

Yeah I got a friend in New York City
He's never heard of Connway Twitty
Don't know nothing about grits and greens
Never been south of Queens
But he flew down here on a business trip
I took him honky tonkin' and that was it
He took to it like a pig to mud, like a cow to cud

We all got a hillbilly bone down deep inside
No matter where you from you just can't hide it
And when the band starts banging and the fiddle saws
You can't help but hollering, Yee Haw!
When you see them pretty little country queens
Man you gotta admit that's in them genes
Ain't nothing wrong, just getting on your
Hillbilly bone-ba-bone-ba-bone-bone

Nah, you ain't gotta be born out in the sticks
With an F-150 and a 30-06,
Or have a bubba in the family tree
To get on down with me
Yeah, bubba all you need is an open mind
If it fires you up you gotta let it shine
When it feels so right that it can't be wrong
Come on, come on, come on
You ain't alone...

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