

# Luke Bryan - What Makes You Country

tom:

Intro: <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>

[Primeira Parte]

<sup>G</sup> People talkin' 'bout what is and what ain't country <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> What gives 'em a right to wear a pair of beat-up boots? <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> Is it the size of your tires and your fires, or your wild ass buddies?  
<sup>C</sup> Well, give me a minute, let me hit you with some hometown truth

[Pré-Refrão]

<sup>G</sup> You could be a cowboy on the Texas plain  
<sup>F</sup> Or a plowboy waitin' on the rain  
<sup>C</sup> We're all a little different, but we're all the same  
<sup>G</sup> Everybody doin' their own thing

[Refrão 1]

<sup>G</sup> I got my dirt road cred when I was 12  
<sup>F</sup> On a no-cab tractor hauling them bales  
<sup>C</sup> Backing in boats, fishing limb-lines  
<sup>G</sup> Running bird dogs through the Georgia pines  
<sup>G</sup> Step side covered down in peanut dust  
<sup>F</sup> Friday night spotlight'n, that was us  
<sup>C</sup> It might not've been you, but I ain't judging  
<sup>C</sup> Just be proud of what makes you country <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>

[Segunda Parte]

<sup>G</sup> Does it run in your blood?  
<sup>F</sup> Did it come from your daddy and mama?  
<sup>C</sup> Were you converted by an Alabama song on the radio?  
That feels so right  
<sup>G</sup> Did you lock eyes with a little green-eyed girl from Jackson? <sup>F</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Tell me what got ya, I just gotta know <sup>G</sup>

[Refrão 2]

<sup>G</sup> Me, I got my Sunday learning in a live oak church  
<sup>F</sup> Silver Queen corn in the backyard dirt  
<sup>C</sup> Waiting for the fall to finally come along  
<sup>G</sup> So I can grab my gun and get my outside on  
<sup>G</sup> Step side covered down in peanut dust  
<sup>F</sup> Friday night spotlight'n, that was us  
<sup>C</sup> It might not've been you, but I ain't judging  
<sup>G</sup> Just be proud of what makes you country

[Ponte]

<sup>G</sup> Might be from a city or a little farm town  
<sup>F</sup> Whatever kind of square that you drove around  
<sup>C</sup> Do you wear it on your sleeve or keep it deep down?  
You know you gotta let it out

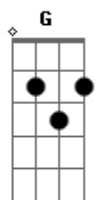
[Refrão 1]

<sup>G</sup> I got my dirt road cred back when I was 12  
<sup>F</sup> On a no-cab tractor hauling them bales  
<sup>C</sup> Backing in boats, fishing limb-lines  
<sup>G</sup> Running bird dogs through the Georgia pines  
<sup>G</sup> Step side covered down in peanut dust  
<sup>F</sup> Friday night spotlight'n, that was us  
<sup>C</sup> It might not've been you, but I ain't judging  
<sup>C</sup> Just be proud of what makes you country <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>

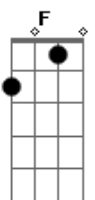
[Final]

<sup>G</sup> You do your kinda country  
<sup>F</sup> They doing they kind of country  
<sup>C</sup> I do my kind of country  
<sup>G</sup> Whatever makes us country <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>

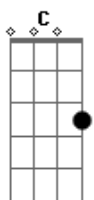
## Acordes



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