

Cool Blacktop

Revis

Sitting on a cool blacktop
Watching the rain drop
Dark Southern sky
Whiskey in the backseat
Got some petty on repeat
And I'm looking for another sign
Another million reasons why

So let the heavens roll
What the hell do we know?

You were always the victim
And never the crime
I was trying to reach you
But I couldn't fly
Holding hands with the devil
And saying goodbye

She's a Jezebel
Raising hell with the lightning
Just as easy
As the button buttons on her blue jeans
Her fingers on the stick shift
I'm addicted
The cool black top takes my time
As she reaches for the summer sky

Let the heavens roll

You were always the victim
And never the crime
I was trying to reach you
But I couldn't fly
Holding hands with the devil
And saying goodbye

You were always the victim
And never the crime
I was trying to reach you
But I couldn't fly
In a race
Where the promises turn into lies
Holding hands with the devil
And saying goodbye