

Country Out The Boy (SeanDeere)

Sean Stemaly

She said, "I never met a boy like you in California"
"Can't you tell that they are looking at you?"
Like "What's that ring on your jeans?"
"What does Mossy Oak mean?"
And "What's that twang up in your voice
That makes you talk like you do?"

I said, "It's obvious that I ain't from around here
But where I'm from, they all call me SeanDeere"

Straight outta Kentuckiana with this guitar in my hand
I go from city to city with them ole boys in the band
Singing songs about them backwoods
And them backroads back home
Where the moonshine runs just like that muddy river flows
It's down in my veins just like the ink on my arm
I ain't subject to change and I'll bet that on that farm
Yeah, it's how I was made and God done made His choice
You can take the boy out the country
But you can't take the country out the boy
Naw you can't take the country out the boy
Naw you can't take the country out the boy

Can't take it out my blood
Can't wash away all the stains of all this Indiana mud
From the land I plant my roots on six feet deep
Ya'll bury me with my boots on
And put this on my tombstone

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I ain't subject to change and I'll bet that on that farm
Yeah, it's how I was made and God done made His choice
You can take the boy out the country
But you can't take the country out the boy
Naw you can't take the country out the boy
Naw you can't take the country out the boy
Naw
Woo

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Yeah, it's how I was made and God done made His choice
You can take the boy out the country
But you can't take the country out the boy
Naw you can't take the country out the boy
Naw you can't take the country out the boy, yeah
Naw you can't take the country out the boy