

Shoulda Named It After Me

Upchurch

Yeah I was burning tread on a Ford flatbed before I ever turned
16

There ain't a Daisy Duke girl in this country boy's world that
ain't called my shotgun seat

That liquor store with the cash only drawer looked past my fake
ID

They say everybody knows everybody, well they sure as hell know
me

In that map dot town, 65 south bound in the middle of Tennessee
Yeah I left black marks on every turn too sharp like Bo Duke in
General Lee

With all the hell I raised on these Cheatham County lanes, left
some 'Church on every street

Every field, every road, every copperhead in Copperhead Creek
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Sprayed my last name with some Burgess paint on a broke down tr
ain downtown

Been covered up with some rain and some rust but damn it still
stands out

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Let's start this Sunday morning, sun shining right down
Up here in Cheatham county, yeah, we having 'Church now
I'm only gon' tell y'all once, y'all better gather round
You've got the legend with the future, ain't it right now
We just some country boys spitting a little game on 'em
When you read the history books I bet you'll see our name on 'e
m
Sing, 'Church

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