

Straight Outta Cold Beer

Blake Shelton

Just a bunch of poor boys, daddy's girls
Children of the corn field
Tryna turn a shift job into a dollar bill
We wear them muddy boots
Stay true to how we're raised
Ain't nothin' bout us fake

You know we're straight out of that dirty south
Dirty roads, nobody got no money
Got them shined up pickup trucks
Whistlin' at them honies
From the country, yes sir
You know we're straight out of that long week work
At night, everybody wanna party
All night long, bonfire on the back 40
In the middle of nowhere, ain't nobody leavin' here
Til we're straight out of cold beer, straight out of cold beer

Just a bunch of John Deere junkies
Gettin' funky to some old Hank
Nothin' been stuck in the mud that we can't
Hook up to a rusty chain in the summer or in the rain
Yeah, it's a kind of thing

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