

## 20 in a Chevy

Cole Swindell

20 in a Chevy on a two lane

Yeah, world keeps turning, I keep burning  
Through the night like cigarettes  
Country station, black top, ocean  
I ain't shook that summer yet  
I'm doing fine like I don't care  
And that song comes on outta where  
And I go right back there, yeah  
You're always gonna be...

20 in a Chevy on a two lane  
Hand out the window singing Night Train  
July still tastes like your name  
Rolling off my lips  
And sweat drips, time slips  
It's my hands and your hips  
It's your lips on my lips  
I wonder if you ever miss  
20 in a Chevy on a two lane

Old school feel, hay field dreaming  
Yeah we had it all planned out  
Hands in your hair, middle of nowhere  
Midnight moon beating down  
On the hood of my truck where you used to me  
Nothing falling but your hair, the stars and me  
Now we're just small town history  
Girl I swear all I see is

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Hand out the window singing Night Train  
July still tastes like your name  
Rolling off my lips  
Sweat drips, time slips  
It's my hands and your hips  
It's your lips on my lips  
I wonder if you ever miss  
20 in a Chevy on a two lane, whoa-oh

Yeah we were 20 in a Chevy on a two lane  
The windows fogged up in the hard rain  
How the hell did we have such a good thing?  
And let it slip away, we let it slip away

Like 20 in a Chevy on a two lane  
Hand out the window singing Night Train  
July still tastes like your name  
Rolling off my lips  
Sweat drips, time slips  
It's my hands and your hips  
It's your lips on my lips  
I wonder if you ever miss  
20 in a Chevy on a two lane  
20 in a Chevy on a two lane  
Girl you were 20 in a Chevy on a two lane