

Countrified

Clay Walker

This working all day ain't gettin' me nowhere
Breakin' my back won't get it done
Wish I had a dime, wish I had a dollar
For every dream that I gave up on, that I gave up on

This hammer I'm swingin' is startin' to feel heavy
I clench my fist when I punch the clock
A little for the bank leaves nothing for my baby
Stretchin' my paycheck around the block

I need to go face first into that fresh air
Free up there where the eagle flies
Need to drop a line in that cool clear water
Leave the city behind and get countrified

A fool's gold watch and a lung
Full of black smoke is all I get for all I gave
My only reward for this broken down body
Was diggin' my way to an early grave

Always dreamed I'd end up on a river
Fast asleep on a mountain high
But I'm way down here in this concrete valley
In a sea of barbers and red taillights, red taillights

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Fit to be tied

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