

Outskirts

Sean Stemaly

Got an '86 square body jacked up Chevrolet
Rolling down a no-name road
With a dog in the bed, a couple three shotguns
Hanging on the back window
Beer cans on the floorboard
And a cooler full in the back
Park it by the creek, just the crickets and me
Gonna get a little way off track

I got some moonshine my grandaddy made
In a still out back in his shed
Under the moonlight where I unwind
Building up my backwoods cred
Where the corn grows in gold rows
Driving down two lanes and back roads
All about grit, grace and dirt
Out here in the outskirts

Catching keepers on a trot line, deer with a drop time
Hanging up on my wall
Big dead copperhead I killed with a shovel head
Hold it up, it's six feet tall
Watching sunsets on the back porch
From a little house on the hill
We all say we're gonna leave this place
But we know we never will

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Hmm, yeah

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Woo