

# Wide Open

Kane Brown

Just a slow down small town  
Just a deep south home crowd  
With nothing to do and nothing to lose  
The same old paper and same old news

We'd ride around 10:30 on a Friday  
We'd hurry to a parking lot  
With all our friends  
Turning up the heat when  
We finally made it to the weekend

We put the gas to the floor  
Yeah, we hit it wide open  
Two-lane highway rolling  
With no one around, slowing us down  
Radio loud, had the speakers all blowing  
Dials wide open  
Feet on the dash with her hand out the window  
Smiling a look in her eye letting me know  
She didn't care where we were going  
As long as we were going wide open

She was made for the fast lane  
She was more than just a pretty face  
First time lover, we spent that summer  
Doing nothing but getting away

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