

I'm That Country

Craig Morgan

Like a homegrown tomato fresh off the vine
Pintos and cornbread and dandelion wine
Square bells and white tails and coffee by the pound
While it's starting to row I feel people calm down
Mason jar for love sweet tea
I'm that country

I got strands of barb wire that wraps up a farm
Silo's and sitters and old great whole barns
Like an old john deer tractor pulling a plow
Fire brimstone on sundays in a one room church house
Push snaps cowboy boots and jeans
Out in the country

I'm that country
Down to the core
I'm that country
Nothing less nothing more
What you get is just what you see
I'm that country yup

Girl haggle she wants some jimmy john and marlboro
Dough bro guitars fiddles and back roads
Martha white flower the grand ole robbery

I'm that country
I'm that country
Down to the core
I'm that country
Nothing less nothing more
What you get is just what you see
I'm that country yes
The good lord made me
I'm that country