

Hangin'

Craig Campbell

River bank looking like a used car lot
Everybody's off the chain
You can't find country girls this hot
At Daytona in the spring
Friday night hell pick a night
We'll be sittin' right here in the moonlight getting right
Damn right, if you ain't doin' nothin' tonight, come on

We'll be hangin' like them midnight stars
Drinkin' them ole PBR's
Bangin' on a couple guitars
Singin' like them boys in the bar
A little leaned up against the hood
A little slip off into the woods
Yea life is good, and we ain't gonna over think it
I'm just out here hangin'
Like a rope swing, like a wallet chain
Like a country girl on your brain

The world just keeps on spins around
But we ain't changed at all
Same ole Joes, in the same ole town
And we still ain't got a mall, naw
Grab a six pack at the quick sac, hit the dirt road
And follow the tracks, way on back
Way back, ain't nothin' better than that jack

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So get them buddies all loaded up (hey)
Get them boots a little muddied up (ho)
Get on out and have a drink with us (drink it)

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