Well I was rollin' wheels and shiftin' gears
'Round that Jersey Turnpike
When Barney stopped me with his gun
Ten minutes after midnight
Said sir you broke the limit in that rusty ol' truck
I don't know about that accent son
Just where do you come from

I said where I come from
It's cornbread and chicken
Where I come from a lotta front porch sittin'
Where I come from tryin' to make a livin'
And workin' hard to get to heaven
Where I come from

Well I was south of Detroit City
I pulled in this country kitchen
To try their brand of barbecue
The sign said finger-lickin'
Well I paid the tab and the lady asked me
How'd I like my biscuit
I'll be honest with you ma'am
It ain't like mama fixed it

'Cause where I come from
It's cornbread and chicken
Where I come from a lotta front porch pickin'
Where I come from tryin' to make a livin'
Workin' hard to get to heaven
Where I come from

I was chasin' sun on 101
Somewhere around Ventura
I lost a universal joint and I had to use my finger
This tall lady stopped and asked
If I had plans for dinner
Said no thanks ma'am, back home
We like the girls that sing soprano

'Cause where I come from
It's cornbread and chicken
Where I come from a lotta front porch sittin'
Where I come from tryin' to make a livin'
Workin' hard to get to heaven
Where I come from

Well I was headed home on 65
Somewhere around Kentucky
The CB rang for a bobtail rig
That's rollin' on like thunder
Well I answered him and he asked me
Aren't you from out in Tulsa
No, but you might have seen me there
I just dropped a load of salsa

Where I come from it's cornbread and chicken Where I come from a lotta back porch pickin'

Where I come from tryin' to make a livin'
Workin' hard to get to heaven
Where I come from
Where I come from
Yeah where I come from
A lotta front porch sitting
Starin' up at heaven
Where I come from
Where I come from
Tryin' to make a livin'
Tryin' to make a livin'
Oh, where I come from
Where I come from
Where I come from
Get back down there sometime

Where I come from