

Here's To Anyone

Laine Hardy

We used to shoot up at the moon
With old twenty-twos, spent
Sunday mornings on a pinewood pew
Walk into a faded red Texaco, say
"How y'all doing?" Get a
Pack of nightcrawlers, cold Mountain Dew, and

Head out to the lake, hit that honey hole, ay
Gravy on a steak, butter on a roll

Go on, raise 'em up if you were raised up right
Go on, live it up, if you live that life
If you roll down a few dirt roads
Rolled up where the green grass grows
Watermelon crawl, small town Saturday night

Here's to anyone who knows anything about that
Here's to anyone who knows anything about that

If you wanna talk college football or
Whitetails or bird dogs
George Jones or Cash, I know all about that

Parking in the sticks, stealing kisses in the moonlight
T-shirts on a limb, Natty Lights on ice

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Peanuts and a Coke, hidden honey holes
Sorry if you don't, but if you know you know (one, two, three, four)

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