

# My Neck of the Woods

Blake Shelton

Grandpa's down  
By the two lane  
In the blazing sun  
Or pouring rain  
Sells tomatoes  
From the back  
Of his pickup truck  
Reads the Bible line for line  
While sipping on  
Some homeade wine

That's who he is  
And what he does  
He's just like us

My Dad's got  
A crippled hand  
A casualty of Vietnam  
But he's still down  
At the sawmill every day  
Oh and first thing  
'Fore the break of dawn  
Mama's got his eggs  
And coffee on

My whole life  
It's been that way

We come from  
Back in the hollers  
We got sweat  
On our blue collars  
The living's hard  
But the living's good  
You see God sent  
The heavens down  
And hung 'em 'round  
My neck of the woods

Just as sure as the river flows  
We take care of our own  
Step right up when someone needs a friend

Last year on the Johnson farm  
A fire wiped out the house and barn  
The whole town showed up  
To build 'em back again, all right

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