

Sticks

Craig Morgan

I was raised in the sticks
That's where I get my kicks
Tailgatin' with my buddies
Boots and dog and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek
Gods green earth for my sink
I feel at home around a crowd of hicksIf you're on your feet before the sun comes up
And out there in your truck
Makin' hay rain or shine
Break a sweat before day lightKind that ain't afraid of work
Elbow grease and good clean dirt
Taste of whiskey made from corn
You save your Sundays for the Lord
It's a good chance you were born and
Raised in the sticks
That's where you get your kicks
Tailgatin' with your buddies
Boots and dog and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek
Gods green earth for your sink
You feel at home around a crowd of hicks
That were raised in the sticksHow 'bout them girls in baseball caps
Ponytails goin though the back
T-shirts tied up in a knot
Holey jeans and old flip flopsBet they know some fishin' holes
They sure cut down some old dirt roads
How to lock and load a gun
She'll shoot you straight, believe me son
I'm so glad I found me one
Raised in the sticks
And that's where they get their kicks
Tailgatin' with their buddies
Boots and dog and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek
Gods green earth for your sink
You feel at home around a crowd of hicks
That were raised in the sticksTailgatin' with their buddies
Boots and dogs and tires all muddyCold drinks chillin' in the creek
Gods green earth for the sink
They feel at home around a crowd of hicks
That were raised in the sticks
Yeah, we're raised in the sticks

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

