My road's got a little more dirt on it
Than Rodeo Drive
And my moon's got a little more shine on it
Than them Broadway nights
That's why there's so many songs always singin' 'bout it
So if you're down, we can crank it up, I'll show you 'round it
And let out a little bit of your country side
I hope you don't mind

I don't got a rooftop high-rise
View with them city lights
What I've got is a porch swing, cricket singin'
Moonlit kind of paradise
And it's all yours if you're lookin' for
More stars than you can count in the sky
I can't give you the world
But, girl, I can give you mine

My laid-back's got a little more lean in it
On a Friday night
And my tea's got a little more sweet in it
Well, homemade makes it taste just right
If I could change anything about this life I'm livin'
Then, girl, I'd put a whole lot more of you in it

I don't got a rooftop high-rise
View with them city lights
What I've got is a porch swing, cricket singin'
Moonlit kind of paradise
And it's all yours if you're lookin' for
More stars than you can count in the sky
I can't give you the world
But, girl, I can give you mine

Yeah, I can give you mine
It's a big ol' world outside this map dot
I ain't got it all, but I'll give you all I've got

I don't got a rooftop high-rise
View with them city lights
What I've got is a porch swing, cricket singin'
Moonlit kind of paradise
And it's all yours if you're lookin' for
More stars than you can count in the sky
I can't give you the world
But, girl, I can give you mine
Mm, I can give you mine