

Sticks

Craig Morgan

I was raised in the sticks,
That's where I get my kicks,
Tailgatin' with my buddies,
Boots and dog and tires all muddy,
Cold drinks chillin' in the creek,
God's green earth for my seat,
I Feel at home around a crowd of hicks

If you're on your feet before the sun comes up,
And out there in your trucks,
Makin' hay rain or shine,
Break a sweat before daylight
The kind that ain't afraid of work,
Elbow grease and good clean dirt,
Taste your whiskey made from corn,
But save your Sunday's for the Lord,
It's a good chance you were born and...

Raised in the sticks,
That's where you get my kicks,
Tailgatin' with their buddies,
Boots and dog and tires all muddy,
Cold drinks chillin' in the creek,
God's green earth for your seat,
You Feel at home around a crowd of hicks,
That were raised in the sticks

How bout them girls in baseball caps,
Ponytails pulled through the back,
T-shirts tied up in a knot,
Holy jeans and old flip flops,
But they know some fishing holes,
Sure cut down some old dirt roads,
How to lock and load a gun,
She shoots you straight believe me son,
I'm so glad I found me one

Raised in the sticks,
That's where they get my kicks,
Tailgatin' with their buddies,
Boots and dogs and tires all muddy,
Cold drinks chillin' in the creek,
God's green earth for their seat,
They Feel at home around a crowd of hicks,
That were raised in the sticks

Tailgatin' with their buddies,
Boots and dogs and tires all muddy,
Cold drinks chillin' in the creek,
God's green earth for their seat,
They feel at home around a crowd of hicks,
That were raised in the sticks,

Ya, we're raised in the sticks