

Country by the Grace of God

Chris Cagle

Hot sun goin' down
Heatin' up this little town
The cows are fed and the plowin's all been done

Moonlight, fireflies
Beer on the bank by the riverside
We're gonna have ourselves a little fun

Dancin' on the tailgates and raisin' a little cain
Rockin' in the pastures and rollin' in the hay

It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American born
And Country by the grace of God!

I don't need no Cadillacs
You can't put no hay bales in the back
It won't cross a creek or tow no heavy load

I don't like a high-rise
Cluttering up my clear blue skies
Don't want to be where the city is all that grows

Listen here,
Some are born with a silver spoon and some come from the farm
Some have a ball in the mansion, but we get down in the barn!

It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things
Oh, and I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American born
And Country by the grace of God!

We bulid a world of dreams on a big 'ol piece of land
We're free do anything we like
We're country, So we can!

It's the life I love
And I'm gonna live it til they bury me
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things
And I take pride in everything I've got
'Cause I'm American born
And Country by the Grace of God!