

Product Of A Small Town

Sean Stemaly

We're the product of a small town
Rowdy southern drawl crowd
Muddy water mason jar lighting in our veins

Ridin' 5.9 Cummins on hand me down land
Sippin' on cold blue cans
Got our sunshine babies in our shot gun seats
Rockin that Panama tan
We take a left turn past the white church
To a little piece of heaven on dirt
Where shit gets outta hand
And it damn sure hits the fan

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Rowdy southern drawl crowd
Muddy water mason jar lighting in our veins
Work a blue collar 40 for a Friday night
Till it's noise complaints and blue lights
Cranking country way too loud
We're the product of a small town

Got some day 1 buddies that are ride or die
Never left my side
We pick a neon moon over neon lights
When we're looking for a good time
We take a left turn past the white church
To a little piece heaven on dirt
Where shit gets outta hand
Raise 'em up if you understand

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Yeah yeah