

Do you like cold beer, yep
Do you got a four-by, yep
Do you got a little jon boat with a two-stroke
And a Zebco rod, yep
Do you like long cut, yep
And everything fried, yep
Do you know them shortcuts with the deep ruts
Where the tall trucks ride, yep

You're a little more country than city
I'm talking Square-Toes and Twitty
Got that Kershaw in your jeans, hamhock in your beans
Hometown's itty-bitty

To the left, to the right of where that Mississippi winds
Way up in them hills, way down in them pines
If your neck's a little red and your winter is green
Get your whiskey from the moon then you're just like me
If you came here to party raise your drink and nod your head
Tip it all back and let me hear you say "yep" (yep)

Are you ever gonna change, no
Do a good girl wrong, no
Are you ever gonna sell that ground that your grandpa plowed
That you grew up on, no
We turning hay into bales
Then turn it into the shelf
Pull that pager from that pocket
And that twelve off the shelf

Yeah to the left, to the right of where that Mississippi winds
Way up in them hills, way down in them pines
If your neck's a little red and your winter is green
Get your whiskey from the moon then you're just like me
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(Yep) yep
Yeah let me hear you say "yep" (yep)