

Shut It Down

[Luke Bryan](#)

She likes to watch him out the window
Goin round in circles under the sun
Somethin bout a man on a tractor
With his hat on backwards
Lookin forward to after hes doneHe keeps his eye on the back porch
She walks out, kicks off her shoes
Bare feet standin in the short grass
Sweet iced tea in a tall glass
Judgin by her smile, its about time toShut it down
Lotta work left to do, the suns still out
But any hay to make can wait for now
Throttle back, drop the plow
Shut it downHe wipes his face off with his t-shirt
Climbs down and meets her by the gate
Takes himself a long, cool sip
Lays some sugar on her lips
Thinkin maybe he oughta just call it a dayShut it down
Lotta work left to do, the suns still out
Any hay to make can wait for now
Take it on in the house
Shut it downOoh, big, blue sky, half-plowed field
Bird on a fender, tractor sittin stillAny hay to make can wait for now
Take it on in the house
Close the door, lock it out, lock it out
Shut it down, shut it down, shut it down
Shut it down

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