

Last Of A Dying Breed

JJ Lawhorn

Fourty fours rollin down a dusty old dirt road.
Tires moaning groaning, whistling as they go.
Boots muddy as hell, I got my old jones hat turned back.
Shotgun beside my leg, CB on the dash.

I'm headed back to my old spot way down in the Georgetown swamp
. I'll grab a couple three inch magnum loads a double o buckshot.
Yeah, Lord knows that I love this land of mine.
I'm rowdy, I'm rough, might be dumb but I'm tough and I'm out t
o have myself a real good time.

Cause I'm the last of a dying breed, just a country boy making
ends meet.
I'm alright even though I'm struggling.
Yeah, just a hillbilly hell raiser, loud and proud.
You ain't ever gonna make me take my flag down.
Ain't no runway cowboy, you get just what you see.
Yeah, I'm the last, I'm the last of a dying breed.

Well, I dragged a buck back to the truck and I dropped my tailg
ate down.
I throw him on, strap him up, drive him all over town.
I crank my music up real loud, you know it don't bother me.
Yeah, I'll rock ya, senior, lefty, earls croaks, bob wayne, and
hank 3.

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Ain't no runway cowboy, you get just what you see.
Yeah, I'm the last, I'm the last, I said I'm the last, I'm the
last of a dying breed.