

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