

# County Lines

Jimmie Allen

You and me in the front seat  
With a full tank  
A little Friday cash  
Blackstreet on the CD  
No diggity  
A little blast from the past  
We could push the pedal  
Down to the West Coast  
Girl the coast is clear  
Yeah we could lean the seats back  
Do a little road trippin' round here  
'Cause you got them lips like California  
Southern drawl like Georgia  
Gypsy like that Joshua tree  
Sweeter than that Texas tea  
Tan like Pensacola  
Heat wave when I hold ya  
Taking me everywhere tonight  
We ain't crossed the county line  
Okay  
Uh-huh  
Baby let my fingers drive  
Okay  
Uh-huh  
Yeah, baby  
If it's a place than I ain't been  
Well I just been  
Girl I swear  
You kiss is like a road map  
Yeah, you're taking me everywhere  
I don't need my hands on the wheel  
'Cause I got both hands on you  
Don't need the interstate  
When I can take the scenic route You've got that sweet home Alabama  
Hips just like Atlanta  
Buzz like Tennessee whiskey  
When you put your hads on me  
Cool like San Diego  
Don't need no Winnebago  
You're taking me everywhere tonight  
We ain't crossed the county line  
Okay

Uh-huh  
Baby let my fingers drive  
Okay  
Uh-huh Girl let's keep the seats leaned back  
I'm loving every mile we pass  
'Cause you got them lips like California  
Southern drawl like Georgia  
Gypsy like that Joshua tree  
Sweeter than that Texas tea  
Tan like Pensacola  
Heat wave when I hold ya  
Taking me everywhere tonight  
We ain't crossed the county line  
Okay  
Uh-huh  
Baby let my fingers drive  
Okay  
Uh-huh  
We ain't cross the county line If there's a place that I ain't been  
Well I just been  
Girl I swear  
We ain't cross the county line  
Okay  
Uh-huh

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>