

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
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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