

# In My Neighborhood

Craig Morgan

If you see a pick-up truck with a plastic 'coon dog,  
Mounted on the hood.  
If you pass trailer with a concrete donkey in the yard,  
An' tires up on the roof.  
An' if you see a woman in a moo-moo,  
Readin' Tarot cards an' palms down by the road.  
That's how you know; that's how you know,  
You're in my neighborhood.

In my neighborhood,  
There's nothin' ordinary about the regular folk.  
In my neighborhood,  
We make our own wine outta berries we grow.  
A word to the wise, when they turn out the lights,  
It's a free-for-all, y'all, every Saturday night,  
But everybody treats everybody they way they should,  
In my neighborhood.

When the wind is just right, you can tell they're makin' paper,  
At the mill on Champion Lane.  
When Mabel Johnson goes to fry 'em Rocky Mountain Oysters,  
You can smell 'em from a mile away.  
You might hear the church bells playin' "Sweet Home Alabama",  
'Cause the preacher loves rock an' roll,  
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