

# Ain't From It

Grant Gilbert

Somebody's gotta sit on a hood and count the stars  
Somebody's gotta drink beer at a cash only bar  
Somebody's gotta drive a truck with a little bit of rust, yeah  
Somebody's gotta do it might as well be us

We're the ones born in between the highways  
Raised by the bible belt and the King James  
Not everybody gets one blinking light lucky  
Like we did cause we live  
In one of those way out where the city lights can't touch it  
Kinda towns you ain't heard of if you ain't from it

Round here we draw our lines with a barbed wire fence  
Round here it's a good week when the home team wins  
Boys grow up to do what their daddy does  
Cause somebody's gotta do it might as well be us

We're the ones born in between the highways  
Raised by the bible belt and the King James  
Not everybody gets one blinking light lucky  
Like we did cause we live  
In one of those way out where the city lights can't touch it  
Kinda towns you ain't heard of if you ain't from it

If you're from there you've been there done it  
But you wouldn't know if you ain't from it

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Raised by the bible belt and the King James  
Not everybody gets one blinking light lucky  
Like we did cause we live  
In one of those way out where the city lights can't touch it  
Kinda towns you ain't heard of if you ain't from it

No, the city lights can't touch it  
But you wouldn't know if you ain't from it  
If you ain't from it