

How I'll Always Be

Tim McGraw

I'm a little more beer bottle beer joint than a fancy bar
I'm a little more sitting up high on the road than a little car
I'm a little more bust ya back than take it for free
And that's how I'll always be
I'm a little more lose my temper than to sit on back
I'm a little more ol' Hank Williams than that trendy crap
I love a flat wood ol' front porch made of an old oak tree
And that's how I'll always be

I'll always be a fan of ol' stray dogs and guitars playin'
One room churches, back road walks and front porch swingin'
Sunset skies, bonfire nights, I love the simple things
That's how I'll always be

I got friends that say I live a little like cool hand Luke
Fast cars and motorcycles raisin' hell in cowboy boots
But hey on Sunday morning I'll take the back row seat
That's how I'll always be

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I'm a fan of chert rock bouncing off a Chevy fender
That feeling that you get that first time she lets ya kiss her
Rusty roofs that rattle when the rain is fallin' down
Handshake deals fresh cut hay fields and hometowns

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