

# Country Squire

Tyler Childers

Well tonight I'm up in Chillicothe  
Down-wind from the paper mill  
I'm out here spittin' on the sidewalk  
Taking in the factory smells  
Head and nose[?] she tends to [?] leaning out the window  
In the air that gas pipe leak  
I wonder if she's cringing at the same time  
Thinking pretty thoughts of me

I was up for hours this morning  
Pulling traps before I said goodbye  
I plan to tan myself a fox hide  
And hang it on my darling bride  
'Cause they tell me that it's gonna be a big one  
And the snow is settin' in  
And I don't want her cold while I ain't at home  
The way that I have been

Spending my nights in a bar room, Lord  
Turnin' them songs into two-by-fours  
Dreaming 'bout the day that I'm sitting by the fire  
Huddled with my honey in the Country Squire

Well tomorrow we hit the country music highway  
On our way to Circleville  
We're off to do some weekend warring  
While we sing and drink our fill  
And when I ain't out playing on my six-string  
With the nickels I acquire  
I'm trying to fix her up a castle  
It's called the Country Squire

It's a twenty-four-foot-long vessel  
Measures eight feet wide  
It's a fifty-three-year-old camper  
It's made to pull behind  
And I've gutted to the studs and the rafters  
And I'm building back piece by piece  
I'm trying to fix her up a temple  
My Lady of the [?] Springs

Spending my nights in a bar room, Lord  
Turnin' them songs into two-by-fours  
Dreaming 'bout the day that I'll sit by the fire  
Huddled with my honey in our Country Squire

One day I aim to have myself a family  
And a cabin on the hill  
And I might have to come off of the highway  
To help with the family bills  
But when the kids've got a little older  
On the day that I retire  
I'll take her somewhere warm for the winter  
Pulling our Country Squire

Spending my nights in a bar room, Lord  
Turnin' them songs into two-by-fours

Dreaming 'bout the day that I'll sit by the fire  
Huddled with my honey in our Country Squire  
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