Ain't Far From It

Luke Combs

Give me a stone cold George Jones, whiskey, bent barstool night
I wanna fly like a honky tonk moth to that neon light
This highway burnin' me up, blues been weighin' me down
There's a hole in the wall needs fillin' on the edge of town
I'm gonna floorboard that Ford straight toward my baby's house
She'll be shinin' like a million dollar diamond second she step
s out
She'll be slippin' me sugar and buddy, she ain't gonna stop
Till we Bonnie and Clyde slide into that parking lot

'Bout to light that fuse on a Friday night
Get to cuttin' loose on this wound up tight
Where twenty bucks buys guitars strummin'
Paychecks turn to cold beer buzzin'
All that leads to late night lovin'
We ain't there yet, but we ain't far from it

That Tele rippin' Mississippi, cover band's sure on point
She on the dance floor, good Lord, droppin' every jaw in the jo
int
When she flips that switch, I'm off like a rocket
Ain't no way to stop it

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No, we ain't there yet, but we ain't far from it

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