

Bat Outta Hell

Dylan Marlowe

I was reeling 'em in real good
Didn't think today could get better
They were biting just like they should
The good Lord turned on the good weather
Then right there outta the blue sky
She called, and she said goodbye
Don't worry, boy, about changing my mind
I'll leave your keys by your things on the dresser

So, I backed the truck down the ramp
Loaded it up, now here I am

Driving like a bat outta hell with a boat on the back
Taking these dirt turns Earnhardt fast
Tryna get there 'fore the last bag gets packed up
And she leaves me in the dust
Redline, 95 on the truck dash
Fishing poles 'bout to fly out the Bass Cat
Ain't no way I'm gonna let her get away like that
So, I'm driving like a bat outta hell with a boat on the back
Yeah, I'm driving like a bat outta hell with a boat on the back

I hope them blue-light boys ain't out
'Cause ain't no way I'm slowing this Chevy down
So, if you see me on the highway
Get outta my way

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The only thing that could pull me away from a honeyhole
Was her saying she probably wouldn't be there by the time I get home

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