

Barefoot and Buckwild

Lauren Alaina

You got a way of calling right at the wrong time
I know your southern drawl is what trouble sounds like
The way you got me grinning
You know I'll climb up in your rusty truck
I give up, come on over pick me up

Back roads no lines, high beam headlights
Baby you just might make me lose my mind

You slide me over little love shootin' shotgun
Hands out the window, got my toes up on the dash
Nothing but fields on the wheels just slinging red mud
I like the way you drive, just like a rebel child
You make me wanna get barefoot and buckwild

You're showin' off in circles down by the riverside
You like to make me nervous so I move in real tight
Come on throw it in park
I wanna see the stars and feel the grass between my toes
Dancing to the radio
Oh you got me where you want me, lost in the country

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I don't know how you do what you do
But you do what you do and it does what it does to me
I can't stop it once you start it

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Wild, wild, barefoot and buckwild
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