

Redneck Life

Chris Janson

I grew up in a batten board cabin
At the dead end of a gravel street
I got my first payin' job when I turned 10
Cause money didn't grow on trees
Cheap cigarettes with the windows up
Was just part of the air I breathed
I didn't choose the redneck life
The redneck life chose me Yeah me and my daddy built my first car
It's called the motor up in a tree
We were the beer bartenders with the ice cutout
Rat racing them junkyard dreams
Yeah, me and my crew, man, we grew up
On high-tune U83
I didn't choose the redneck life
No, the redneck life chose me
I didn't choose the redneck life
The redneck life chose me
What you see is what you get
And what you get is what you see
I'll take a Mountain Dew over a silver spoon
Any ole day of the week
I didn't choose the redneck life
The redneck life chose me And I grew up swimming in cut-off jeans
Down at the bridge at the castor creek
We'd bend our half bills as far as we could bend them
We spent the fall sittin' high in a tree
Yeah, huntin' and fishin' wasn't just a trend
It was what we did to eat
I didn't choose the redneck life
The redneck life chose me
Yeah, I didn't choose the redneck life
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