

# Good Country Song

Blake Shelton

Shotgun in my daddy's truck  
Eight years old and acting tough  
He smiled at me and said, "You shift the gears"  
He would search that FM dial  
And I would count down every mile  
Til the station out of Tulsa came in clear  
It was old Thomas Conley on the radio  
It punched me in the gut, man, it rattled my soul

I'm talking bout a good country song  
Makes you smile, makes you hurt  
Leaves you hanging on every word  
A good country song  
Makes you love, makes you leave  
Raise some hell or hit your knees  
All I know is I think of home  
Grab my guitar and strum along  
Kick on back and sip me something strong  
When I hear a good country song

While hip-hop, rap, and rock were cool  
I was in my basement getting schooled  
On George and Keith and Vernon Alabama  
I was learning bout those neon lights  
Wasted days and wasted nights  
And honky-tonks from Texas to Montana  
And when my fingers found the fret board  
I close my eyes and sing  
I swear that beat up guitar only played one thing

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Makes you smile, makes you hurt  
Leaves you hanging on every word  
A good country song  
Makes you love, makes you leave  
Raise some hell or hit your knees  
All I know is I think of home  
Grab my guitar and strum along  
Kick on back and sip me something strong  
When I hear a good country song

Yeah, it makes me think of days long gone  
Miss my dad and call my mom  
Run, laugh, and pray, and drink til dawn  
When I hear a good country  
A good old country, a good country song