

# 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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He's got my last name and looks just like me  
That's my  
My bloodline

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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