

# 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 here Mud 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 tonight Yeah the moon comes up and the sun goes down  
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Yeah that's how we do it round here

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