

# Gone Country

Alan Jackson

She's been playing in a room on a strip  
For ten years in Vegas  
Every night she looks in the mirror  
But she only ages  
She's been reading about Nashville  
And all the records that everybody's buying Says I'm a simple girl myself  
Grew up on Long Island  
So she packs her bags to try her hand  
Says this might be my last chance She's gone country, look at them boots  
She's gone country, back to her roots  
She's gone country, a new kind of suit  
She's gone country, here she comes  
Well the folk scene is dead  
But he's holding out in the village  
He's been writing songs speaking out  
Against wealth and privilege He says, "I don't believe in money  
But a man could make him a killin'  
'Cause some of that stuff don't sound  
Much different than Dylan" I hear down there it's changed you see  
They're not as backwards as they used to be He's gone country, look at them boots  
He's gone country, back to his roots  
He's gone country, a new kind of suit  
He's gone country, here he comes He commutes to LA  
But he's got a house in the valley  
But the bills are piling up  
And the pop scene just ain't on the rally  
He says, "Honey I'm a serious composer  
Schooled in voice and composition  
But with the crime and the smog these days  
This ain't no place for children" Lord it sounds so easy it shouldn't take long  
Be back in the money in no time at all He's gone country, look at them boots  
He's gone country, back to his roots  
He's gone country, a new kind of suit  
He's gone country, here he comes Yeah, he's gone country, a new kind of walk  
He's gone country, a new kind of talk  
He's gone country, look at them boots  
He's gone country, oh, back to his roots He's gone country  
He's gone country  
Everybody's gone country  
Yeah, we've gone country  
The whole world's gone country

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