

I cut my exhaust to make her turn her head
Them smiley face KC lights made her laugh
And I spent my last dollar just to take her home
Drivin' back after curfew, hopin' and prayin'
The sheriff wouldn't pull me over, call my parents
But if he did, oh well, tomorrow I'ma do it all again
Just like every weekend

Our boots stayed muddy, their jeans stayed ripped
We became bigger men with every Copenhagen pinch
Hard-headed as they came, as dirty as we was
I don't see why them pretty girls rolled in our trucks
We were restless, reckless, and all the above
Tryna draw us attention to paint a picture of love
One thing I know that I thank God for
And that's country girls

Sweeter than tea, way out of my league
Gave my truck horsepower when she climbed in my seat
My F-250 was a midnight train
Coverin' up the smell of Coors with your White Rain
Wakin' up these neighbors with southern rock and roll
'Til the needle reads E or the cops get called

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In every small town
There's a down-home Dixie dime
And that passenger side truck door
Has been slammed about a thousand times
That's a hundred goodbyes, times 10 more rides
And only one girl on your mind

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