

Trouble

Conner Smith

She said, "Come pick me up around six tonight."
She said, "I got a dress I know you'll like."
I pulled into her drive
She ran outside and she wasn't lying. No
Yeah, looking back now, yeah, I guess I should have known

Yeah, 'cause she's the kind of trouble worth getting into
On a Friday night, small town, July moon
Yeah, she got a smile to make you do just about anything
Make you go 90 on a two-lane road
When her lips get to kissing, can't take it too slow
Kinda hell you wanna put your heart through
She's the kinda trouble worth getting into

She said, "I know a spot just past the river."
She said, "From way up there, them stars look bigger."
We hopped a trespass sign, kudzu vines
Said we were fine, but I didn't believe her for a second
But with a girl like her—no
You don't ask no questions
You just follow her to heaven

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Yeah, worth getting into

It turns out the trespass sing wasn't some decoration
Yelled, "Who's that," the shotgun cracked like a firework celebration
She took off running, laughing and jumping
When I heard him reload his gun
I hollered, "Sorry, man, but if you saw her, you'd know where I was coming from."

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