

## Dusty Side Of Music City

Upchurch

My world was green, growin' up in Tennessee  
Backroads could stretch all night in the bed of a Dixieland delight  
Them old country hits fit my town just right  
Don't take a cowboy's hat and fishin's better at night

On the dusty side of Music City  
Where the girls hit the river in camouflage bikinis  
And the boys got blue tattoos for days  
From gettin' sunburnt in the summer catchin' hella sunrays  
And the local young guns got trucks too loud  
But they're local rock stars in this small ass town  
Yeah, we ain't scared, and we don't raise no sissies  
On the dusty side of Music City

There's a town twenty minutes away  
Covered in silos and belt-driven hay  
A farmer sweatin' bullets with Joe Diffie playin'  
If it ain't John Deere green it ain't parked at my place

Footsteps in the woods and one day you'll write a song  
That will be told by a future outlaw  
My advice: don't worry, son, keep your foot on their necks  
What this world needs is a few more rednecks

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Scars from runnin' through a barbed-wire lot  
When me and Davey Jones ran from Kingston Springs cops  
Yeah, there's still street signs stashed in them woods  
Along with roaches rolled with Honey Backwoods

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