

# Country Boy

Alan Jackson

Excuse me ma'am, I saw you walkin'  
I turned around, I'm not a stalker  
Where you goin'? Maybe I can help ya  
My tank is full, and I'd be obliged to take ya I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive  
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
I can get ya where you need to go  
Cause I'm a Country Boy You sure look good, sittin' in my right seat  
Buckle up, I'll take you through the five speeds  
Wind it up, or I can slow it way down  
In the woods or right uptown  
I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive  
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
I can get ya where you need to go  
Cause I'm a Country Boy Big 35's whinin' on the asphalt  
Grabbin' mud, and slingin' up some red dirt  
Cause I'm a Country Boy My muffler's loud, dual Thrush tubes  
I crank the music, the tone gets real good  
Let me know when we're gettin' close  
You can slide on out, or we can head on down the road I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel  
drive  
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
I can get ya where wanna go  
Cause I'm a Country Boy  
Bucket seats, soft as baby's new butt  
Lockin' hubs, that'll take ya through a deep rut I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive  
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
I can get ya where wanna go  
Cause I'm a Country Boy I'm a Country Boy, I've got a 4 wheel drive  
Pile in my bed, I can take ya for a ride  
Up city streets, down country roads  
I can get ya where you wana go  
Cause I'm a Country Boy  
Ya I'm a Country Boy  
Oh just a Country Boy  
A nice little Country Boy

