quit prayin', flights quit flyin'
They keep pill makin' and we keep buyin'
And they bust up bags and keep makin' cash
And if you ask me, I'd put a boot right in the ass

One-way ticket on a one-way ride
And the house keeps winnin', got the odds stacked high
We're goin' all in, ain't puttin' down a fight
Might take a miracle, but we'll make it out alive (Yup)

Damn Hollywood talkin' like they know shit
Ain't y'all the ones that gave us Nickelodeon and Diddy?
Man, I think that's kinda shitty
Or maybe it's just Nashville where we don't touch kiddies
Well, lookin' at it, guess it's kinda scary
Gettin' big wig corner offices weary of a
Bunch of hicks with the lift kits and the dip spit
Oh shit, go and cancel that real quick
Cancel it all, but you gon' see
There's a couple other folks who think like me
Still believe country music needs a real six-string
And that George Strait is the only king
Well, I'm gettin' mad and I wanna scream
Everybody wants to blame rednecks like me
Find a way to make it our fault, you see
When our kids are messed up from the phone screens
Well, tell me how the hell this works
The world's a shit show everywhere you turn
And we just keep turnin' to some crooks in D.C.
That don't give a damn 'bout you and me (Bitch)

One-way ticket on a one-way ride
And the house keeps winnin', got the odds stacked high
We're goin' all in, ain't puttin' down a fight
Might take a miracle, but we'll make it out alive (Yup)

(You listenin' yet?)

I'll be damned if I trust them media folk
That'll say anything just to sway a vote
And never felt real dirt like I got beneath me
Lord save us from a hell of eternity
You wonder why your kids have grown up soft?
It's 'cause you toss 'em iPads instead of bats and balls and
Givin' out participation trophies
When the real world hits, they don't know a damn thing
But out here you come, the sun rise

And work, it ain't done 'til it's done right
Sundays 'round now, we pack the pews tight
Raise 'em up, country 'til we die
So quit hatin' on the Bible Belt
Yeah, end of the day, it's all Heaven or Hell
And what matters is the heart beatin' in your chest
I hope the world wakes up 'fore there's nothin' left

One-way ticket on a one-way ride
And the house keeps winnin', got the odds stacked high (Your time's up)
We're goin' all in, ain't puttin' down a fight
Might take a miracle, but we'll make it out alive (Yup)

But we'll make it out alive (Yup)
You had your chance
(Yup)