

Florida Georgia Line - Country In My Soul

Tom: G

Yeahhh, I like a little Captain in my coke
 You know I like a little good time in my smoke
 With a pair of tan legs hangin' off the tailgate
 Underneath the bridge down Harrison Road
 I like fried chicken right off the bone
 I like my peaches home grown
 Pickin' on a six string, listenin' to the choir sing
 With a little Garth on the radio
 A little bit of Florida
 A little bit of Georgia
 And a whole lot of country in my soul
 Em
 You see my roots are buried deep down in the south
 And these boots don't get muddy from sittin' around
 Out here in the holler, we work hard for a dollar
 From sun up to sun down
 Em
 Well I ain't been handed a thing from the man
 And all that I own I got with my own hands
 I work hard and play hard so don't be alarmed
 (D)
 Em
 Yeahhh, I like a little Captain in my coke
 You know I like a little good time in my smoke

With a pair of tan legs hangin' off the tailgate
 Underneath the bridge down Harrison Road
 I like fried chicken right off the bone
 I like my peaches home grown
 Pickin' on a six string, listenin' to the choir sing
 With a little Garth on the radio
 A little bit of Florida
 A little bit of Georgia
 And a whole lot of country in my soul
 Em
 Yeah, my way of life is from Jesus to Jones
 I've got fire in my blood and desire in my bones
 I am who I am and I don't give a damn
 'Cause that's just how I roll
 Em
 Yeahhh, I like a little Captain in my coke
 You know I like a little good time in my smoke
 With a pair of tan legs hangin' off the tailgate
 Underneath the bridge down Harrison Road
 I like fried chicken right off the bone
 I like my peaches home grown
 Pickin' on a six string, listenin' to the choir sing
 With a little Garth on the radio
 A little bit of Florida
 A little bit of Georgia
 And a whole lot of country in my soul

Acordes

