

# Texas Country

Coffey Anderson

Got my farm truck gassed up, riding with my playlist on  
Two-lane, John Wayne, in the sticks is where we belong  
Where we belong  
I feel country tonight  
Country tonight

We can line 'em up, knock 'em down, bonfire, small town  
Tail lights, creek side, move the hair out of her eyes  
Then she gave me that smile

We've been through a lot  
But thank God we're still here

Man, I need a red dirt road and something ice cold  
To get my mind back to where I can think  
I need a twangy old guitar, blasting under the stars  
Holding my girl while I sing

I need a backwood escape, a Chevy tailgate  
From all the fake news shoved in my face  
Man, I need a brewski, feel me, Yoakum and some Aldean  
Palm trees, riding real dirty across this good old Texas country  
Good old Texas country

Hopping off the tractor, riding through the pasture  
Quitting time Friday, heard you swinging out by my way  
Out by my way  
I'm feeling lucky tonight  
Lucky tonight

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