

Dirt Road

Kip Moore

When the preacher talks to heaven, He paints it real nice,
Says you better get to livin', get to livin' right
You're gonna get your mansion, but save it for your soul
You're gonna do your dancin', city streets to go. Unless it's got a dirt road, leading down to a
fishing hole,
A little piece of moonlight, couple cans of Bud Light.
Can cuddle with my baby, pull her real close
Oh I don't wanna go,
Unless Heaven's got a dirt road
You better quit your drinkin', better quit the smokin' too,
Trade in backseat Saturday nights for Sunday morning pew.
Well I've never been nothing, nothing more than what you see,
Like my truck, I'm made for running, down to a midnight creek. So unless it's got a dirt road,
leading down to a fishing hole,
little piece of moonlight, couple cans of Bud Light.
Can cuddle with my baby, pull her real close
Oh I don't wanna go,
Unless Heaven's got a dirt road. Modest land high, gonna leave you for a short
And get knock knock knockin, at its basement door.
The one thing's for sure...
Unless it's got a dirt road, leading down to a fishing hole,
with little piece of moonlight, couple cans of Bud Light.
Can Cuddle with my baby, and pull her real close
I don't wanna go,
Unless Heaven's got a dirt road.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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