

Country Til I Die

Jay Webb

Well, where I'm from, them pretty girls like lifted four wheel drives
And get tore up 'round the bonfire while we sip on apple pie
Yeah, just as sure as the good Lord turned that water into wine
I'll be country til I die

Yeah, I'll be country til I die, til I die
I was born and raised beneath that southern sky, oh yeah
I got long cut in my lip and ice cold beer inside my fridge
And I'll be country til I die

Well, Grandma brought me to the pew and showed me wrong from right
And Grandpa taught me how to shoot that worn out .45
Then I found out about daisy dukes and staying out all night
And I'll be country til I die

Yeah, I'll be country til I die, til I die
I was born and raised beneath that southern sky, oh yeah
I got long cut in my lip and ice cold beer inside my fridge
And I'll be country til I die

I thank God for all the freedom we have in this country
Even the right to burn the flag, but you know what?
We also have the right to bear arms
And if you burn my flag, I might just shoot you, amen

Country til I die, til I die
I was born and raised beneath that southern sky, oh yeah
I got long cut in my lip and ice cold beer inside my fridge
And I'll be country til I die