Dirt

Florida Georgia Line

You get your hands in it
Plant your roots in it
Dusty head lights dance with your boots in it (dirt)You write her name on it
Spin your tires on it
Build your corn field, whiskey
Bonfires on it (dirt)
You bet your life on itIts that elm shade
Red roads clay you grew up on
That plowed up ground That your dad
Damned his luck on That post game party field
You circled up on
And when it rains You get stuck on
Drift a cloud back Behind county roads
That you run up
The mud on her jeans that she peeled off
And hung up
Her blue eyed Summer time smile
Looks so good that it hurts
Makes you wanna build
A 10 percent down
White picket fence house on this dirtYou've mixed some sweat with it
Taken a shovel to it
You've stuck some crosses and some painted
Goal posts through it (dirt)
You know you came from it (dirt)
And some day you'll return toIts that elm shade
Red roads clay you grew up on
That plowed up ground that your dad
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White picket fence house on this dirtYou came from it,
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