Round Here

Florida Georgia Line

Hammer and a nail, stacking them bales
I'm dog tired by the 5:00 hour
but I'm ready to raise some hell
And Jess is getting ready, I'm gassing up the Chevy,
I'm gonna pick her up at six
I hope she's gonna wear the jeans with the tear
that her mama never fixed.The moon comes up and the sun goes down
We find a little spot on the edge of town
Twist off, sip a little, pass it around
Dance in the dust, turn the radio up
That fireball whiskey whispers
Temptation in my ear
It's a feelin' alright saturday night
And that's how we do it round here
Yeah that's how we do it round hereMud on the grips, wild cherry on her lips
I've been working and trying and flirting and dying
For an all night kinda kiss
Country on the boombox, candles on the tool box,
I'm doing everything right, got the country boy charm
Turned all the way on tonightYeah the moon comes up and the sun goes down
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