

Roots

Craig Morgan

It's an even trade for a dozen eggs
And a freezer bag of okra
For a box-blade drag on your driveway
With the neighbor's old Kubota
It's a good old golden rule
Born and bred into roots

There's a rusty truck with a young buck
All hugged up by the river
To his sweetheart fresh off the farm
Wearing a ring that he just give her
They got a big old lover's moon
But they'll wait 'til they say "I do"
'Cause they come from a long line of good roots

They run deep and they run wide
They'll always be right there inside
They raise hell, they raise crops
They raise barns and they raise stock
They raise their praying calloused hands up in the steeple
From hat to boots, they pass down them roots of country people

Now it ain't all just southern drawls
Football, farmin', and fishin'
It's a hand on the heart for the Color Guard
And a helping hand in that soup kitchen
Faith, hope, love, and truth
Sown in seeds that grew them roots

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They'll always be right there inside
They raise hell, they raise crops
They raise barns and they raise stock
They raise their praying calloused hands up in the steeple
From hat to boots, they pass down them roots of country people

Yeah, we raise hell, we raise crops
We raise barns and we raise stock
We'll raise our praying calloused hands up in the steeple
From hat to boots, we'll pass down our roots of country people

Yeah, we're country people
Passing down our roots