

Dirt We Were Raised On

Jason Aldean

Yeah, we drank on it
Cranked some Hank on it
Got a little crazy, raised a little hell on it
Yeah, learned to pray, learned to cuss
Throw a party, throw a punch
Ain't no hiding where we're from

It's on our boots, it's on our trucks
It was in that cloud of dust we stirred up
It was out in the fields, in them old backroads
It covers this town like it covers my soul
Yeah, it's in our bones, in our blood
Yeah, as deep as these roots run
We'll never be too far gone
From the dirt we were raised on
Dirt we were raised on

Bailed some hay on it
Asked God to rain on it
We met 'em at the gate when they tried to put an interstate on it
Yeah, we got lost, we got found
And we got high and we got down
And every time we rolled into town

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Yeah, it's the red stuff flying in the back of a truck bed
Goin' out as far as you can get
Windows down, turned up to a country song
That's the dirt we were raised on
Sunsets and a bullet hole stop sign
Getting down on the back of a forty five
Yeah, that's how we do it all night long
That's the dirt we were raised on

That's the dirt we were raised on

That's the dirt we were raised on

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