

# Hillbilly Bone

Blake Shelton

Oh man, you've gotta watch where you're stepping around here  
Yeah I got a friend in New York City  
He's never heard of Conway Twitty  
Don't know nothing about grits and greens  
Never been south of Queens  
But he flew down here on a business trip  
I took him honky tonkin' and that was it  
He took to it like a pig to mud, like a cow to cud

We all got a hillbilly bone down deep inside  
No matter where you from you just can't hide it  
And when the band starts banging and the fiddle saws  
You can't help but hollering, Yee Haw!  
When you see them pretty little country queens  
Man you gotta admit that's in them genes  
Ain't nothing wrong, just getting on your  
Hillbilly bone-ba-bone-ba-bone-bone

Nah, you ain't gotta be born out in the sticks  
With an F-150 and a 30-06,  
Or have a bubba in the family tree  
To get on down with me  
Yeah, bubba all you need is an open mind  
If it fires you up you gotta let it shine  
When it feels so right that it can't be wrong  
Come on, come on, come on

You ain't alone...  
You ain't alone

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[Instrumental]

Come on y'all

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Hillbilly bone ba-bone ba-bone bone  
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I've always wanted to sing the bone song