

Honky Tonkin' In My Blood

Corey Smith

My daddy played a mean southern rock 'n roll guitar back in the
day
Sometimes they'd have a practice at the house and I'd get to li
sten to him play
I was only 5 or so, but old enough to recognize the licks
Memorize the words and sing along to every song my daddy picked
They'd go outside and smoke and I'd get on his guitar
Pretend I was up on stage in some old roadside bar

Yeah, I got honky tonkin' in my blood
Honky tonkin' in my blood
I got honky tonkin' in my blood
Honky tonkin' in my blood

Daddy had a friend who owned a tavern just a little out of town
They'd let me go inside when they were closed before the drunka
rds came around
I'd get a roll of quarters for the jukebox and another for the
pool
It's where I first heard Willie Nelson and where Daddy taught m
e how to hold a cue
Sometimes I'd help 'em roll the beer in off the trucks
I couldn't wait till I was old enough to drink that stuff

Yeah, I got honky tonkin' in my blood
Honky tonkin' in my blood
I got honky tonkin' in my blood
Honky tonkin' in my blood

And I used to be ashamed of it, but I ain't ashamed of it now (I
ain't ashamed of it now)
It's in my DNA and even Jesus couldn't wash it out
The honky tonkin' is in my blood

Honky tonkin' is in my blood
Honky tonkin' is in my blood
And I used to be ashamed of it, but I ain't ashamed of it now
It's in my DNA and even Jesus couldn't wash it out
The honky tonkin' is in my blood
The honky tonkin'
Good Lord, it's in my blood