

Blame Me

Craig Morgan

She's pony-tailed, and she's halter-topped
Her bumper sticker says "I hate hip-hop"
With a southern drawl, she says howdy y'all
And her hands ain't afraid of dirt

He's proud of his old truck
He spray painted over dnets and rust
The moto smokes, it's got four bald tires, but the radio works
Raised ont he good book, and out country songs
Ride down back roads singing along

[Chorus:] So blame me for the way the are
Their love of the fiddle and the steel guitar
Blame me for their cowboy hats
Roper boots, wrangler jeans, and rifle racks
If you wanna point a finger at somebody for they way they believe
Blame me

They were kids when Hag and me came to town
All eyes and ears, look at 'em now
Cneter stage on the Grand Ole Opry on a Saturday night
Sing about fishin' and the Lord above
Fallin' in and out of love
From Aunt Bea to Uncle Sam and the American pie
From big cities to little towns
We're hard core country inside and out