

## Damn Country Music

Tim McGraw

I packed it all on a whim  
Threw an old Hank cassette tape in  
Dad's 84 rusty Ford  
He swore we'd never make it  
I quit my job, let my momma down  
Broke an angel's heart on the way out of town  
Pulled my roots from the ground

For the hum of wheels on the blacktop  
The strum of strings on a flat top  
It's a neon fever  
For a small town dreamer  
Tells you everything you have is worth losing  
Damn country music

You might get lost in the lights  
The things that keep you up all night  
Whiskey straight at 3 AM  
Chasing songs in your head  
It's the sweetest highs, the lowest lows  
It's needing yes, and hearing no  
Just another soul sold  
Believe me, I know

It's the hum of wheels on a blacktop  
The strum of strings on a flat top  
It'll take you, break you  
Damn sure, make you  
Do things, you never thought you'd be doing  
Damn country music

When the money, the fame,  
The lights on your name  
All fade away  
Well you'll still be a slave to...

The hum of wheels on a blacktop  
The strum of strings on a flat top  
It's a neon fever  
For a small town dreamer  
Tells you everything you have is worth losing  
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