

# Truck

Hardy

If it's cleaned up, shined up, pedal down on main  
You can bet he's pickin' up some pretty country thing  
If it's covered up in red mud with a worn-out WARN winch  
There's a good chance that that man is a pretty damn good friend

If there's horns in the back there's a gun in the front  
If there's dents on the side he ain't scared of nothin'  
And if a twelve pack's in the passenger seat  
Well, he probably worked his ass off all week

Yeah, somewhere way out there in any given town  
There's a red, white, and blue collared drivin' his around  
Turnin' heads and burnin' tread and stirrin' up dust clouds  
Like a shine-haulin' outlaw, yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout  
His truck, his dash, the county on his tag  
The songs on his radio, the stickers on his glass  
From four-bys to two-bys, it's true you can't judge  
A book by its cover, but you can judge a country boy by his truck

If there's a silver cross hangin' off his dusty old rearview  
It's safe to say he's found amazin' grace a time or two  
If there's numbers on the back, '92 to 2012  
Bet there's stories 'bout his best friend that he can barely tell  
'Cause he misses him like hell

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(If there's horns in the back there's a gun in the front  
If there's dents on the side)  
Yeah, you can judge a country boy by his truck  
(If there's horns in the back, there's a gun in the front) you can't judge  
(If there's dents on the side)  
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