

Fire

Chris Young

My heart yearns for mom-and-pops
One-stops and unlocked doors
Brimstone Baptist and sawdust floors
They both have a hell of a choir
Yeah, no damn wonder we love the country under
That big burning ball of fire

Somewhere in the world
There's boys and there's girls standing around a fire
Sipping shine from a jar
Someone on guitar singing some "Ring of Fire"
And a Friday night quarterback got his arm
Cocked back and ready to fire

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Fire
There's a kid in a stand
With a shake in his hands
Putting that Browning on fire
And teenagers sneaking out, making out
Knowing they're playing with fire

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Fire, fire
Big burning ball of fire
Yeah, fire, fire
That big burning ball of fire

My heart yearns for mom-and-pops
One-stops and unlocked doors
A swing built for two, some old boots on the porch
And a mockingbird up on a wire
Yeah, no damn wonder we love the country under
That big burning ball of fire

Yeah, thank you, Lord Jesus
For all of us being here under that ball of fire