

Proud Of The Country ☰

Travis Tritt

Well, I'm a country singer and a country dreamer
With a country heart
I love flat top pickin', clogging and kickin'
To an old French harp
And I love bluegrass music with a banjo ringin'
And a dobro slide
I'm in the back porch playin', if you know what I'm sayin'
I'm dixie pride

Well, I was raised as a son of a Georgia farmer
It was a simple life
I had a sister not a brother and a saint for a mother
Daddy's loving wife
Well, my mama was a Christian went to church every Sunday
And she taught me well
To pray to God up in Heaven, at the early age of seven
Save my soul from hell

And I'm proud of the roots of my raisin'
And the livin' that we grew from Georgia mud
And I'm proud of my family I've been blessed with
And I'll die proud of the country in my blood

Well, I'm a little bit older and I'm tryna make a living
In the local bars
Strokin' and a stringin', every night I'm entertaining
Playing my guitar
Though my childhood's over my thoughts tend to wander to my younger days
Where the work was hard and the music started
In the Georgia clay

And I'm proud of the roots of my raisin'
And the living that we grew from Georgia mud
And I'm proud of my family I've been blessed with
And I'll die proud of the country in my blood
Yes, I will
I will die proud of the country in my blood