

What Makes You Country

Luke Bryan

People talkin' 'bout what is and what ain't country
What gives 'em the right to wear a pair of beat-up boots?
Is it the size of your tires and your fires, or your wild ass buddies?
Well, give me a minute, let me hit you with some hometown truth

You could be a cowboy on the Texas plain
Or a plowboy waitin' on the rain
We're all a little different, but we're all the same
Everybody doin' their own thing

I got my dirt road cred when I was 12
On a no cab tractor hauling 'em bales
Backing in boats, fishing limb lines
Running bird dogs through the Georgia pines
Step side covered down in peanut dust
Friday night spotlighting, that was us
It might not've been you, but I can't judge
Just be proud of what makes you country

Does it run in your blood?
Did it come from your daddy and mama?
Were you converted by an Alabama song on the radio?
It feels so right
Did you lock eyes with a little green eyed girl from Jackson?
Tell me what got ya, I just gotta know

Me, I got my Sunday learning in a live-oak church
Silver Queen corn in the backyard dirt
Waiting for the fall to finally come along
So I can grab my gun and get my outside on
Step side covered down in peanut dust
Friday night spotlighting, that was us
It might not've been you, but I can't judge
Just be proud of what makes you country

Might be from a city or a little farm town
Whatever kind of square that you drove around
Do you wear it on your sleeve or keep it deep down?
You know you gotta let it out

I got my dirt road cred back when I was 12
On a no cab tractor haulin' 'em bales
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Step side covered down in peanut dust
Friday night spotlighting, that was us
It might not've been you, but I ain't judge
And just be proud of what makes you country
Whatever makes you country

You do your kinda country
They doing their kind of country
I do my kind of country
Whatever makes us country