We'd all pile in and take a 2 mile trip
To where the road runs out
Sit there and sip on whatever anybody's older brother could get
Where we worked in the dirt and fell in love
Got my heart broke, broke down my truck
Trying to spin out, show off in that mud too many times

So much has changed But then again, it ain't

Just like the scarecrows, even when the wind blows
We keep our boots and our roots in these cornrows
Where we threw down and we passed it around every Friday night
Just some old plowboys pretending we're cowboys
We came from nothing, oh, but look at us now, boys
Even when we leave here, we'll always be here, wherever we go
Just like the scarecrows

I don't get back near enough and just like these fields Yeah, we all grow up
And it takes a little more than a paper cup to get dizzy
This hundred acre stretch is buried in my bones
Don't matter how long that I've been gone
I can be anywhere and some song comes on
And it's like I never left home

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