

Virginia

Oliver Anthony

I've been pickin' on the same back porch since
I was just a boy with a dream
My daddy had a calf baby horse
Way down in the field, running baccar and beans
Preacher talk about heaven son, it sure sounds nice
At least I can tell them that I had me a slice
Nobody singing songs about Virginia
But sweet Virginia's always a singing to me

Down some old back roads
Where the green grass grows
On down in the hills
Where the folks on horseback rode
Lordy, I'll tell the youngins when I grow old
What they all told me
Lord, they don't never sing songs about Virginia
But Virginia, she's always a singing to me

I've got a lighter, I've got a bowl
I know a spot where the law don't go
Now we can smoke something
My daddy never grow back in his day

Down some old back roads
Where the green grass grows
On down in the hills
Where the folks on horseback rode
Lordy, I'll tell the youngins when I grow old
What they all told me
Son, they don't never sing songs about Virginia
But Virginia's, she's always a singing to me