

## How I'll Always Be

Tim McGraw

I'm a little more beer bottle beer joint than a fancy bar  
I'm a little more sitting up high on the road than a little car  
I'm a little more bust ya back than take it for free  
And that's how I'll always be  
I'm a little more lose my temper than to sit on back  
I'm a little more ol' Hank Williams than that trendy crap  
I love a flat wood ol' front porch made of an old oak tree  
And that's how I'll always be

I'll always be a fan of ol' stray dogs and guitars playin'  
One room churches, back road walks and front porch swingin'  
Sunset skies, bonfire nights, I love the simple things  
That's how I'll always be

I got friends that say I live a little like cool hand Luke  
Fast cars and motorcycles raisin' hell in cowboy boots  
But hey on Sunday morning I'll take the back row seat  
That's how I'll always be

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I'm a fan of chert rock bouncing off a Chevy fender  
That feeling that you get that first time she lets ya kiss her  
Rusty roofs that rattle when the rain is fallin' down  
Handshake deals fresh cut hay fields and hometowns

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