

Yeah.

We're farmers' sons an' preacher's boys.  
Small town with big toys.  
Call us fools or call us brave,  
On rainy nights, we parade,  
In four wheel drives; the girls in jeans too tight.  
Ain't no drive dirt. there ain't no dust.

Got mud, no fear, Bocephus, cold beer.  
We bounce, we slide, we sing while we ride.  
We don't like paved streets, asphalt or concrete:  
Got mud; yeah, we got mud.

We spend days at the lake,  
Kickin' back an' soakin' rays.  
Sunburn, it ain't no fun,  
I'd trade a day in the sun for a good downpour.  
That's what we're prayin' for:  
We know every time it rains on us:

Got mud, no fear, Bocephus, cold beer.  
We bounce, we slide, we sing while we ride.  
We don't like paved streets, asphalt or concrete:  
Got mud; we got mud.

(Whoo, who's playin' that thing?)

A good downpour.  
That's what we're prayin' for:  
We know every time it rains on us:

We got mud, no fear, (No fear.)  
Bocephus, cold beer.  
We bounce, we slide, (We slide.)  
We sing while we ride.  
We don't like paved streets, asphalt or concrete:

We got mud, no fear, Bocephus, cold beer.  
We bounce, we slide, we sing while we ride.  
We don't like paved streets, asphalt or concrete:  
Got mud; we got mud.

Mmm, got mud.  
Yeah, we got mud.  
(Got mud no fear.)  
(Got mud no fear.)  
I like to get dirty, you know what I mean.  
(Got mud no fear.)  
We got mud.