

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

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

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