

Country Boy

Alan Jackson

Excuse me ma'am, I saw you walkin'
I turned around, I'm not a stalker
Where you goin'? Maybe I can help ya
My tank is full, and I'd be obliged to take ya I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get ya where you need to go
Cause I'm a Country Boy You sure look good, sittin' in my right seat
Buckle up, I'll take you through the five speeds
Wind it up, or I can slow it way down
In the woods or right uptown
I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get ya where you need to go
Cause I'm a Country Boy Big 35's whinin' on the asphalt
Grabbin' mud, and slingin' up some red dirt
Cause I'm a Country Boy My muffler's loud, dual Thrush tubes
I crank the music, the tone gets real good
Let me know when we're gettin' close
You can slide on out, or we can head on down the road I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel
drive
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get ya where wanna go
Cause I'm a Country Boy
Bucket seats, soft as baby's new butt
Lockin' hubs, that'll take ya through a deep rut I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get ya where wanna go
Cause I'm a Country Boy I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get ya where you wana go
Cause I'm a Country Boy
Ya I'm a Country Boy
Oh just a Country Boy
A nice little Country Boy

