

# Dirt Road Kid

Justin Moore

Yellow blue bird on a red clay road, kickin' up a cloud of dust.  
Burned into my memory like an Arkansas summer sun.  
Last day of school, kick off your shoes, gonna grab up a fishin' pole.  
Every boy and girl in this part of the county gonna meet at the swimmin' hole. I'm a dirt road  
kid, and I'm proud of it.  
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta live.  
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.  
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid. If I show up at your party in my  
muddy boots, don't get bent outta shape.  
Drank a little too much, gettin' loud and rowdy, an' get up in your face.  
But by the end of the night you'll be a friend of mine and I'll even let you drive my truck.  
Show you how to pull it out with a winch when you're stuck to the axel studs.  
I'm a dirt road kid, and I'm proud of it.  
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta live.  
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.  
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid. When the show is over and the  
lights go down,  
Don't look for me out on the town,  
There's just one place I'll be found.  
I'm a dirt road kid, hell I'm proud of it.  
And if you ask me, that's the way everybody oughta live.  
I'm a country boy, born to hunt and fish.  
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid.  
Raised way out yonder, it ain't no wonder, I'm a dirt road kid.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>