

Gold

Little Big Town

Don't need no road map
Just need the sun
Point me towards the coastline
Don't matter which one
Don't need no fortune teller
Telling us where to be
All kinds of karma, baby
Sitting right next to me

You and me got everything without the hype
Tank of gas, a little cash, a bag of ice

And we'll be gold
Like a ring around a finger
And the rims on an Escalade
Gold
Six-pack of sunshine
Turning lemons into lemonade
We'll be tipping sombreros
Sipping on Cuervo
Skipping down the yellow brick road
Gold
Baby, we're gold

It's a great big world
Full of great big problems
But which song we're playing next
Is the only one we're solving
Hammer down to Alabama, down the road
Queue up, ramble on, we'll sing along and rock this roll

And we'll be gold
Like a ring around a finger
And the rims on an Escalade
Gold
Six-pack of sunshine
Turning lemons into lemonade
We'll be tipping sombreros
Sipping on Cuervo
Skipping down the yellow brick road
Gold
Baby, we're gold

If you're looking for silver, keep diggin'
We got a sky with no limit, a sky with no limit
If you're looking for silver, keep diggin'
There ain't a thing that we're missing, a thing that we're missing
If you're looking for silver, keep diggin'
Keep diggin'

Gold
Like a ring around a finger
And the rims on an Escalade
Gold
Six-pack of sunshine
Turning lemons into lemonade
We'll be tipping sombreros

Sipping on Cuervo
Skipping down the yellow brick road
Gold
Baby, we're gold

Gold
Baby, we're gold