

Bloodline

Logan Mize

Some are big city born with a silver spoon
Some are military raised red, white, and blue
Some are Pittsburgh factory, Detroit steel
Some are third generation cotton fields

My bloodline runs right through the heart of a small town
A don't blink main street where the concrete runs out
Hundred-year oak wrap around porch
Where my granddad's more than flowers and a headstone
A wild kid wearing his grass-stained blue jeans
He's got my last name and looks just like me
That's my
My bloodline

I'm a mud up the side of a Chevrolet
I'm a football team on a license plate
I'm a camouflaged deer stand at five a.m.
A calloused hand son and damn proud of it

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My bloodline runs right through the heart of a small town
A mom and pop quick shop, church, and a courthouse
That's my
Yeah that's my

My bloodline runs right through the heart of a small town
A don't blink main street where the concrete runs out
Hundred-year oak, wrap around porch
Where my granddad's more than flowers and a headstone
A wild kid wearing his grass-stained blue jeans
He's got my last name and looks just like me
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