

Hell Raisin' Heat of the Summer

Florida Georgia Line

Well daisy duke peekaboo
I might have learned a thing or two
On a Friday night joy right
Out there on the county line
Drag race until the blue lights chase us
and we scatter like sparks from a black cat fuse
Train bridge where we sprayed pink skinner
and the gold flakes glimmer in the cinnamon booze We were living every minute of the night
Like there might never be another
We were running all the caution lights
We were learning to fly with a little tailgunner
If there was something to burn, we were burning it
Anything with a curb we were turning it
Just wildfires out there under
The hell raising heat of the summer
Alabama on the Alpine
Bust a cap on a deer sign
A little backseat butterfly
Homegrown angel that'll get you high
That'll get you high We were living every minute of the night
Like there might never be another
We were running all the caution lights
We were learning to fly with a little tailgunner
If there was anything to burn, we were burning it
Anything with a curb, we were turning it
Just wildfires out there under
The hell raising heat of the summer Yeah, I see clearer in the rear view mirror
than I ever did looking out over the hood
Yeah man we had some damn good times
and I sure hope everybody's doing good
We were living every minute of the night
Like there might never be another
We were running all the caution lights
We were learning to fly with a little tailgunner
If there was anything to burn, we were burning it
Anything with a curb, we were turning it
Just wildfires out there under
The hell raising heat of the summer The hell raising heat of the summer
The hell raising heat of the summer
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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

