

You ask "How many more days?"
And I say "42"
'Til I move back to Nashville
That you've been counting to
Strange how in November
It'll be a year, I'm missing you, mh

I almost can't believe it
I get to see you soon
More than just a visit
I'll be living ten from you
I'm praying that we'll pick up
Right where we left off in that back room

So tell all the girls you've been kissing that they had a good run
But it's all over and through
Tell them that your little lady's moving back to the city
And it's not them, it's that I finally get to have you
And your penthouse with the bad view
And my toothbrush in your bathroom
And you can tell I'm tryna act cool
But do I finally get to have you?

I met you in the red lights
Laughing like a kid
The first time that you kissed me
I got back my innocence
Took two weeks 'til I'm leaving
Now four shoes on the front porch all make sense
It all makes sense

And if I never left we wouldn't be on the phone
I'd be sleeping on your chest
Not this king size alone
And we'd be more than a picture we drew up in our heads
And I finally get to give you my best

And I tell the boys I've been kissing that they had a good run
But it's all over and through
I tell them that your little lady's moving back to the city
And it's not them, it's that you finally get to have me
Almost naked in your backseat
You bite my lip 'cause I keep laughing
I never felt this fucking happy
And now you finally get to have me