

Truck

Hardy

If it's cleaned up, shined up, pedal down on main
You can bet he's pickin' up some pretty country thing
If it's covered up in red mud with a worn-out WARN winch
There's a good chance that that man is a pretty damn good friend

If there's horns in the back there's a gun in the front
If there's dents on the side he ain't scared of nothin'
And if a twelve pack's in the passenger seat
Well, he probably worked his ass off all week

Yeah, somewhere way out there in any given town
There's a red, white, and blue collared drivin' his around
Turnin' heads and burnin' tread and stirrin' up dust clouds
Like a shine-haulin' outlaw, yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout
His truck, his dash, the county on his tag
The songs on his radio, the stickers on his glass
From four-bys to two-bys, it's true you can't judge
A book by its cover, but you can judge a country boy by his truck

If there's a silver cross hangin' off his dusty old rearview
It's safe to say he's found amazin' grace a time or two
If there's numbers on the back, '92 to 2012
Bet there's stories 'bout his best friend that he can barely tell
'Cause he misses him like hell

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(If there's horns in the back there's a gun in the front
If there's dents on the side)
Yeah, you can judge a country boy by his truck
(If there's horns in the back, there's a gun in the front) you can't judge
(If there's dents on the side)
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