

My Kinda Livin'

Hardy

Take me down where the beer is cold
The fish get fried and the fire flies glow
Roll me down an old outta town road
Show me where the river runs

I need a break from the loud and the mad
And the fast interstates and a big town
I'm just a down home sick tryna make a buck boy
Lookin' for a little slow down
Need to trade a sky-scaper for a silo
Couple stop lights, only three or four five-oh
Need to hear a little ma'am after no
And pump before you pay at the Texaco

Take me down where the beer is cold
The fish get fried and the fire flies glow
Roll me down an old outta town road
Show me where the river runs
Somewhere the dirt will stain your boot soles
Red like the words I was raised up on
Back porch at night singin' with the crickets
That kinda life is my kinda livin', yeah
Yeah, that kinda life is my kinda livin'
Yeah, that kinda life is my kinda livin'

Yeah, I've been throwin' windshield waves
At strangers in the other lane but they never wave back
It's y'all and yonder rollin' off my lips
I need a trip where people still say that
Less busy, more laid back

Take me down where the beer is cold
The fish get fried and the fire flies glow
Roll me down an old outta town road
Show me where the river runs
Somewhere the dirt will stain your boot soles
Red like the words I was raised up on
Mason jar lightin', cast iron skilletts
That kinda life is my kinda livin'
Yeah, that kinda life is my kinda livin'
Yeah, that kinda life is my kinda livin'

If I ain't built a house on a hill out there
By the time I take my last breath
Put me in a pine box, say a little prayer
And fulfill my last request

Take me down where the beer is cold
The fish get fried and the fire flies glow
Roll me down an old outta town road
Show me where the river runs
Somewhere the dirt will stain your boot soles
Red like the words I was raised up on
Leave my headstone with one thing written
That kinda life is my kinda livin', yeah
Yeah, that kinda life is my kinda livin'
Yeah, that kinda life is my kinda livin'