

Blame Me

Craig Morgan

She's pony-tailed an' she's halter topped:
Her bumper-sticker says: "I hate hip-hop."
With a southern drawl, she says: "Howdy, y'all,"
And her hands ain't afraid of dirt.
He's proud of his old truck:
He spray painted over dents and rust.
The motor smokes, it's got four bald tires,
But the radio works.
Raised on the Good Book and our country songs,
Ridin' down back roads an' singin' along: So blame me for the way they are,
Their love of the fiddle and the steel guitar.
Blame me for their cowboy hats,
Roper boots, Wrangler jeans, and rifle racks.
If you wanna point a finger at somebody,
For the way they've been led,
Blame me.
They were kids when Hag and me came to town:
All eyes and ears: look at 'em now.
Center stage on the Grand Ole Opry,
On a Saturday night.
Sing of fishin' and the Lord above,
Fallin' in and out of love.
From Aunt Bea to Uncle Sam,
And that American Pie.
From big cities to the little towns
Were hard-core country inside and out. So blame me for the way they are,
Their love of the fiddle and the steel guitar.
Blame me for their cowboy hats,
Roper boots, Wrangler jeans, and rifle racks.
If you wanna point a finger at somebody,
For the way they've been led,
Blame me.
Blame me for the way they are,
Their love of the fiddle and the steel guitar.
Blame me for their cowboy hats,
Roper boots, Wrangler jeans, and rifle racks.
If you wanna point a finger at somebody,
For the way they've been led,
Blame me.
Blame me.
Blame me, yeah.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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