

Damn Country Music

Tim McGraw

I packed it all on a whim
threw an old Hank cassette tape in
dad's '84 rusty ford
he swore we'd never make it
I quit my job, let my momma down
broke an angel's heart on the way out
of town
pulled my roots from the ground for
the hum of wheels on the blacktop
the strum of strings on a flat top
it's a neon fever for a small town dreamer
tells you everything you have that's worth losin'
damn country music
you might get lost in the lights
the things that keep you up all night
whiskey straight 3 a.m.
chasin' songs in your head
it's the sweetest highs, the lowest lows
needin' yes and hearin' no
just another so-so
believe me i know
it's the hum of wheels on the blacktop
the strum of strings on a flat top
it'll take you, break you
damn sure make you
do things you never thought you'd be doing
damn country music
when the money, the fame
the lights on your name
all fade away
well you'll still be a slave to
the hum of wheels on the blacktop
the strum of strings on a flat top
it's a neon fever for a small town dreamer
tells you everything you have that's worth losing
damn country music
damn country music

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