

COUNTRY MAN

Words & Music by Doug Carlson Copyright 2013

Country Man he's a calloused hand
A furrow walkin', dirty talkin', riser with the sun
See him walk across his plowed up land
Dusty overalls when the day is done

And the age keeps rollin', keeps rollin' by
And his back starts bendin' from his stubborn pride
What you gonna do when the well runs dry?
Gotta make a stand 'cause he's a country man

Country wife oh she loved him through his strife
Fixed his meals, cleaned his house and told him it's alright
Always see her with that apron on
Little old lady and her kitchen song

And the age keeps rollin' through the century
Seen them hit the moon, drove the Model "T"
You were always there for the family
Seen a lot within one life, she's a country wife

Always together through every kind of weather
She held his hand and never asked for freedom once

Gonna take the farmer's land, well Let 'em try the best they can
'Cause one thing they don't understand Is how stubborn he can be

And the age keeps rollin', keeps rollin' by
And his back starts bendin' from his stubborn pride
What you gonna do if the farmer dies
Gotta make a stand 'cause he's a country man

He's a country man He's a country man