

# Saturday Night

Jackson Dean

Got my wallet and a fake id  
No one looking or following me  
According to the state of Carolina I'm over 21  
Least I didn't lie too bad that's right where I come from

Following that back-of-woods sound  
On the outskirts of town  
In my mind my body's running low 'lectricity  
I swear to God it's like something out of a movie

We went don't let your daddy  
See you sneaking outta that back door  
I think they're calling for another thunder storm  
Everyone parked around a fire  
Half a mile down the power lines  
I'll tell you right now son  
It's just another small-town Saturday night

I'll be saying  
Now mamma I might not be coming home  
Now that I see her name lighting up on my phone  
Ain't nothing like feeling freedom in an open field  
Come on put your hands up if you know what I feel

If you go don't let your daddy see you  
Sneaking outta that back door  
I think they're calling for another thunder storm  
Everyone parked around a fire  
Half a mile down the power lines  
I'll tell you right now son  
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The young live and they'll drink  
Come on put your hands up  
If you know what I mean  
You go don't let your daddy see you  
Sneaking outta that back door  
I think they're calling for another thunder storm

One hand on the steering wheel  
The other hanging out the window  
Every kid a country love song  
Playing through on my radio  
Everyone parked around a fire  
Half a mile down the power lines  
I'll tell you right now son  
It's just another small-town Saturday night  
Oooh just a small-town Saturday night  
Oooh ooh-ooh