

# Slow

Bucky Covington

Slow... like a Carolina sunset  
Like molasses dripping on cornbread  
Like the hot steam rising from a creek bed  
Slow... We're gonna take it slow

Like sun tea brewin' on the back patio  
An old John Deere rolling down a corn row  
Or a Sunday drive down a dirt road  
Slow... We're gonna take it slow

No need to rush we've got no place to go  
Don't worry baby cuz we're...  
We're gonna take it, we're gonna take it slow  
We're gonna take it slow

Like a long swim in a deep southern drawl  
Or the heat from a summertime sidewalk  
Like a Friday at work watching the time crawl

An echo ringing across the Grand Canyon  
The way a bonfire turns into ashes  
Like our shadows in the moon when we're dancin'  
Slow... We're gonna take it slow

Girl just let your inhibitions go  
Don't worry baby cuz we're...  
We're gonna take it, we're gonna take it slow  
Slow... We're gonna take it slow

Like your long hair floating in the summer breeze  
The two of us swaying on the front porch swing  
Like the clock ticks until you're next to me...