

If Thats Country
Corey Smith

Intro

G Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am G Cadd9 Em Cadd9

G Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am
Straight out of Nashville, heres your next big star

G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
He dont write the songs he sings, but he knows the words by heart.

G Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am
Wears a cowboy hat, and some tight blue jeans,

G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
And he struts around the stage like hes the coolest thing youve ever seen.

G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
Oh you gotta love him!

G Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am
He looks like a super model, knows how to strike a pose

G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
And he dont mind the makeup, as long as no one knows.

G Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am
And hes got that crooked grin, and talks with a southern drawl,

G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
Acts like Toby Keith, but sounds a lot like Tim McGraw

D Cadd9 G
But if hes country Ill kiss your ass,

D Cadd9 G
And throw all my Willie Nelson records in the trash.

D Cadd9 G D/F# Em
Hes the same old shit in a slightly different bag,

D Cadd9 G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
But if hes country, well then countrys pretty bad.

G Cadd9
I dont watch CMT

G Cadd9 Am
Naw that shit makes me sick.

G Cadd9
And that ole Kenny Chesney,

Em Cadd9
What a hypocrite.

G Cadd9
Hell swear hes country,

G Cadd9 Am

But he lives in the Caribbean.

G Cadd9
Sings all about the islands now,
Em Cadd9
What happened to the Tennessean

D Cadd9 G
Aw if hes country ill kiss your ass
D Cadd9 G
Throw all my Johnny Cash records in the trash
D Cadd9 G D/F# Em
Hes all about image cuz image pays the bucks,
D Cadd9 G D/F# Em
Aw but if hes country, well then country really sucks.

D G
What happened to the outlaws,
Cadd9 D G
Who werent afraid to cross the line.
Em D G
What happened to the workin man,
Cadd9 D G
Who sang the truth about their troubled lives.

Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
G Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am G Cadd9 Em Cadd9 Em Cadd9

G Cadd9 G Cadd9 Am
I was raised in Georgia, in a one red light town.
G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
And my daddy picked guitar in every honky tonk around.
G Cadd9
And he taught me all the good stuff,
G Cadd9 Am G Cadd9 Em Cadd9
That solid country gold, but now I love it all from hip-hop to rock and roll

D Cadd9 G
And if that aint country, well I dont give a damn
D Cadd9 G
My daddy taught me to be own kinda man
D Cadd9 G D/F# Em
He said Son you dont have to go along with the crowd aw
D Cadd9 G D/F# Em
So if I aint country then Im pretty frickin proud
Cadd9 D G Cadd9 G Cadd9 G Cadd9 G Cadd9 G
Oh Well I dont need their labels anyhow