

Can't Get Nothin' Done

Tate Stevens

Got a zero-turn John Deere gassed up sittin' right there
Cup holder cold beer in case I get hot
Five gallon can of paint and a picket fence callin' my name
Old truck in the driveway sure needs a wash

Then you come walking
I can't help but stop and stare
You give me that look, you know that look
Like, "Baby, come over here"
Just one kiss, maybe one more
Baby, next thing you know
We're sitting on a swing, doing our thing
While the sun disappears
It's no wonder I can't get nothin' done around here

All my friends come by, see that grass knee high
Bet they're all wonderin' why I let it get like that
I bet they think I'm lazy, oh, if they saw you baby
Smiling at me that way, maybe they'd understand

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You give me that look, you know that look
Like, "Baby, come over here"
Just one kiss, maybe one more
Baby, next thing you know
We're sitting on a swing, doing our thing
While the sun disappears
It's no wonder I can't get nothin' done around here

Oh, I love wasting my time like this
Never crossin' nothin' off my list

Then you come walking
I can't help but stop and stare
You give me that look, you know that look
Like, "Baby, come over here"
Just one kiss, maybe one more
Baby, next thing you know
We're sitting on a swing, doing our thing

While the sun disappears
It's no wonder I can't get nothin' done around here
Can't get nothin' done around here
Oh no

I really should go paint that fence, baby
It feels good up here on this swing though

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