


I'VE LIVED ALL MY LIFE IN
CRAW COUNTY, ALABAMA,
AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN
ABOUT FOOTBALL.

HEAVENLY
FATHER, THANK
YOU FOR THIS
BLESSING.






AIN'T BEEN TO
A GAME SINCE
I WAS A KID.

DON'T GO INTO TOWN AT ALL
UNLESS I GOT TO. DON'T
LIKE TO LEAVE THE WOODS.


DON'T NEED TO. A MAN'S GOT
ALL HE NEEDS RIGHT HERE.
IF HE'S ANY SORTA MAN AT ALL.



MY DADDY TAUGHT ME HOW TO HUNT
THESE WOODS. WITH A BOW AND
NOTHING ELSE. WE **BOONES** HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN BOWHUNTERS.

SITTING IN A HEATED DEER BLIND,
WAITING FOR A BUCK TO WANDER
UP AND EAT THE CLOVER YOU
PLANTED SO YOU CAN BLAST IT WITH
A SHOTGUN...THAT AIN'T HUNTING!

MIGHT AS WELL
GO TO THE
PIGGLY WIGGLY.



AIN'T NO
PIGGLY WIGGLY
OUT HERE.

YOU'LL FIND PLENTY A' FOLKS IN TOWN WHO HUNT WITH LASER SCOPES AND STORE-BOUGHT DEER SCENTS AND LIVE IN BIG NEW HOUSES DOWN THE STREET FROM THE WAL-MART...

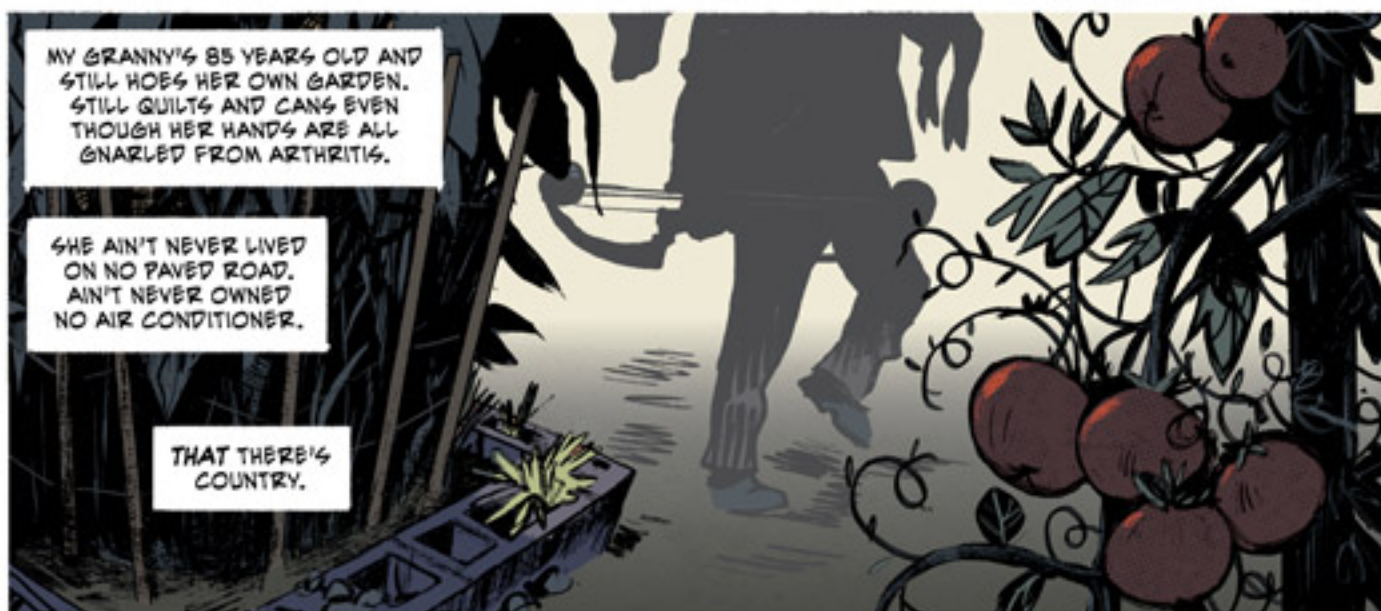
BUT STILL WANNA TALK ABOUT HOW BACKWOODS AND COUNTRY THEY ARE.



MY GRANNY'S 85 YEARS OLD AND STILL HOES HER OWN GARDEN. STILL QUILTS AND CANS EVEN THOUGH HER HANDS ARE ALL GNARLED FROM ARTHRITIS.

SHE AIN'T NEVER LIVED ON NO PAVED ROAD. AIN'T NEVER OWNED NO AIR CONDITIONER.

THAT THERE'S COUNTRY.



MY GRANDDADDY BUILT THIS CABIN WITH HIS OWN HANDS. CHOPPED EVERY LOG. HAMMERED EVERY NAIL.

HE WAS A COAL MINER. DIED OF THE BLACK LUNG.

MY DADDY DIED BUILDING THE DOOLEY DAM. HE'S BURIED SOMEWHERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT LAKE, DOWN WHERE THERE'S CATFISH THE SIZE OF CARS.



MY MOMMA PICKED COTTON AND CHURNED HER OWN BUTTER AND DIED THE DAY I WAS BORN.

I DON'T KNOW THE FIRST DAMN THING ABOUT FOOTBALL AND DON'T RIGHTLY CARE, BUT I KNOW COUNTRY.

COUNTRY'S ALL I'VE EVER KNOWN.

