

Country Boy

Alan Jackson

Excuse me ma'am, I saw you walk in
I turned around, I'm not a stalker
Where you going? Maybe I can help you
My tank is full, and I'd be obliged to take you

I'm a country boy, I've got a 4-wheel drive
Climb in my bed, I'll take you for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get you where you need to go
'cause I'm a country boy

You sure look good, sittin' in my right seat
Buckle up, I'll take you through the five speeds
Wind it up, or I can slow it way down
In the woods or right uptown

I'm a country boy, I've got a 4-wheel drive
Climb in my bed, I'll take you for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get you where you need to go
'cause I'm a country boy

Big 35's whinin' on the asphalt
Grabbin' mud, and slingin' up some red dirt
'cause I'm a country boy

My muffler's loud, dual Thrush tubes
I crank the music, the tone gets real good
Let me know when we're gettin' close
You can slide on out, or we can head on down the road

I'm a country boy, I've got a 4-wheel drive
Climb in my bed, I'll take you for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get you where you need to go
'cause I'm a country boy

Bucket seats, soft as baby's new butt
Lockin' hubs, that'll take you through a deep rut

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(2x)