Out there where the four-wheelers only need 2 'cause you lean 'em And the yeti ice don't quite melt 'fore you drink 'em And the Sunday morning words
Kinda hurt when they preach 'em
'Cause your Saturday got a bit wild

Where your friends ain't blood But the bond runs thicker And the Chevrolets all got whip antennas And the long hard days end with six-o-clock dinners I've been missing that for a while, damn

Yeah, you grow up just to get out
Think you won't ever think about that town
Once you're gone
But you're wrong
Now you're right there
Wishing every back road would take you back where
Where them hey yall's and them hell yeah's keep a smalltown world slow spinning
Take it from me
Yeah, the second you leave
All you gotta do is blink
And you'll miss it

Out there where them black ice pines hang on rear-view mirrors And the dirty river water turns a mason jar clear And the grass is greener than them John Deers steering In a field plowing turn row miles
That way of life ain't going out of style

Yeah, you grow up just to get out
Think you won't ever think about that town
Once you're gone
But you're wrong
Now you're right there
Wishing every back road would take you back where
Where them hey yall's and them hell yeah's keep a smalltown world slow spinning
Take it from me
Yeah, the second you leave
All you gotta do is blink and you'll miss it

Yeah, blink and you'll miss it
All you gotta do is blink and you'll miss it

I-24's best-kept secret 80 on the dash and you might not see it I could use me a little two-lane treatment Where the hair pin turns into creek bends

Yeah, you grow up just to get out
Think you won't ever think about that town
Once you're gone
But you're wrong
Now you're right there

Wishing every back road would take you back where Where them hey yall's and them hell yeah's keep a small-town world slow spinning Take it from me
Yeah, the second you leave
All you gotta do is blink and you'll miss it

Blink and you'll miss it
All you gotta do is blink and you'll miss it