

Good Ole American Way

Justin Moore

Wear my name on the back of my belt
Believe there's a God to save me from hell
And dirt roads were made for country boys like me
Don't believe in politically correct
If you wanna a piece of me you better have a set
A rifle and a four wheel drive is all I need
Small mouth bass on the end of a hook
Daddy read from the good book
I'm just a country boy from this land
Makin' a livin' with these two hands
Still believe in the good ole American way
I watch 'em shut the factories down
Then the foreigners flood into town
They take what's left for half the pay
We can't stand by and just let it fade away
The good ole American way
Got sense enough to know things change
But the little man's gettin' screwed today
Somebody with a backbone please stand up
Oh, we worked so hard to get this far
Now we're forgettin' who we are
Hell, we tolerate everythin' and just call it love
Don't tell me there ain't somethin' wrong
Somebody's gotta sing this song
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