

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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