

Somebody's Gotta Be Country

Easton Corbin

I slipped you a little red man
Hit the lake and cast a line
Hold the door and say yes ma'am
Gas up my four wheel drive
I keep Alan Jackson playing on the radio
Where did all the good old boys go

Somebody's gotta party til the stars burn out
Wear some wore out boots in a high class crowd
All my rowdy buddies keep settlin' down
Somebody's gotta be country in this town
Somebody's gotta country in this town

Yeah I take up two spots
Cause my truck don't fit
And I represent the math God
Every chance I get
No my dirt road heart won't every be paved
Am I the only one these days

Who still likes to party til the stars burn out
Wear some wore out boots in a high class crowd
All my rowdy buddies keep settlin' down
Somebody's gotta be country in this town

Keep a zebco in the toolbox
Keep it retro on the jukebox

Yeah somebody's gotta back up traffic on an old John Deere
Drink a center console ice cold beer
And keep that old school hanging around
Somebody's gotta be country

Somebody's gotta party til the starts burn out
Wear some wore out boots in a high class crowd
All my rowdy buddies keep settlin' down
Somebody's gotta be country in this town
Somebody's gotta be country
Somebody's gotta be country in this town
Somebody's gotta be
I reckon' that's me