

# What You Wanna Hear

Dustin Lynch

I bet you're sick of them pick up lines, the same thing every Friday night  
You're so hot girl, you're looking so fine, like you don't already know  
They say they'll treat you right, show you the city lights  
Get you sipping on something you don't even like  
I guess they don't know, they're on the wrong road  
I know what you wanna hear Truck tires on a two lane rolling  
River rushing and a warm breeze blowing in  
Hair all around to the sound  
Of the radio singing in the background  
Gravel grinding, while we're finding  
A little spot I can make a fire in  
Top popping on an ice cold beer  
I know what you wanna hear  
Ain't that music to your ears?  
Tell me, have I got you figured out?  
Baby, ain't that what you're all about?  
Do I make you wanna leave this crowd and head on out of here  
Cause I can tell by that little shine smile  
What I'm talking bout's a little more of your style  
It'll only take a couple of miles to the Truck tires on a two lane rolling  
River rushing and a warm breeze blowing in  
Hair all around to the sound  
Of the radio singing in the background  
Gravel grinding, while we're finding  
A little spot I can make a fire in  
Top popping on an ice cold beer  
I know what you wanna hear  
Ain't that music to your ears? They say they'll treat you right, show you the city lights  
Get you sipping on something you don't even like, girl  
They don't know, but I know, I know you like  
Truck tires on a two lane rolling  
River rushing and a warm breeze blowing in  
Hair all around to the sound  
Of the radio singing in the background  
Gravel grinding, while we're finding  
A little spot I can make a fire in  
Top popping on an ice cold beer  
I know what you wanna hear  
I know what you wanna hear, girl  
Oh yeah, ain't that music to your ears?

