

Summer On Your Lips

Conner Smith

Every now and then I'm back in a dream
So real I can still smell the gasoline
Fresh cut grass floating in the air
Swear I see you smiling like I'm right there with the

Windows down and the radio playing
Running wild in a field of gold
Chasing down the night
Every star up in the July sky

We were county line crazy and ragtop getaways
Two lane freedom, you can't get in the city way
I was your rebel, you were all mine
Talking 'bout forever but living for tonight
Braid in your hair and a cross on your neck
We were saying things, didn't know what they meant
Heaven in the windshield and heaven in your kiss
Fire burning in your eyes and summer on your lips

Funny how I still hear you singing along
Every time Summertime by Chesney comes on
Freckles on your face from the tan on your skin
Man, what I wouldn't give to be back there again

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Yeah, summer on, yeah
Summer on your lips