

## My Kind of Country

Randy Houser

I don't mess with the monkey  
Let him roll right off my back  
I fly like a bee to the honies  
Turn a bar to an all out love shack  
Can I get an amen, a hallelujah  
A little splash of the Coke in my Black Jack  
Don't let this black-tie fool ya  
I'm a down home groover, a midnight mover

Give me and my bulldog  
Sitting on the front porch  
Old man Willie be banging on the G-chord  
Little girlfriend cooking up a chicken  
Sipping on the liquor, everybody listening  
'Round here got the laid back low-down  
Little bit of Waylon, whole lot of Motown  
Might sound just a little bit funky  
But hey ya'll, that's my kind of country

I ain't hearing no lip son, drag ya  
In the dirt like Tonka toy, boy  
We don't play that where i come from  
Hell yeah, I'm a momma's boy

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