

Down Home Runs Deep

Chase Rice

Well, it's been a long time
Since I flew past that welcome sign
Smelled the sweet of them pines
And it's honeysuckle, belt buckle paradise
Oh that wrap-around town you thought that you owned
Where you learned how to live, yeah, until you got gone
And you think that you change, but you find that you don't
'Cause you can't outrun what you're raised up on

Can't take the good out of the good ol' boys
Can't fake a slow steady heavy drawl
Don't know a day without breaking out
Some hell yeah, some yes ma'am, some hey y'all
Good Lord's the first one you thank
When your ride or die's beside you with gas in the tank
You might not stay, but you don't ever leave
When your down home runs deep

Those Friday night lights
They're shining just a little bit brighter now
And that cotton ball sky
Looks the same, but there's a few more looking down
And I hope that, I'm making 'em proud
And I'm showing 'em how, yeah, I'm showing 'em how

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