Wide Open

Kane Brown

Just a slow down small town
Just a deep south home crowd
With nothing to do and nothing to lose
The same old paper and same old news

We'd ride around 10:30 on a Friday
We'd hurry to a parking lot
With all our friends
Turning up the heat when
We finally made it to the weekend

We put the gas to the floor
Yeah, we hit it wide open
Two-lane highway rolling
With no one around, slowing us down
Radio loud, had the speakers all blowing
Dials wide open
Feet on the dash with her hand out the window
Smiling a look in her eye letting me know
She didn't care where we were going
As long as we were going wide open

She was made for the fast lane
She was more than just a pretty face
First time lover, we spent that summer
Doing nothing but getting away

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