

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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