While the World Goes Down the Drain

Montgomery Gentry

Some kids grew up on mean streets
Dealin' with the crips and bloods
But me I was born on a back road
In a 4X4 rollin' through the mud

The street kid deals with the dealer
And he's always watchin' his back
Me, I'm watchin' a line, with a woman of mine
Down by the creek bank shack

Give me .308 and a shotgun
And a gallon of homemade wine
Drop me off on a mountainside
Where the bear and the deer reside
I'll spend my nights sittin' round the fire
Makin' this guitar ring
I'll be doin' fine underneath the pines
While the world goes down the drain

Just to dwell on life in the city
Is makin' my blood run cold
'Cause miles and miles of concrete
Eats away at the human soul

When you live and die in the country
There's a little that your heart can mourn
With your hands in the dirt and a little work
You can weather out any storm

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