

Fiddle in the Band

Kane Brown

I woke up hurting in my shirt and jeans from the night before
My phone and my ears were ringing
'Cause we were downtown bouncing 'round from door to door
There ain't a song I wasn't singing

From the DJs on the 2s and 4s
To the honky tonk on the hardwood floors
I was out throwing down in the middle of the crowd
When a boy in the band broke a bow out

I'm just like you
I was raised on the radio
From Memphis blues to Hollywood rock 'n' roll
Took a trip to Music City
Brought a little bit of everything with me
I'm a little bit of bass, 808s, a little bit of clap your hands
I'm a little bit a six strings on a backbeat
With a fiddle in the band

I'm like a burnt CD from '03 in a Mustang
You never knew what was coming
So, I can't help but to be R&B with a touch of twang
Air guitars and dashboard drumming

Hey

I'm just like you
I was raised on the radio
From Memphis blues to Hollywood rock 'n' roll
Took a trip to Music City
Brought a little bit of everything with me
I'm a little bit of bass, 808s, a little bit of clap your hands
I'm a little bit a six strings on a backbeat
With a fiddle in the band

Y'all hearing this

From the DJ on the 2s and 4s
To the honky-tonks on the hardwood floors
From the first song to the encore

I'm just like you
I was raised on the radio
From Memphis blues to Hollywood rock 'n' roll
Took a trip to Music City
Brought a little bit of everything with me
I'm a little bit of bass, 808s, a little bit of clap your hands
I'm a little bit a six strings on a backbeat
With a fiddle in the band
With a fiddle in the band

C'mon

Here we go