

These Are My People

Rodney Atkins

Well we grew up down by the railroad tracks
Shootin' b.b.'s at old beer cans
Chokin' on the smoke from a lucky strike
Somebody lifted off of his old man
We were football flunkies
Southern rock junkies
Crankin' up the stereo
Singin' loud and proud to gimme three steps
Simple Man, and Curtis Lowe
We were good you know

We got some discount knowledge at the junior college
Where we majored in beer and girls
It was all real funny 'til we ran out of money
And they threw us out into the world
Yeah the kids that thought they'd run this town
Ain't runnin' much of anything
We're just lovin' and laughin'
And bustin' our asses
And we call it all livin' the dream

These are my people
This is where I come from
We're givin' this life everything we've got and then some
It ain't always pretty
But it's real
That's the way we were made
Wouldn't have it any other way
These are my people

Well we take it all week on the chin with a grin
Till we make it to a Friday night
And it's church league softball holler 'bout a bad call
Preacher breakin' up the fight
Then later on at the green light tavern
Well everybody's gatherin' as friends
And the beer is pourin' till Monday mornin'
Where we start all over again

We fall down and we get up
We walk proud and we talk tough
We got heart and we got nerve
Even if we are a bit disturbed

[Chorus]