

# BFE

Kane Brown

Yeah, we grew up in the backseat  
Singin', tappin' bare feet  
Blarin' daddy's radio  
It was clothes on the clothesline  
Skeeters zappin' porch lights  
Blue collar, red dirt road

It was Ford, it was Chevy  
Longneck Bud heavies  
It was RC Cola cokes  
It was blue jeans, Skoal rings  
Dry-rotted tire swings  
Yeah, that's all we know

Yeah, here's to the middle of nowhere  
Where the small town roots run deep  
If you know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Yeah, you was raised like me  
Talkin' Florida, 'Bama, Georgia, Carolina  
Louisiana, Mississippi  
Texas to Tennessee  
So raise your beers, cheers, here's to BFE

It was chickens from the front yard  
Grillin' in the backyard  
Collard greens on the stove  
It was 'baccer, it was corn  
Praise the Lord I was born  
In a town nobody knows

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(Play that thing)  
(C'mon!)

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Ooh, that's right