

# Smoke

## Florida Georgia Line

Laying back against this windshield  
Parked out in this Georgia red field  
This is where we burn our summer nights  
Long little lipstick kisses on the hood of our tacoma  
We were seventeen, going on free and wild  
She was smoking hot, a whiskey shot of jerry curl  
Sparks were flying every time I smelled smoke I'm sitting by a bonfire watching her swaying  
Me and my buddies and the guitar playing  
Sipping on forties on a saturday night  
Buzzing through a of dixieland delight  
High as the stars, in the milky way  
Those summer days drifting away, she'll always float  
Back through my mind like smoke  
July flames, october ashes  
Summer skin and blue jean flashes  
Strike a match and light a memory  
Never said goodbye, we let it fly into thin air  
Tonight I'm a stone, all along going up so strong I swear I'm sitting by a bonfire watching her  
swaying  
Me and my buddies and the guitar playing  
Sipping on forties on a saturday night  
Buzzing through a of dixieland delight  
High as the stars, in the milky way  
Those summer days drifting away, she'll always float  
Back through my mind like smoke She was smoking hot, a whiskey shot of jerry curl  
Sparks were flying every time I smelled smoke  
I'm sitting by a bonfire watching her swaying  
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Back through my mind like smoke  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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