

Ain't Like I Can Hide It

Riley Green

If you've met me, then you've met my old man
He'll look you in your eyes and shake your hand
Where I'm from, what I believe
Might as well be on my sleeve
And you don't have to wonder who I am

It ain't like you can't see these old worn-out boots
Hear this drawl when I talk to you
Son, as soon as I pull up, there's no denying
That sacred ground stuck in my tread
The red that's right there on my neck
Hell, there ain't no use in me trying to fight it
It ain't like I can hide it

There's a farm with a flag on a barn on a gravel road
And a swing on a porch of the house that I call "home"
There's where this boy became a man
You might wonder where I stand
But if you've been there, hell, you already know

'Cause it ain't like you can't see these old worn-out boots
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It ain't like I can hide it

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No, I can't hide the Skoal ring in my blue jeans
Hide the small town in my blood
Hide the country, there's just some things that you can't cover up

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It ain't like I can hide it
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No