

What Country Is

Luke Bryan

There's a house fly swimmin' in my sweet tea
Hey darlin', pass another Kerr jar to me
Butter drippin' off a biscuit, baby better take a bite
Cantaloupe thumps like it's finally ripe
Box fan on a lawn chair suckin' in swamp air
Two hundred mile marker signs from nowhere
That's what country is
It ain't a rebel flag you bought at the mall
It's a hide away bed in an old horse stall
Two kids gettin' caught stealin' a Boone's farm kiss
It ain't a John Deere cap that's never fell in
the cotton
It's a Jimmy Rodgers song that was long forgotten
It's homemade peach ice cream on sun burnt lips
That's what country is
When the sun starts slippin' from the delta sky
And the last scarecrow tucks in for the night
Make a fire, throw a blanket on the sandy bank
'Bout an hour till we feel the first catfish yank
Barefoot cane pole wavin' at the riverboats
And when they're gone take a dip in the moon glow
That's what country is
It ain't a rebel flag you bought at the mall
It's a hide away bed in an old horse stall
Two kids gettin' caught stealin' a Boone's farm kiss
It ain't a John Deere cap that's never fell in
the cotton
It's a Jimmy Rodgers song that was long forgotten
It's homemade peach ice cream on sun burnt lips
That's what country is
It ain't a jacked up truck that's never seen a pasture
It's cars pullin' over for a no cab tractor
It's homemade peach ice cream on sun burnt lips
No, it can't be bought it's somethin' you're born with
That's what country is
That's what country is, that's what country is
That's what country is

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