

## Out Here

Dan + Shay

8 o'clock on a Friday, pickin' you up at your Mama's place.  
Headed out where the trees grow for a little sundown slide show

.  
Summer glow in your hair, fireflies in the air, blanket down out by the water.

Breeze blow in the pines, that look in your eyes. No, it don't get any better.

Out here, we can be runaway rockstars, runnin' from the black tops.

Out here, we can just cuddle up, stay lost, kiss until the moon drops.

Be who we wanna be, not who we gotta be, lay it on back, disappear.

Whoa, out here.

Far away from the city lights, stars dancin' in the sky.

The lake sings and the wind swirls. You sure are looking pretty girl.

Lay your head on my chest and I'll take care of the rest.

Let go and breathe for a little while.

Staring over at me, staring over at you, I say we meet in the middle.

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