

The Sticks

The Cadillac Three

Well we ain't big city, you can call me a hick
Me and that bottle like a cow and a salt lick
Ain't nothing wrong so don't try to fix
You keep them stones, just give us the sticks
Oh, oh

Well, that's where we'll go when the times get tough
Take your Maserati and I'll take my truck
Rednecks and blue ties just don't mix
You keep them stones, just give us the sticks
Oh

Well I'd trade concrete for a dirt road any day
A smoke stack sky for a moonshine getaway
A country club pool for a blonde and a skinny dip
Keep your stones, just give us the sticks
Just give us the sticks

We got backyard horse shoes, a needle on the record
A Cracker Barrel cook out, playing rug checkers
Tastes like heaven, we're full of good tea
You keep them stones, just give us the sticks

I'd trade concrete for a dirt road any day
A smoke stack sky for a moonshine getaway
A country club pool for a blonde and a skinny dip
Keep your stones, just give us the sticks
Aw, just give us the sticks

Go and keep your big city, high dollar life
Me and my boys we are doing alright
We're out here smoking and drinking all night
Just give us the sticks and it'll be alright

I'd trade concrete for a dirt road any day
A smoke stack sky for a moonshine getaway
A country club pool for a blonde and a skinny dip
Keep your stones

Well, I'd trade concrete for a dirt road any day
A smoke stack sky for a moonshine getaway
A country club pool for a blonde and a skinny dip
Keep your stones, just give us the sticks
Just give us the sticks