

Flatland Farmer

Josh Abbott Band

He's a flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
Yeah he's a flatland farmer
He flatpicks an old guitar
He don't make no money
But he can out-pick a Nashville star

Yeah the people come in pick-ups
They're drivin' in from miles around
Yeah the people come in pick-ups
They're drivin' in from miles around
They just park in his front yard and they sit on his ground
And they eat fried chicken to the flatland sound
Eat a little...

Well they call mighty Nashville
Music City USA
They call god-all-mighty Nashville
Music City USA
Ah but get out the city to where the farmers play
You're into real music country without them city ways

Get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
Get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
And the closest you'll want to any Music Row
Is a long dirt furrow where the cotton grows, grow...

Get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
Get with the flatland farmer
Who flatpicks an old guitar
He don't make no money... awww
I'll tell you that boy can out sing
Out pick, out play
Out drink, out pray and out lay
Any of them Nashville stars