

Road Runner

Lainey Wilson

My white Tacoma and right Tecovas a match and kerosene
I pit stopped in here for one cold beer and you tumbled into me
We talked all night, I bummed a light that turned into a wildfire
But I can't slow down, I cut through town like a rusty old barbed wire

Baby, I'm a roadrunner
Heads Carolina, tails Timbuktu
There ain't no wonder
Nobody's had enough, get up and go in their boots
Finger in the air, slinging prayers, hair wind blown
Pedal to the medal, burning rubber off of Bridgestones
I've never loaded my shotgun seat
I'm a roadrunner and, baby, you can run with me

That motel vacant sign is flashing like it don't want me to leave
But I gotta chase the sunrise and keep the tumble in my weed
I wanna taste your cowboy kiss, but in a different state
If you want to, you better grab your boots made for the highway

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Road, road, road runner
Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arizona
Road, road, road runner
Rolling down the road, tryna find me another

Roadrunner
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