

John Cougar, John Deere, John 3:16

Keith Urban

I'm a 45 spinning on an old Victrola
I'm a two strike swinger, I'm a Pepsi Cola
I'm a blue jean quarterback saying "I love you" to the prom queen
In a Chevy
I'm John Wayne, Superman, California
I'm a Kris Kristofferson Sunday morning
I'm a mom and daddy singing along to Don McLean
At the levee

And I'm a child of a backseat freedom, baptized by rock and roll
Marilyn Monroe and the Garden of Eden, never grow up, never grow old
Just another rebel in the great wide open on the boulevard of broken dreams
And I learned everything I needed to know from John Cougar, John Deere, John 3:16

Hey, hey
Everything I needed
That's right

I'm Mark Twain on the Mississippi
I'm Hemingway with a shot of whiskey
I'm a TV dinner on a tray trying to figure out the Wheel of Fortune
I'm a Texaco star, I'm a Gibson guitar
I'm still a teenage kid trying to go too far
I'm a jukebox waiting in a neon bar for a quarter

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I spent a lot of years running from believing, looking for another way to save my soul
The longer I live, the more I see it: there's only one way home

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