In It

Jake Owen

Baby, I know that you gotta go
It's a whim or a plan either way, I hope
There's a beach in it
Your Friday nights are barefoot in the sand
There's music and lights
And your left hand has a beer in it
Yeah, I hope the coast is clear in it

Oh, I love you and I'll leave it at that
It's ok if you don't look back

If my '98 Pontiac gets to driving through your dreams
Takes you flying 'round this old town in that same ol' shotgun seat
When you open your eyes and that pretty little mind has a memor y
I hope there's still a little me in it

You ain't gotta call, you ain't gotta write
If the lonely gets you dialin' for my voice one night
'Cause you miss hearin' it
I'll try not to have a tear in it
Won't try to talk you back into us
I'll keep my mouth and my broken heart shut

If my '98 Pontiac gets to driving through your dreams
Takes you flying 'round this old town in that same ol' shotgun seat
When you open your eyes and that pretty little mind has a memor y
I hope there's still a little me in it

Oh, I love you and I'll leave it at that
Yeah, I know that you're not coming back

If my '98 Pontiac gets to driving through your dreams
Takes you flying 'round this old town in that same ol' shotgun seat
When you open your eyes and that pretty little mind has a memor y
I hope there's still a little me in it

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