

# Country by the Grace of God

Chris Cagle

Hot sun goin' down  
Heatin' up this little town  
The cows are fed and the plowin's all been done

Moonlight, fireflies  
Beer on the bank by the riverside  
We're gonna have ourselves a little fun

Dancin' on the tailgates and raisin' a little cain  
Rockin' in the pastures and rollin' in the hay

It's the life I love  
And I'm gonna live it til they bury me  
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things  
And I take pride in everything I've got  
'Cause I'm American born  
And Country by the grace of God!

I don't need no Cadillacs  
You can't put no hay bales in the back  
It won't cross a creek or tow no heavy load

I don't like a high-rise  
Cluttering up my clear blue skies  
Don't want to be where the city is all that grows

Listen here,  
Some are born with a silver spoon and some come from the farm  
Some have a ball in the mansion, but we get down in the barn!

It's the life I love  
And I'm gonna live it til they bury me  
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things  
Oh, and I take pride in everything I've got  
'Cause I'm American born  
And Country by the grace of God!

We bulid a world of dreams on a big 'ol piece of land  
We're free do anything we like  
We're country, So we can!

It's the life I love  
And I'm gonna live it til they bury me  
I can't get enough of dirt roads and dusty fields and the simple things  
And I take pride in everything I've got  
'Cause I'm American born  
And Country by the Grace of God!