

(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)