

Overdrive

Thomas Rhett

Something pretty simple 'bout an eighteen Tennessee summer
Eighty four was the number that I wore
Under Friday lights
How could I forget that night?
Yeah that girl was a homecoming honey
Kinda small-town pretty, made them dark days sunny
With her emerald eyes
I thought, Lord, I had to make her mine

Yeah, I was about to go and crash a party with the guys
And when she called me up and said, "Can you pick me up tonight?"

I put that '04 F-one-five-oh right into overdrive
Like a bat outta hell with them JBLs working overtime
Yeah, I'm high-beaming down a backroad, yeah
Tires screaming, now I'm getting close
Tryna do the limit, but my heart doing way more than sixty-five
On that "Baby, I'm coming over" drive
On that "Baby, I'm coming over" drive

I pulled up where the party was, where the Bacardi was
That was the start of us, I told you
Got your heels stuck in the mud, I had to carry ya
All the way to the truck on my shoulders
Yeah, we both smelled like bonfire smoke
Took my hand as she moved in close
She said, "I'll kiss your cheek, but I'll kiss your lips
If we can go somewhere alone"

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