

C-O-U-N-T-R-Y

Hardy

Woo!

I ain't never hauled hay in the trunk of my car
But I drink a little shine from a mason jar
I know how to work and how to have fun
I'm a good-timin', blue-collar, son-of-a-gun

I like monster trucks, tractor pulls, county fairs
Huntin' and fishin' and ice-cold beer
That's the way I'm gonna be till the day I die
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y

My baby looks hot in her high-heel shoes
She looks even cooler in her cowboy boots
She can dance to the music all night long
She's a stick of dynamite, she's bad to the bone

She likes boogie-woogie, reggae, rap, pop, and soul
Hip-hop, blues, and rock and roll
If you really wanna know what drives her wild
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y

You might not know it by the way we talk
We might not show it by the way we walk
But we're true and tried, genuine, certified
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y

Yeah, we'll be this way until the day we die
C-O-U-N-T-R-Y
Yeah
I said, "C-O-U-N-T-R-Y"

Now that's country