

Move

Parmalee

Oh, start it up.

Hey, like to ride around and listen to that steel guitar sound, on whiskey bent and hell-bound with a little nice
set brunette from FLA.

Wheels turning winding down in the pines, KC lights lighting up tonight.
Iced down and the cold cool beer calling my name.

Hey, like my pontoons.
Cuttin that liquid glass so smooth.
On the lake forty HP every noon,
girls standing on the bow-wow,
keep it tween the banks. Making my way, not a cloud in sky,
inline flow shades on my eyes.
Aw hell, got the JBS so loud you can't think.

Yeah, kick back, oh,
one hand on the wheel.
Give it a little bit of juice.
Life going by so slow and easy.
Don't that just make you want to move?

Aw, turtle wax on, wax off.
Good year serving in the armor-all.
Tin so dark ticks off the lawn.
Got the chrome slicker than a nickle,
now we're ready to roll.
Moon quick stop top off the tank.
Baby wants a little something cold to drink.
Now we slip down the strip like we're on Friday night patrol.

Yeah, kick back, one hand on the wheel.
Give it a little bit of juice.
Life going by so slow and easy.
Don't that just make you want to move?
Yeah, don't that make you want to move?

Weekend, speeding in the thirty-five.
Rolling round town, got nothing but time.
Baby kissing on me, running off the road.

Trying to keep it cool, rolling with the flow.

Kick back, oh, one hand on the wheel.

Give it a little bit of juice.

Life going by so slow and easy.

Don't that just make you want to kick back, oh, one hand on the wheel.

Give it a little bit of juice.

Life going by so slow and easy.

Don't that just make you want to move?

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