

Blackberries are ripe on Taylor Ridge  
I'll pick you a daisy on the way  
Walking ties on the railroad bridge  
Go find a spot there in the shade  
Throw a blanket down  
On the ground and hang  
Got hooked up with some homemade wine  
Hid it in the moss at the foot of the bluff  
Later on when that old moon shines  
We can tip it back  
And catch a buzz by the creek  
Beat the heat  
Sit on that rock and let our feet hang

Hey baby, what do you say we take a walk  
Get gone?  
Maybe find a place where we can get lost  
Later on  
Be one  
With the stars in the dark  
And hang

Blackberry kiss on white tan lines  
Midnight song of the whip-poor-ill  
Third cup of that homemade wine  
Don't you wanna know how that feels on out there?  
Middle of nowhere  
Where you can let your long, honeysuckle hair hang

Hey baby, what do you say we take a walk  
Get gone?  
Maybe find a place where we can get lost  
Later on  
Be one  
With the stars in the dark  
And hang

Oh, baby, we can jump in, take a swim  
Drip dry off in the night wind  
And hang  
Hey, baby, what do you say we take a walk?  
Maybe find a place to get lost  
And hang