

# Morgan Wallen, Sand In My Boots

She asked me where i was from  
I said ; somewhere you never been to  
Little town outside od Knoxville  
Headng by some dogwood trees  
She tried talking with my accent  
We held halds as qwaded into  
The blue water  
She left her flip-flops  
By my red wings on the beach

But now i am dodging potholes i my sunburnt Silverado  
Like a heart-broke Desperado  
Heading right back to my roots  
Something about the way she kissed me  
Tells me she loves Eastern Tennessee  
Yeas, but all i broight back with me was some sand in my boots

I said; let's go shoot tequila  
So we walked back to that beach bar  
She said: don;t cowboyd drink wiskey?  
So we drank Bottom Shelf  
She said: damn, that sky loooks perfect  
I said: girl, you've never seen stars like the ones back home  
And she said: maybe, i should, se tchem for myself

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I said meet me in the morning  
And she told me i was crazy  
Yeah, but i still thought that maybe she'd show up

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