## **Dust**

## **Tim McGraw**

It's rolling in the wind, you can see it in the air Where I come from, man, it's everywhere Coming up in a cloud behind a one way plow Colors up the sky when the sun goes down

Oh, drifting up and down that main street drag Oh, may even wrote her name with it up on the dash

Dust in the rearview, in the cedar

Dust on the bottle, coming out of them speakers

Dust on my boots, dust on my truck

Probably got a little running in my blood

From the road I ride with that laid back seat

She's sitting in on the passenger side

Everything I know, everything I love

Is covered up in dust

When the moon comes up it kind of settles on down But we stir it back up when we're riding around Dust on the top of a cold beer can Before I take a sip I wipe it off with my hand

Oh, couple of days without no rain
Oh, shoot, it's probably coming from a mile away

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