

# We Did

Craig Campbell

Not everybody gets to walk through the woods  
With a gun at 10 years old  
Pull the crosshairs up on their very first buck  
With their dad sayin' squeeze it slow  
Haul it home in a gator, skin it up later put the Polaroid on the fridge  
But we did

Not everybody gets to pop the hood  
On a big block Chevrolet  
Turn a wrench and turn the key  
When it finally fires up one day  
And take dead man's curve with tires burnin' livin' out there on the edge  
But we did

Everything  
Everybody said not to do  
Drivin' fast skippin' class feelin' bullet proof  
Weren't suppose to drink, weren't suppose to chew  
But we did  
Every chance we could every Friday night  
Taking it too far every single time  
Never shoulda made it out alive  
But we did

Not everybody's got mud on their boots  
Building a fires w a gasoline can  
Or a bull in the pasture they thought they could ride  
That they're never gonna ride again  
Yeah not everybody makes a little beer money sellin' shine with a mason jar  
lid  
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We all grew up, we all got out  
We got wives and kids and cars and a house  
But when we go back to our hometown  
We can't help but drink about... how

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