

Morgan Wallen, Ain't That Some

Ain't that some back home buddies in a field mud on the wheels
Yeah, ain't that some thick smoke Silverado tearin' up a two lane road
Ain't that some C-O-U-N-T-R-Y shit we been doin' since we was yea high
There's folks out there ain't T-R-Y'd this
Man, ain't that some shit

That you'd hate to grow up and miss
Hate to think of what if
I didn't even know what a honey hole with a Zebco
And my jeans rolled and a pinch of Skoal in my lip even is
They say we ain't got a pot to piss but I thank God for this

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Ain't that some, ain't that some, ain't that some shit
Yeah

My true north is due south, with a blue Coors goin' down
Just like that setting sun on my old Z71
I know it's cliché to sing Chevrolets, cold beers and Fridays
But that's just the way it is out here

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Ain't that some back home
Ain't that some thick smoke Silverado
Ain't that some C-O-U-N-T-R-Y, we'll be doing this till the day we die
There's folks out there ain't T-R-Y'd this
Ain't that some shit
Ain't that some, ain't that some, ain't that some shit
Ain't that some, ain't that some shit