

TRUCK

HARDY

If it's cleaned up, shined up, pedal down on main
You can bet he's pickin' up some pretty country thing
If it's covered up in red mud with a worn-out WARN winch
There's a good chance that that man is a pretty damn good friend

If there's horns in the back there's a gun in the front

If there's dents on the side he ain't scared of nothin'

And if a twelve pack's in the passenger seat

Well, he probably worked his ass off all week

Yeah, somewhere way out there in any given town

There's a red, white, and blue collared drivin' his around

Turnin' heads and burnin' tread and stirrin' up dust clouds

Like a shine-haulin' outlaw, yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout

His truck, his dash, the county on his tag

The songs on his radio, the stickers on his glass

From four-bys to two-bys, it's true you can't judge

A book by it's cover, but you can judge a country boy by his truck

If there's a silver cross hangin' off his dusty old rearview

It's safe to say he's found amazin' grace a time or two

If there's numbers on the back, '92 to 2012

Bet there's stories 'bout his best friend that he can barely tell
'Cause he misses him like hell

Somewhere way out there in any given town
There's a red, white, and blue collared drivin' his around
Turnin' heads and burnin' tread and stirrin' up dust clouds
Like a shine-haulin' outlaw, yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout
His truck, his dash, the county on his tag
The songs on his radio, the stickers on his glass
From four-bys to two-bys, it's true you can't judge
A book by it's cover, but you can judge a country boy by his truck

If there's horns in the back there's a gun in the front
If there's dents on the side he ain't scared of nothin'
And if a twelve pack's in the passenger seat
Yeah, well, he probably worked his ass off all week

Yeah, somewhere way out there in any given town
There's a red, white, and blue collared drivin' his around
Turnin' heads and burnin' tread and stirrin' up dust clouds
Like a shine-haulin' outlaw, yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout
His truck, his dash, the county on his tag
The songs on his radio, the stickers on his glass
From four-bys to two-bys, it's true you can't judge

A book by it's cover, but you can judge a country boy by his truck

(If there's horns in the back there's a gun in the front

If there's dents on the side)

Yeah, you can judge a country boy by his truck

(If there's horns in the back, there's a gun in the front) you can't judge

(If there's dents on the side)

A book by it's cover, but you can judge a country boy by his truck

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>