

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 momma 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-oooh