

## Ain't Out of the Woods

Colt Ford

I move to the big city, to make a little bit of money, then get back home.

Now here I am living in a little subdivision, surrounded by steel and stone.

I've got a neighbor, he's a lawyer, his wife could be his daughter, he don't know what to think of me.

'cause I sight my bow on a styrofoam doe, I'm 'bout a whole lot of eighteen green.

'cause I ain't out of the woods yet, still got a blue collar and a red neck,

Got a gun rack in the back window of my four wheel drive.

A country boy can survive.

I say, hey, y'all, and I reckon so, wear the mossy oak from head to toe

It's cornfed, cornbread, country as a boy can get

No, I ain't out, ain't out of the woods, yet.

Oh, I'm a little hell, baby.

I've got a manicure lawn and a concrete pond where my buddies all like to hang

We fire up the smoke and get some pretty girls over crank the handle, I'll let her shake that thang.

And when the moon goes rising and the skeeters start to bite, all the neighbors is turning in.

We be breaking out the shine in it's hell yeah time 'till the sun comes up again.

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No, I ain't out, ain't out of the woods, yet.

Country of the conway, sweet tea all day, if you don't know what I mean.

I be sipping on some shine, putting clothes on the line, eating corn bread and buttered beans.

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