

# Round Here

## Florida Georgia Line

Hammerin' a nail  
Stackin' them bales  
I'm dog tired by the 5 o'clock hour  
But I'm ready to raise some hell  
And Jesse's gettin' ready  
I'm gassin' up the Chevy  
I'm gonna pick her up at 6  
I hope she's gonna wear the jeans with a tear  
That her mama never fixed  
The moon comes up and the sun goes down  
We find a little spot on the edge of town  
Twist off, sip a little, pass it around  
Dance in the dust, turn the radio up  
And that fireball whiskey whispers  
Temptation in my ear  
It's a feelin' alright Saturday night  
And that's how we do it 'round here  
Yeah that's how we do it 'round here  
Mud on the grips  
Wild cherry on her lips  
I've been workin' and tryin' and flirtin and dyin'  
For an all night kinda kiss  
And country on the boombox  
And candles on the toolbox  
Doin' everything right  
Got the country boy charm  
Turned all the way on tonight  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>