

Burn

Kip Moore

World's gone mad, damn near insane
It's upside down, the track jumped the train
Like a tree on fire, headed for your house while the flames get higher
Prices gone up, value going down
A million cars going 'round and 'round
I think I'll jump this ship, and move to a spot that always digs

I'll take a slow drive, backwoods, Kentucky sunshine
Find me a muddy trail I can put these old tires, spinning around
And I'll take a Jon Boat, Johnson motor
Roam Zebco, live bait floaters
Some canned Coors Light, listen to the river sound
When it all goes left, take a hard right turn
I pray the fish still bite and the world don't burn

Well, there ain't no rocks, no throwing stones
Ain't no damn keeping up with the Jones'
That won't fly, like an eagle does in a blue grass sky
Light shows up, dark disappears
That's the thing about way out here
So good so far, takin' it easy ain't so hard

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I pray the fish still bite and the world don't burn
Hope it don't burn

Some folks say I've checked out
I don't know what life's about
Hell, I'll be just fine
You do your thing and I'll do mine

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