

## **I Cain't Write No Country Song**

I cain't write no country song,  
Cuz ain't nobody done me wrong,  
An' all my little kids is grown,  
I don't even own a dog.  
Sure cain't write no country song  
Cuz I weren't born behind no barn,  
I don't drive no pickup trucks,  
Don't sing in honky-tonks and such.

What kind of a woman must I be,  
Ta live life so un-countrily?  
Well, I moved to the sticks,  
But I still get my kicks  
From list'nin' to the BBC.

But I ken sing a country song,  
But it prob'ly shouldn't be too long.  
And I could maybe write one verse;  
Darlin', plug your ears up first.  
I've seen me some city lights,  
Parisian sites, and Alpine heights,  
But my mobile home's enough for me,  
And the desert sky's a sight ta see.

Why should I croon, why should I lie?  
It's true I love the desert sky,  
But a coyote ate my cat,  
And nights, I hear some old packrat.  
In the heat, my man comes walkin' home.  
He works his fingers to the bone,  
Well, mainly cuz he's on the phone,  
In a swamp-cooled office, all alone.

Well, I can write a country song, I can!  
Just like any other American.  
I love to live in this free land,  
And visit Mexico whenever I can.  
This country girl knows God is good,  
I love my family like I should,  
But, shucks, I never knew I could  
Write me a country song.

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