Good Directions

Luke Bryan

I was sittin' there, sellin' turnips on a flat-bed truck
Crunchin' on a pork rind when she pulled up
She had to be thinkin' this is where rednecks come from.
She had HOLLYWOOD written on her license plate
She was lost and lookin' for the Interstate.
Needin' directions and I was the man for the job.

I told her, "Way up yonder past the caution lights
There's a little country store with an old COKE sign.
You gotta stop and ask Miss Beth
For some of her sweet tea.
Then a left will take you to the Interstate,
But a right will bring you right back here to me."

I was sitting there, thinking 'bout her pretty face,
Kicking myself for not catchin' her name.
I threw my hat, said, "You fool, there goes love."
I knew my old Ford couldn't run her down.
She probably didn't like me anyhow.
So I watched her disappear into a cloud of dust.

Is this Georgia heat playin' tricks on me,
Or am I really seein' what I think I see.
The woman of my dreams comin' back to me, yeah.

She went way up yonder past the caution light
Don't know why, but somethin' felt right.
When she stopped in and asked Miss Beth
For some of her sweet tea.
Mamma gave her a big ole glass
And sent her right back here to me.
Thank God for good directions and turnip greens.

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