

Ain't It the Truth

Daryle Singletary

Born in this country red white and blue
From church pews to bar stools it's always been true
From up in the mountains way back in the pines
From crazy to sweet dreams to yesterday's wine

All of my heroes from lefty to Jones
Some are still with us and some have gone home
Oh precious are the memories of the music they made
Forever living not held by the grave

Forever and always chiseled in stone
Like honky tonk prophets their words linger on
If you don't believe me if you need some proof
Ask any old jukebox hey ain't it the truth
Honest and simple never ashamed
Lord help us Jesus never to change
One day I'll see lefty when my work is through
He'll say son you were country oh ain't it the truth

Forever and always chiseled in stone...
Ask any old jukebox hey ain't it the truth