

# 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