

# Alan Jackson, Gone Country

She's been playing in a room on a strip  
For ten years in Vegas  
Every night she looks in the mirror  
But she only ages  
She's been reading about Nashville and all  
The records that everybody's buying  
Says 'I'm a simple girl myself  
Grew up on Long Island'  
So she packs her bags to try her hand  
Says this might be my last chance

She's gone country, look at them boots  
She's gone country, back to her roots  
She's gone country, a new kind of suit  
She's gone country, here she comes

Well the folk scene is dead  
But he's holding out in the village  
He's been writing songs speaking out  
Against wealth and privilege  
He says 'I don't believe in money  
But a man could make him a killin'  
Cause some of that stuff don't sound  
Much different than Dylan  
I hear down there it's changed you see  
They're not as backwards as they used to be'

He's gone country, look at them boots  
He's gone country, back to his roots  
He's gone country, a new kind of suit  
He's gone country, here he comes

He commutes to LA  
But he's got a house in the valley  
But the bills are piling up  
And the pop scene just ain't on the rally  
He says 'Honey I'm a serious composer  
Schooled in voice and composition  
But with the crime and the smog these days  
This ain't no place for children  
Lord it sounds so easy it shouldn't take long  
Be back in the money in no time at all'

He's gone country, look at them boots  
He's gone country, back to his roots  
He's gone country, a new kind of suit  
He's gone country, here he comes  
Yeah he's gone country, a new kind of walk  
He's gone country, a new kind of talk  
He's gone country, look at them boots  
He's gone country, oh back to his roots

He's gone country  
He's gone country  
Everybody's gone country  
Yeah we've gone country  
The whole world's gone country