

Dirt

Florida Georgia Line

You get your hands in it
Plant your roots in it
Dusty head lights dance with your boots in it (dirt)
You write your name on it
Spin your tires on it
Build your corn field, whiskey
Bonfires on it (dirt)
You bet your life on it

Is that an old shade
Red roads clay you grew up on
That plowed up ground
That your dad
Damned his luck on
That post game party field
You circle up on
And when it rains
You get stuck on
Drift a cloud back
Behind county roads
That you run up
And mud on her jeans
That she peeled off
And hung up
Her blue eyed
Summer time smile
Looks so good that it hurts
Makes you wanna build
A ten percent down
White picket fence house on this dirt

You've mixed some sweat with it
Taken a shovel to it
You've stuck some crosses and some painted
Goal posts through it (dirt)
You know you came from it (dirt)
And some day you'll return to

This elm shade red rust clay
You grew up on
That plowed up ground
That your dad
Damned his luck on
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You know you came from it (dirt)
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