

I wasn't gonna spell it out for ya
Most of y'all thinking I can't
I'm just a good old boy from Georgia
Yeah I was born with a beer in my hand
So I moved up to the city
To talk about the country I come from
Hey buddy where I come from

We talk about girls, trucks, ice cold beer
Dirt road, dripping lips, Jon Boats, John Deeres
Bird dogs and buddies, country as country
It's all music to my ears
Yeah when did it become such a crime around here
To talk about girls, trucks and ice cold beer

Everybody hating on the things I love
Ain't never sunk a 4x4 in the mud
When they're floating on the boat or when they're out downtown
All they wanna sing about

Is girls, trucks, ice cold beer
Dirt road, dripping lips, Jon Boats, John Deeres
Bird dogs and buddies, country as country
It's all music to my ears
Yeah when did it become such a crime around here
To talk about girls, trucks and ice cold beer

Yeah girls, trucks, ice cold beer
Dirt road, dripping lips, Jon Boats, John Deeres
Bird dogs and buddies, country as country
It's all music to my ears
Yeah when did it become such a crime around here
To talk about blue jeans, dixie cups
Friday night lights and Hank cranked up
Bonfires and Addies
My momma and my daddy
Yeah all them thangs I love
Yeah when did it become such a crime around here
To talk about girls, trucks and ice cold beer