

Freestyle

Lady A

We gonna do this thing?
Well, come on then!

River road, Chevy van, cherry classic coke can
Rolling on the floorboard; Fleetwood, Macklemore
Coming out the speakers, spilling on the t-shirts
Getting loud like I'm standing in the bleachers
Creek bank, tire swing, peeling off her blue jeans
Skinny deep sugar, fish a couple of new things

Hey, there ain't nothing wrong
Just making it up as we go along
Find a little rock 'n' roll hallelujah
Throw your hands up high
If the spirit moves ya, babe
Singing hey, hey, hey
We can do it old school, ABC style
Maybe we can go a little wild and freestyle

A summer jam mixtape, vodka in your lemonade
(Alright, alright) like McConaughey
White vinyl, gypsy revival
Traveling through the middle of the belt of the bible
Hula girl grass skirt shaking on the dashboard
Where we're going we don't need no passport

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Find a little rock 'n' roll hallelujah
Throw your hands up high
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Oh, some of us like to watch and some like to dance
Though we all wake up with the same stamp on our hands
Counting stars and counting cars and just counting miles
Doing it freestyle, you style, me style
Ain't got nowhere to be child

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Just making it up as we go along
Find a little rock 'n' roll hallelujah
Throw your hands up high
If the spirit moves ya, babe
Singing hey, hey, hey
We can do it old school, ABC style
Maybe we can go a little wild and freestyle
Oh, you can count it all, baby 1, 2, 3, child
Maybe we can go a little wild and freestyle