

Red Dirt Clouds

David Lee Murphy

Driving by on the highway
Might not look like much at all
And just a few stoplights and county road signs
And the field where I played ball
Yeah, I bet you probably wonder
What the truck there is to do
If you could see what I see now
You'd be doing the same thing too

Kicking up dust in a bucket of rust
Making red dirt clouds
Got an angel in the shotgun seat, sipping Sunkist tea
With the radio up loud
I don't know what heaven looks like, nah, but trust me, y'all
I think it mighta done come down
Riding round, kicking up dust in a bucket of rust
Making red dirt clouds

Red dirt clouds, red dirt clouds
Red dirt clouds
Come on, Ben

Cornfields of gold, John Deere green
Bluest sky you ever seen
Where dogwoods grow and church bells ring
It sure sounds like paradise to me
And if you're looking for a slice, I'll cut you a piece

Kicking up dust in a bucket of rust
Making red dirt clouds
Got an angel in the shotgun seat, sipping Sunkist tea
With the radio up loud
I don't know what heaven looks like, nah, but trust me, y'all
I think it mighta done come down
Riding round, kicking up dust in a bucket of rust
Making red dirt clouds

Red dirt clouds, red dirt clouds
Red dirt clouds, red dirt clouds
Sing it, Ern

You drive by it on the highway
It might not look like much at all, no

You're riding round kicking up dust in a bucket of rust
Making red dirt clouds
Got an angel in the shotgun seat, sipping spiked iced tea
With the radio up loud
I don't know what heaven looks like, nah, but trust me, y'all
I think it mighta done come down (oh, I think it mighta done come down)
Riding round, kicking up dust in a bucket of rust
Making red dirt clouds

Red dirt clouds (ooh, making red dirt), red dirt clouds
Making red dirt clouds (making red dirt), yeah, red dirt clouds