

Alan Jackson, Gone Country By Alan Jackson

She's been playing at a room on the strip for ten years in Vegas
Every night she looks in the mirror but she only ages
She's been readin' 'bout 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

(First Chorus)

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's dead, but he's holding out in the village
He's been writting 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 backward as they used to be";

(Second Chorus)

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 L.A., 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, this shouldn't take long
Be back in the money in no time at all";

(Second Chorus)

(Third Chorus)

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