

Throw It Back

Tanner Adell

Ooh, yeah
Used to think if he's from Georgia
Then baby he's a peach
But just 'cause he's got them big brown eyes
Don't mean that he can see
Pick yourself up by the boots
Get your tires on the streets
Let that burning rubber sweep that boy up off his feet

Driving down some dirt road is better
Than sitting at home
At the bar with a long neck is better
Than being alone

If you don't like the way he talk
If you don't like the way he act
Don't go handing over keys to your pink Cadillac
Just like papa told ya
Bait the hook and cast
If you don't like the fish you catch
Throw it back

Baby, don't get desperate
If he don't hit you up
There's all kinds of mix and models of 'em big old pickup trucks
Go get you one that's lifted, but honey not too high
'Cause we all know those kinds of boys can't keep us satisfied

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If he's business in the front and a party in the back
His mama take one look at him and have a heart attack
But if he says that he was raised on classic country songs
Grab him by the hand and take his country ass back home

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