It flows underneath the 32 bridge, And cuts through the heart of South Georgia. Big copperheads and mean wild pigs, And gators in the weeds waitin' for ya.

I leave my phone in the truck,
I leave my truck at the road
My four-wheeler gets me where I wanna go
I leave the world behind,
I pull my hat down low,
Get back to my roots, by a full moon glow

I got an old Jon boat that I stowed down there On them hot summer nights when I get a-wild hare I got a moonshine stash in a cypress stump And a catfish line going - bump bump An old tractor tire where I sit by the fire And drink to a sweet swamp song.

So if you're looking for me, don't even bother When I dip my feet in that Muckalee creek water.

Daddy brought me down here when I was a kid Taught me how to bait a crawfish basket. From the time I was old enough to walk He had me running down squirrels and rabbits.

I feel right at home in this neck of the woods If this was all I had, I'd be living good So let the stock market do what it's gonna do Let the dollar go down and gas over the roof

I got an old Jon boat that I stowed down there On them hot summer nights when I get a-wild hare I got a moonshine stash in a cypress stump And a catfish line going - bump bump An old tractor tire where I sit by the fire And drink to a sweet swamp song.

So if you're looking for me, don't even bother When I dip my feet in that Muckalee creek water.

I'm free, and I'm me
Being everything that I wanna be
Nobody jacking with me,
No sign of the city lights.
Hell with the city lights!

Well I got an old Jon boat that I stowed down there On them hot summer nights when I get a-wild hare I got a moonshine stash in a cypress stump And a catfish line going - bump bump bump An old tractor tire where I sit by the fire And drink to a sweet swamp song.

So if you're looking for me, don't even holler When I get down deep in that Muckalee creek water. That Muckalee creek water.