

The Outskirts

Zach Bryan

Well I want a home on the outskirts of town
Come around sundown to hear the sound
Kids and the crickets under pinky skies
Swing on by 'cause we're drinking tonight

Well, in my mind, trees line the drive
There's a kind, loving lady belly laughing inside
And in the morning while we're drinking brew
She'll say, "The city ain't nothing like the outskirts with you"

And fireflies and some scheming eyes
Will turn this house into a home
Then we'll grin in the driveway
Hell, your smile outdoes the dawn
Hold on, hope is on the way
Oh, I swear to God
I'll take you to the outskirts one day

Well I want a home on the outskirts of town
Where the wind chimes sing to the porch swing crowd
June into August, August to May
With the sun beating down or the snow in the way

The smell of fresh-cut grass in the yard
I don't care who you are, drink a fifth, bring your heart
You put down the tailgate, I'll put down a tune
'Cause out in the 'skirts we move and shake with the moon

With fireflies and some scheming eyes
We'll turn this house into a home
Then we'll grin in the driveway
Hell, your smile outdoes the dawn
Hold on, hope is on the way
Oh, I swear to God
I'll take you to the outskirts one day
Oh, I swear to God
I'll take you to the outskirts one day

With fireflies and some scheming eyes
We'll turn this house into a home
Then we'll grin in the driveway
Hell, your smile outdoes the dawn
Hold on, hope is on the way
Oh, I swear to God
We'll make it to the outskirts one day
Oh, I swear to God
We'll make it to the outskirts one day