

Well, my old Uncle Joe, he's a proud Democrat
He's got FDR on his baseball cap
An' thinks the whole country's on a one-way track to hell
He says there's only one truck an' that's a Chevrolet
Everything else is money gone to waste
An' a lot more people oughtta learn to do for themselves
Well, I love how we can disagree
An' we can still be family.

Makes me think about Hank
How he played his songs
Made a long-haired pot-smokin' hippy wanna sing along
Makes me think about life an' all it's different roads
There's a million you can pick
But they're all gonna lead you back home
Yeah, we're livin' in some crazy days
We're all crazy in our diff'rent ways
But we can all get along
Without everybody thinkin' the same.

We got a big hair preacher on channel nineteen
A Maharaji on sixty-three
An' the good Lord's upstairs, tryin' to get them both on the phone
We got country boy's sayin' that rap just sucks
An' rappers sayin' country's all outta touch
But there's plenty of room for both on my radio
'Cause music ain't right or wrong
So tonight, let's just rock on an' on.

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How he played his songs
Made a long-haired pot-smokin' hippy wanna sing along
Makes me think about life an' all it's different roads
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But they're all gonna lead you back home
Yeah, we're livin' in some crazy days
We're all crazy in our diff'rent ways
But we can all get along
Without everybody thinkin' the same.

(Aw, c'mon, yeah boy.)

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There's a million you can pick
But they're all gonna lead you back home
Yeah, we're livin' in some crazy days
We're all crazy in our diff'rent ways
But we can all get along
Without everybody thinkin' the same
Yeah, the more things change
The more they stay the same
Makes me think about ol' Hank...