

Roots In This Ground

Matt Stell

There's a truck in this field, a fire in the pit
Beer in the cans, Skoal in the spit
Some tan on her legs, breeze in her hair
Out in the skirts and don't in the care

There's a dot on a map with your last name on it
'Cause the cotton and your granddaddy grew up on it
A little piece of heaven, you got you a sliver
'Tween the top of the hill and a bank on the river
Keep the wild in your hair and the pedal to the floor
'Til the night your forever walks through that door
'Cause the pretty girl's gonna put the settle in your down
And roots in this ground

She's the take in your chance, the song in your cab
The beat in your heart, the slow in your dance
When it comes to have no doubts, she's your better
She's the yes when you ask for a one-knee forever

On a dot on a map with your last name on it
'Cause the cotton and your granddaddy grew up on it
A little piece of heaven, you got you a sliver
'Tween the top of the hill and a bank on the river
Keep the wild in your hair and the pedal to the floor
'Til the night your forever walks through that door
'Cause the pretty girl's gonna put the settle in your down
And roots in this ground

Oh, roots in this ground

She'll be your swing on the porch when the day is done
'Til there's no more sets in the sun

And there's a stone in the field with your last name on it
With you and your granddaddy lookin' down on it
From a little piece of heaven where you got you a sliver
'Tween the top of the hill and a bank on the river
Waitin' on that angel to walk through the door
You're lookin' down, prayin', and thankin' the good Lord
For the pretty girl that put the settle in your down
And roots in this ground

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