

Fish On The Wall

Luke Bryan

You're shaking like a live oak leaf, missing your first deer
Seven years old, fighting back the tears
Next thing you know, it's your senior year
Saying you can't wait till you're out of here

Wintergreen Skoal in a console cup
Cut a bunch of yards so you can jack it up
Spinning them wheels in your Chevrolet
Digging down deep in the Georgia clay

My girl in a 12-foot boat, blue eyes and a red sunset
Heading down some way backroad, back tires still soaking wet
Wind blowing that cloud of dust, plow disc all worn and rusty
Running wide-open on empty, yeah, that was life
Back when life was a new country song, it was duck dogs and football
We didn't have much, but we had it all
Trying to steal a kiss and put a fish on the wall

Now I'm watching my boys backlash a line
The muscadine don't fall far from the vine
Spinner bait hung in a cypress tree
Man, I swear they're just like me
When it was

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Man, it's something to see them holding up their first ten-pounder
And if they're lucky as me, they'll catch and thank the Lord you found her

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