

Muckalee Creek Water

Luke Bryan

It flows underneath the 32 bridge.
It cuts through the heart of south Georgia.
Big copper heads, and mean wild pigs.
And gator's in the weeds, waitin' for ya.
I leave my phone in the truck.
I leave my truck at the road.
My four-wheeler gets me to where I wanna go.
I leave the world behind, I pull my hat down low.
Get back to my roots, by a full moon glow.
I got an old John boat that I stow down there, on them hot summer nights,
When I get a wild hair.
I got a moonshine stash, in a side rest stump.
And a catfish line goin' thump thump
And old tractor tire, when I sit by the fire.
And drink to a sweet swamp song.
So if you're looking for me, don't even bother.
When I dip my feet in that Muckalee Creek Water.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>