

Flat Land Boogie

Wayne Hancock

(Yeah)

Chuggin' along creek eighty-five
Look like another fourteen hour drive
Sun come up, it's a purdy day
Lands so flat you can see L.A.

It's a flat land boogie, when the mercury's high
Tornado alley, is always hot and dry
There's cotton fields and cattle ranches
Honky tonks and all night dances
Flat land boogie!

(Killer) (I'm diggin' it)

Racin' train down a rural route
Cruisin' towns, just checkin' 'em out
Buddy's gone to check his soul
Late at night on radio

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(Holly) (ah play on brother, play on)

(T-man)

(Ah Ricky)

(Ah Mr. Wakefield)

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