

# Closer

Kane Brown

Money in the bank, gas in the tank  
Say you wanna get a little crazy.  
Your hands up on my knees, such a little tease  
I'm actin' like it ain't gonna phase me.  
Girl tonight the world is ours  
Shootin' like some southern stars.  
From the backseat down a backstreet of your heart.  
Ridin' these FM waves,  
Burnin' these reckless days.  
I can't wait to get a taste  
So get a little close, little closer.  
Blowin' these country roads  
Tearin' off eachother's clothes  
Heads back, curl up them toes  
And get a little closer, a little closer.  
Waylon in truck, whiskey in my cup  
Dancin' with your back up on the console  
Brush your hair back from your eyes  
Put your fingertips in mine  
Girl, pull me back until tomorrow.  
Set the eveing sky on fire  
Burning up with that desire  
From the backseat down a backstreet in your heart.  
Ridin' these FM waves  
Burnin' these reckless days  
I can't wait to get a taste  
So get a little closer, a little closer.  
Blowin' these country roads  
Tearin' off eachother's clothes  
Heads back, curl up them toes  
And get a little closer, a little closer.  
Ridin' these FM waves  
Burnin' these reckless days  
I can't wait to get a taste  
So get a little closer, a little closer.  
Blowin' these country roads  
Tearin' off eachother's clothes  
Heads back, curl up them toes  
And get a little closer, a little closer.

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

