

I'm Bluegrass To The Bone
@Rick Lang/Troy Engle

V1

Can't wait to hear that banjo when you come through the gate
I love that high and Lonesome coming from the stage
I've missed my friends and family, and my brothers on the road
Cause we're bluegrass, bluegrass to the bone

Chorus

My head is full of Flatt and Scruggs, The Stanley's and Monroe
My heart beats in rhythm to My Old Kentucky Home
My blood is red my grass is blue, we're gonna sing and pick for you
From my head down to my toes, I'm bluegrass to the bone

V2

You can't hold it in your hand but you can feel it in your heart
Those chills run up and down your spine when that old fiddle starts
When they play Sally Good in' you can't help but tap your toes
Cause your bluegrass, bluegrass to the bone

V3

When the summers finally over I turn up my radio
Get out my old mandolin try to pick like Bill Monroe
Try my hand at Rawhide, a little Footprints In The Snow
Cause that's bluegrass, bluegrass to the bone