

# Raised Up

Nate Smith

It's stuck on me like mud  
On the bottom of these boots  
What I used to run from  
Is what I run back to  
When the voices in my head  
Stop sounding like my own  
I drown 'em all out  
And put on what I know

Turn up that Rolling Stones and Momma's prayers  
More like home and more like where  
Jesus saves and roads ain't paved  
Got it all when you ain't got much  
That penny saved is a penny earned  
Love's a choice even when it hurts  
Any time I lose my way  
I turn the way that I was raised up

Ain't it funny just how quick  
You can lose your Northern Star  
Get caught up in the noise  
And forget just who you are  
When the truth sounds like a question  
Rolling off some lips like smoke  
I play mine like the FM  
Through the speakers of my soul

Turn up that Rolling Stones and Momma's prayers  
More like home and more like where  
Jesus saves and roads ain't paved  
Got it all when you ain't got much  
That penny saved is a penny earned  
Love's a choice even when it hurts  
Any time I lose my way  
I turn the way that I was raised up  
Turn the way, turn the way, turn the way  
I was raised up

It's stuck on me like mud  
On the bottom of these boots  
It's always in my blood  
Forever in my roots

I turn up that Rolling Stones and Momma's prayers  
More like home and more like where  
Jesus saves and roads ain't paved  
Got it all when you ain't got much  
That penny saved is a penny earned  
Love's a choice even when it hurts  
Any time I lose my way  
I turn the way that I was raised up  
I turn it up  
The way I was raised up

It's stuck on me like mud  
On the bottom of these boots  
What I used to run from

Is what I run back to