

Fire On Wheels

Kip Moore

Yeah, the streets are rumblin' with the Detroit diesel
We been ridin' all night to bring the party to the people
Who spent that workweek money, hard-earned
For a ticket to the show and a black T-shirt

I'm talkin' Alabama, New Orleans to Mississippi
Chicago, where the girls are so Windy City pretty
Up to Maine, to the plains, to the Midwest fields
Out to California with some fire on wheels
'Cause everybody knows when the sun goes down
There's some bad mamajamas gonna lay it down on your town

With some rock 'n' roll and country western
The boys buy the drinks
When the girls get to dancin' to the six-string circus
And the beat of that drum
Look out, mama, here they come!

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Yeah, oh

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With some rock 'n' roll and country western
The boys buy the drinks
When the girls get to dancin' to the band
To the band, yeah