

# Blame Me

Craig Morgan

She's pony-tailed, and she's halter-topped  
Her bumper sticker says "I hate hip-hop"  
With a southern drawl, she says howdy y'all  
And her hands ain't afraid of dirt

He's proud of his old truck  
He spray painted over dnets and rust  
The moto smokes, it's got four bald tires, but the radio works  
Raised ont he good book, and out country songs  
Ride down back roads singing along

[Chorus:] So blame me for the way the are  
Their love of the fiddle and the steel guitar  
Blame me for their cowboy hats  
Roper boots, wrangler jeans, and rifle racks  
If you wanna point a finger at somebody for they way they believe  
Blame me

They were kids when Hag and me came to town  
All eyes and ears, look at 'em now  
Cneter stage on the Grand Ole Opry on a Saturday night  
Sing about fishin' and the Lord above  
Fallin' in and out of love  
From Aunt Bea to Uncle Sam and the American pie  
From big cities to little towns  
We're hard core country inside and out