

The Tracks

Colt Ford

You know I'm rough around the edges
Like the fray around them denims
You cut off to fit, you know I'm a fan
Baby, you got my attention
Hell, elevens look like sevens
And I don't know why you gave me a chance

Yeah, you say you wanna try this bad boy thing
And, baby, I'll show you all you wanna see

Let's take it to the tracks
Talkin' wrong side, baby
It's all you ever thought it could be
Won't be lookin' back
Let your wild side take you
A place you gotta see to believe
Let's take it to the tracks

Mm, yeah

So everybody's in your business
And you're in it with your friends
'Cause there's just something 'bout who I really am
And you're over all the drama
All you gotta do is call
And we'll head out to where we don't give a damn

Let's take it to the tracks
Talkin' wrong side, baby
It's all you ever thought it could be
Won't be lookin' back
Let your wild side take you
A place you gotta see to believe
We'll howl up at the moon
No rules, all-nighter, flyin' on free bird wings
It's just me and you
Might find out how good the best of a bad boy can be
Let's take it to the tracks

So you still wanna try this bad boy thing
And, baby, you got all the means

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Mm, yeah

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