

# Country on the Radio

Blake Shelton

(Na na na na na na na)

(Na na na na na na na)

You ever wondered why country songs say the same old thing,  
Like a broken record skipping down on Main,  
Pretty girls, pickups and cut-off jeans?  
You know what I mean

Dirt roads, corn rows and homemade wine  
Juke joints, jumping on the county line  
Heard 'em singing 'bout it a million times  
But I don't mind

As long as there's a small town and a Saturday night  
Blue jean babies in the full moonlight  
Tip back your Dixie, howl at the stars  
Every time you hear that sly guitar  
And your baby's on the tailgate  
And you're stealing those kisses to a little George Strait  
That's how we're rocking, that's how we roll  
As long as there's country on the radio

(Na na na na na na na)

(Na na na na na na na)

There's always gonna be a party out in the pines  
Always gonna be a shot up highway sign  
Paper sack full of beer and a jar of shine  
From time to time

There's always gonna be people trying to run us down  
Saying we ain't got nothing on a big town  
I bet they'd come around  
If they came on down

As long as there's a small town and a Saturday night  
Blue jean babies in the full moonlight  
Tip back your Dixie, howl at the stars  
Every time you hear that sly guitar  
And your baby's on the tailgate  
And you're stealing those kisses to a little George Strait  
That's how we're rocking, that's how we roll  
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There's always gonna be a part of me  
Kicking back in B-F-E  
Yea, that's how it's always gonna be

As long as there's a small town and a Saturday night  
Blue jean babies in the full moonlight  
Tip back your Dixie, howl at the stars  
Every time you hear that sly guitar  
And your baby's on the tailgate  
And you're stealing those kisses to a little George Strait  
That's how we're rocking, that's how we roll  
As long as there's country on the radio

(Na na na na na na na)  
Some country on the radio  
(Na na na na na na na)  
As long as there's a small town  
(Na na na na na na na)  
Hmm Saturday nights  
(Na na na na na na na)  
Blue jean babies  
(Na na na na na na na)  
Yeah, tip back your Dixie  
(Na na na na na na na) Stealing those kisses