

Still

Curtis Grimes

Broken ball cap, worn out boots
Leatherbound King James, Redneck roots
Browning 243 rifle, Zebco 33 rod and reel
That's who I am, still

American made, homegrown proud
Old school country, new school crowd
Raised up in a small town grounded
On blue collar dollar bills
That's who I am, still

This whole world spinning round like a top
Ain't throwing me off anytime real soon
Cause there's something 'bout sticking to your guns
While everybody's singing a different tune
Yeah change will come and go
But you know I'm settled in digging the fields
Of who I am, still

You know it don't matter, if all my hopes and dreams
Take off flying on silver wings
Just my father's son like the one on Calvary's hill
Is all I am, still

Yeah the world spinning round like a top
Ain't throwing me off anytime real soon
Cause there's something 'bout sticking to your guns
While everybody's singing a different tune
Yeah change will come and go
But you know I'm settled in digging the fields
Of who I am, still

You can blame it on my grandaddy's past
Down through my daddy's ride and rebel stubborn will
For who I am, still

Yeah that's who I am