

# Straight Outta Cold Beer

## Blake Shelton

Just a bunch of poor boys, daddy's girls  
Children of the corn field  
Tryna turn a shift job into a dollar bill  
We wear them muddy boots  
Stay true to how we're raised  
Ain't nothin' bout us fake  
You know we're straight out of that dirty south  
Dirty roads, nobody got no money  
Got them shined up pickup trucks  
Whistlin' at them honies  
From the country, yes sir  
You know we're straight out of that long week work  
At night, everybody wanna party  
All night long, bonfire on the back 40  
In the middle of nowhere, ain't nobody leavin' here  
Til we're straight out of cold beer, straight out of cold beer  
Just a bunch of John Deere junkies  
Gettin' funky to some old Hank  
Nothin' been stuck in the mud that we can't  
Hook up to a rusty chain in the summer or in the rain  
Yeah, it's a kind of thing  
You know we're straight out of that dirty south  
Dirty roads, nobody got no money  
Got them shined up pickup trucks  
Whistlin' at them honies  
From the country, yes sir  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>