

# Up

Cole Swindell

You're up on your high heels, you're up on the bar  
You're up on a level, up there with the shooting stars  
Dancing around the drinks with honkey tonk angel wings  
Making the party sing, yeah, that's my baby  
It ain't even midnight yet, there's a whole lot of neon left  
Looks like we're gonna get all kinds of crazy

We'll be up like the sun in the New Jersey sky  
Up like the wheels on a Bahama flight  
Twisting that bottle, tipping that cup  
Girl, the way you rock me, you know that you got me up

You're up on the tailgate, you're up on a 3 beer buzz  
You're up like the music pumping out of the cab of my truck  
Up where the city lights came can't but get, get outshines  
By the blue jeans and brown eyes I pull in closer  
Yeah, this night's far from over with

Still up like the sun in the New Jersey sky  
Up like the wheels on a Bahama flight  
Twisting that bottle, tipping that cup  
Girl, the way you rock me, you know that you got me  
Up on a high like I'm walking on clouds  
Baby, tonight I don't wanna come down

You'll be up like the sun in the New Jersey sky  
Up like the wheels on a Bahama flight  
Twisting that bottle, tipping that cup  
Girl, the way you rock me, you know that you got me  
Up on a high like I'm walking on clouds  
Baby, tonight I don't wanna come down  
I don't wanna come down