

Damn Country Music

Tim McGraw

I packed it all on a whim
Threw an old Hank cassette tape in
Dad's 84 rusty Ford
He swore we'd never make it
I quit my job, let my momma down
Broke an angel's heart on the way out of town
Pulled my roots from the ground

For the hum of wheels on the blacktop
The strum of strings on a flat top
It's a neon fever
For a small town dreamer
Tells you everything you have is worth losing
Damn country music

You might get lost in the lights
The things that keep you up all night
Whiskey straight at 3 AM
Chasing songs in your head
It's the sweetest highs, the lowest lows
It's needing yes, and hearing no
Just another soul sold
Believe me, I know

It's the hum of wheels on a blacktop
The strum of strings on a flat top
It'll take you, break you
Damn sure, make you
Do things, you never thought you'd be doing
Damn country music

When the money, the fame,
The lights on your name
All fade away
Well you'll still be a slave to...

The hum of wheels on a blacktop
The strum of strings on a flat top
It's a neon fever
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Tells you everything you have is worth losing
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