

# Old Number Seven

Tom MacDonald

No freedom (No freedom)  
Just fuck with a country boy now  
I'm just out here with my kinfolk, ya feel me?  
Take the kid out the country  
You can't take the country out the kid  
Yeah  
I been on them dirt roads (Yeah)  
I been swervin' on that gravel (Yeah)  
I been on that number seven, ya feel me? (Yeah)

Aye, aye, aye  
We been on the block drinkin' Tennessee Whiskey  
Chain smokin' cigarettes  
Number seven on the rocks till the cops come and get me  
But I ain't feelin' guilty yet

I grew up in a small town  
Camouflage and bloodhounds  
Cheap beer and pickups and dirt bikes and shotguns  
Moved out of the prairies, left my heart out on them back roads (True)  
Hooked up with some bikers, went to hell and back with those angels  
And then I made it Alberta  
Lost too many friends of mine to overdose and murder  
Ended up in letters, left the rest of it behind  
I don't got time to get arrested, all my homies doing time  
Wear your heart out on your sleeve again and my whole team is heart attackin'  
,  
Cut that shit right off your arm and let you keep your leather jacket  
We been on some ride or die or don't and live forever shit  
And everyone has made the choice to pass away eventually

We been on the block drinkin' Tennessee Whiskey  
Chain smokin' cigarettes  
Number seven on the rocks till the cops come and get me  
But I ain't feelin' guilty yet  
We been in our yards with our jars full of moonshine  
Steady bumpin' Steppenwolf  
We been gettin' faded and whistling country tunes like

Whiskey all in my tin flask  
Tennessee in my heart (That's true)  
Country folk and the fact that some city kids rep the tar

Lookin' like some 'bout lives  
We don't give no fucks about lives  
Workin' on our art skills anytime the guns drawn  
We shoot your ass then leave you in the creek, you a swamp monster  
Merk you and leave you in the water, call that murky waters  
Neighbor wasn't psychic, she could never read my palms  
Cause the world was in my hands since we met when I was young  
Where I'm from you just run inside every time the trucks came  
City kids should fall back like summer camp playing trust games, ah  
You a lion by yourself, you got no pride (No pride)  
Toss you off a cliff, you do a nose dive in low tide  
My country boys will take you the woods and you won't walk away  
My gang is full of Mike Tysons and everyday is boxing day  
Made it to the city with my nose ring and my money

Agri in my heart still and whiskey in my luggage  
Super rugged like a trucker, I got wild meat in my stomach  
I cut my teeth on gangster shit, I been bitin' the bullet, bitch

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Aye  
A-aye, aye, uh  
Whiskey all in my tin flask  
Tennessee in my heart (That's true)  
Country folk and the fact that some city kids rep the tar