

# Jason Michael Carroll, Waitin' In The Country

Five o' clock smokestacks 15th, check's fat  
Hacked off, backed up  
Hurry up and wait on the interstate  
Irate, tailgate tight  
Yeah, nothin' but brake lights  
High rise concrete, painted up city street  
Fed up, red tape, add another lane  
Make it more insane, more strain  
Starbucksed up  
Man, I know where I'm pointin' my truck

[Chorus]

Out in the country, where the world turns green  
There's a pretty girl waitin' on a front porch swing  
The lazy river is a-windin' around  
With a cane pole bobber goin' down (goin' down)  
Time is sweeter than a buttermilk pie  
And the people of the steeple and the steeple don't lie  
I swear, somewhere, out there's everything I need  
Waitin' in the country for me, for me

Big city hip hop, rattilin' when I stop  
Parkin' lot jumpin', cars thumpin'  
Hard mixin' those rhymes  
And keepin' it right in time, that's cool  
But I guess I'm just old a-school  
Juke box, hony tonk  
Mom and pops resturant  
Willie, Waylon, Merle yeah  
Singin' them a country song  
Bring it on, son  
Yeah, I know where to get me some

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Waitin' for me

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Waitin' in the country for me