

Lifted

Dallas Smith

In a cloud of dust, I picked you up off your front porch
My old truck was lifted
That summer dress messing with my head
Caught the wind just a little bit and lifted
And it sure felt good (it sure felt good)
You were holding my hand (you were holding my hand)
Looking out over that hood (looking out over that hood)
Singing John Mellencamp

And we were high on nothing but living and loving
Running down something called a dirt road dream
Our own little world, one boy, one girl
Seventeen and riding that sweet southern breeze
Lifted, like a song from a choir
Lifted, like a flame from a raging fire
Lifted

First kiss out under the stars
I've kissed before but that ol' bar was lifted
New spot, we found my old guitar
You're dancing around with your arms lifted
And you sang along like you'd never be gone

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Running down something called a dirt road dream
Our own little world, one boy, one girl
Seventeen and riding that sweet southern breeze

Lifted, like a prayer from a sinner
Lifted, checkered flag, finish line for the winner
Lifted

And we were high on nothing but living and loving
Running down something called a dirt road dream
Our own little world, one boy, one girl
Seventeen and riding that sweet southern breeze

Lifted, like a sail in the wind
Lifted, girl let's go back again
Heat Rises