Drive away,
As in lonesome south
Like a real straight-shooter
Three lanes full

Drive away,
As in lonesome south
Like a real straight-shooter
Three lanes full

Gotta ride in my heart Get em going down, You don't have to be a start, To, to get them going round

Even if you try to move, Wheel it to your right, So get on, on the driving wheel, Save it for a round,

Hillbilly, Hillbilly, Hillbilly Man now

Got a ride in my heart
See I'm going down
Cut up by the ball front,
Shoot a jamboree,
Just a cold lighted day,
Like a memory,
Just a cold lighted day,
Slip a line on me,

Hillbilly, Hillbilly, Hillbilly Man now