

Well, my old Uncle Joe, he's a proud Democrat  
He's got FDR on his baseball cap  
An' thinks the whole country's on a one-way track to hell  
He says there's only one truck an' that's a Chevrolet  
Everything else is money gone to waste  
An' a lot more people oughtta learn to do for themselves  
Well, I love how we can disagree  
An' we can still be family.

Makes me think about Hank  
How he played his songs  
Made a long-haired pot-smokin' hippy wanna sing along  
Makes me think about life an' all it's different roads  
There's a million you can pick  
But they're all gonna lead you back home  
Yeah, we're livin' in some crazy days  
We're all crazy in our diff'rent ways  
But we can all get along  
Without everybody thinkin' the same.

We got a big hair preacher on channel nineteen  
A Maharaji on sixty-three  
An' the good Lord's upstairs, tryin' to get them both on the phone  
We got country boy's sayin' that rap just sucks  
An' rappers sayin' country's all outta touch  
But there's plenty of room for both on my radio  
'Cause music ain't right or wrong  
So tonight, let's just rock on an' on.

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How he played his songs  
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But they're all gonna lead you back home  
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But we can all get along  
Without everybody thinkin' the same.

(Aw, c'mon, yeah boy.)

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There's a million you can pick  
But they're all gonna lead you back home  
Yeah, we're livin' in some crazy days  
We're all crazy in our diff'rent ways  
But we can all get along  
Without everybody thinkin' the same  
Yeah, the more things change  
The more they stay the same  
Makes me think about ol' Hank...