

Boots on a Dance Floor

Jon Wolfe

We're all wake up, shake it off
Coffee strong and hit the road
We're all race track, nothing but fast
Songs on the radio
It's a skyline changing, dirt road paving
Damn sure, better lock your door
We're a 40-hour grind, not counting overtime
But Friday night on the back porch

We're boots on a dance floor, birds on a wire
Red on a barn door, ring on fire
Cloudy to blue sky rolling along
All free and easy, just like a song
In a world full of running and chasing down money
Yeah, me and you, we're moving at our own pace, honey
Like curves on an old Ford
Like boots on a dance floor

'Bout the time the sun setting we'll be getting where we wanna be
You got a plan, got your hands in the back pockets of my jeans
We got the full moon setting low, country go radio
Coming through the window screen
When we find our feet, we don't miss a beat
That's the thing about you and me

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