

Country Must Be Countrywide

Brantley Gilbert

Grew up south of the Mason Dixon
Workin', spittin', huntin', and fishin'
Stone cold country by the grace of God

I was gasin' up the other day
An old boy pulled up with a license plate
From Ohio; thought "Oh, good Lord, he's lost"

From his Wranglers to his boots
He reminded me of Chris LeDoux
And that Copenhagen smile
Yeah, country must be country wide

In every state, there's a station
Playin' Cash, Hank, Willie, and Waylon
In foreign cars and four-wheel drives
There's cowboys and hillbillies
From farm towns to big cities
There ain't no doubt in my mind
Country must be country wide

It ain't where, it's how you live
We weren't raised to take, we were raised to give
The shirt off our back to anyone in need

We bow our heads before we eat
Before we start our day, before we fall asleep
'Cause in God we trust, and we believe

And we see what's wrong
And we know what's right
And ol' Hank, he said it all
When he sang "Country Folks Can Survive"

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