

Tell a Country Boy

Rodney Atkins

He aint much for talkin,
But he means every word he says,
Well that color on his arms and neck aint from no tannin bed,
Leaves no doubt bout where he stand on a chevy, or tha lord,
Yea you can always tell a country boy

Now his idea of heaven is home sweet home east tennessee
But for a girl like you he would pull up roots and move down th
e road a peice
He'll always take his own sweet time if you give him a choice
Yea you can always tell a country boy

Yea you can always tell him but you cant tell him much
Cuz all he's ever gonna be is who he always was
A cross between his old man and his mommas pride and joy
You can always tell a country boy

He'll go off and take a long walk when he needs some time to th
ink
Might even let ya drive his truck when he's had to much to drin
k
Bout as true blue as ol glory wavin out there on tha pourch
Yea you can always tell a country boy

Yea you can always tell him but you cant tell him much
Sometimes his gears turn so slow you swear there gonna rust
From tha way he bangs that ol guitar to tha gravel in his voice

You can always tell a country boy

Now you can drag him from tha country every now and then
But you can't drag them forty acres outta him
Yea you can always tell him but you can't tell him much
He's on tha fence about alot of things but on you his minds mad
e up
Cuz he swears theres nothing sweeter than tha sweet sound of yo
ur voice
You can always tell a country boy
Whatevers on your heart now come on and tell this country boy