

# Different Shade Of Red

Larry Fleet

Well I been known to paint the town red with my boys  
We throw the empties in the truck bed, same dirt  
Under my nails as my tire treads, I'm small town  
Proud of the color on the back of my neck

Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh  
But these days I'm trading cold beer for your Cabernet  
Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh  
And back roads for your driveway

Meet me at the front door, t-shirt hanging off your shoulder  
Red wine, red lips, leaning in closer  
Oh baby, honestly  
You bring out a whole other side of me  
You got a way to round off all my rough around the edges  
Kiss me till I lose count counting all my blessings, yeah  
Lipstick on my neck, rose petals on the bed  
Girl, you turn my world a different shade of red

Well, I still love to mow a cornfield with my truck  
Hell yeah, I'll lock it down in four-wheel, slinging mud  
I'll wet a line, but you're the reel deal, baby, only kinda crazy  
I want in my arms tonight

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A different shade of red  
Mmh, girl, you turn my world a different shade of red