

Country Livin'

The Lacs

Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the light
Yeah we talk slow, most of us po'
But I think I found paradise
Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the light
Yeah we talk slow, most of us po'
But I think I found paradise, paradise

You'll never catch me straight laid back
All up in the maybag, bet I make you worried fools face that
I'd rather be up in a '81 Chevy with a 8 track
Bumping that wayback, rolled it clean like Ajax
Rolling through Savannah with a Vanna like I'm Sajak
Hey Pat, I know that you hate that
But the haters looking at me like
They don't wanna get me like
How could he say that

But I don't think I'm out of order
Just a country boy reporter
That simply has to state facts
'Cause I've been pimpin' since pimpin'
And shrimp and dipping and limping
And you could check up on the day back
I got a camouflaged cutie
With a banging little booty
Now how you gonna rate that
If you ever think I'm lying
Just to hit 'em and rewind
And then listen for the playback

Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the line
Yeah we talk slow, most of us poor
But I think I found paradise
Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the line
Yeah we talk slow, most of us poor
But I think I found paradise, paradise

I creep back up in the cypress stump lake
Found a big old chunk a lighter
Got her tied up with a chain
It's free pickings if you live around close
If you don't Mr. Remington'll let your ass go
Ain't nothing much going on past ten
Bunch of high school friends hunting shit to get into
Pretty soon you've got the crooked ass grin
'Cause the hunch punch gin runs about one ten proof
See I could show you how to creep round incognito
Lay the seat down in that dookie brown El Camino
Staying whiskey bent, hell bound
How you like my credo
I ain't sweating, getting caught
'Cause the law is all Reno
You see a patch of woods, me, I see potential

Wrap a fence around the edge and throw some cattle in the middle
It ain't much of your business but the tractor ain't a rental
From the back, back and forth, matter of fact
Now, play your fiddle boy

Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the line
Yeah we talk slow, most of us poor
But I think I found paradise
Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the line
Yeah we talk slow, most of us poor
But I think I found paradise, paradise

Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the line
Yeah we talk slow, most of us poor
But I think I found paradise
Now baby this country living
Made me think I never wanna see the line
Yeah we talk slow, most of us poor
But I think I found paradise, paradise