

# Hillbilly Deluxe

## Brooks & Dunn

Well, up in the backwoods, down in the holler,  
Old boys feelin' like a dog on a collar,  
Keepin' that chain pulled tight,  
Waitin' on Saturday night.

Put on the smell-good, put on Skynyrd,  
Head into to town like a NASCAR winner.  
Cruisin' back an' forth to the Tasty-Freeze.  
Everywhere you look, all you see...

Is hillbilly deluxe, slick pick-up trucks.  
Big timin' in a small town.  
Stirrin' it up right about sundown.  
Black denim an' chrome to the bone with a little home grown.  
A country girl cuddled up...  
Hillbilly deluxe.

Yeah, couple cute sweet things drivin' a fastback.  
Shoot 'em a coon smile hopin' that they smile back.  
"Hey, Baby, what's you name?"  
Burn a little rubber when the red lights change.

Here come the blue lights, here come Barney.  
Hide all the beer, y'all, let's move the party.  
Gotta go, but that's all right...  
Do it all again next Friday night.

Hillbilly deluxe, slick pick-'em-up trucks.  
Big timin' in a small town.  
Stirrin' it up right about sundown.  
Black denim an' chrome to the bone with a little home grown.  
Country girl cuddled up...  
Hillbilly deluxe.

[Instrumental Break]

Hillbilly deluxe, slick pick-'em-up trucks.  
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[Instrumental fade]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>