

The High Life (feat. Chase Rice)

Colt Ford

Feeling good, feeling nice, we can do it all night
Ain't nothing wrong, no, we're just rolling along
Living the high life, yeah
Living the high life Let me paint this picture for ya, small town on a Friday night
Football and a Facebook party, one post tell everybody
Win or lose, we're still gonna crank it
Mix it up, I bet we drink it,
Don't worry, know what we doin'
Head home when the sun starts moving
No sleep gotta get to work quick
Good Lord that girl was worth it
That kiss sure had me buzzin'
That kiss got my boss cussin'
It's alright, I'ma get this job one
Later on she'll be riding shotgun
My life, high life is perfect,
My truck, my girl, all worth it Feeling good, feeling nice, we can do it all night
Moving and grooving to the flow of a favorite song
Bass bumping, beat's tight, everybody getting right
Hands in the air and we're singing along
Bottle tops popping, the cameras ain't stopping,
Tailgates dropping, this whole town's rocking,
Yeah we're feeling good, feeling nice, we can do it all night
Ain't nothing wrong, no, we're just rolling along
Living the high life Saturday, on Friday repeat,
Meet everybody up in the town square
Gotta see where the party's gonna be,
Sure hope Sara Beth's gonna be there
Sheriff Thompson said Scott just got home,
Spent 18 months in Iraq
Gonna pick him up and get gone,
Gonna raise a little hell cause he's back
You gotta make time for your friends,
You gotta make time for your work
You gotta find a girl you can love,
Live life for all that it's worth
Every day y'all, thank God for it,
This life is such a blessing
Escape that concrete jungle,

Come see what y'all been missing
Feeling good, feeling nice, we can do it all night
Moving and grooving to the flow of a favorite song
Bass bumping, beat's tight, everybody getting right
Hands in the air and we're singing along
Bottle tops popping, the cameras ain't stopping,
Tailgates dropping, this whole town's rocking,
Yeah we're feeling good, feeling nice, we can do it all night
Ain't nothing wrong, no, we're just rolling along
Living the high life
Sunday you gotta head to dinner,
Grandma done made them biscuits
Fried chicken that's finger lickin',
Front porch little guitar pickin'
Sweet tea and apple pie,
Country girl by my side,
So right it can't be wrong,
Wanna hear y'all sing along
Yeah we're feeling good, feeling nice, we can do it all night
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