American Spirit

Thomas Rhett

Ridin' down red dirt, drivin' in a white truck, lookin' at a pretty blue sky
Tired eyed kids playin' in a sprinkler, daddy drinkin' cold budlight
Talk about a big life in a small town, ain't got a lot
But we sure found what we were looking forGeorgia red lipstick, tied white tanktop, Levi denim blue eyes
Bottle rockets blowin' up, hot dogs servin' up, it ain't even fourth of July
That's just how it is 'round here and we love it
We wouldn't trade it all in for nothin' moreOh oh oh oh oh
It's in the song, baby can't you feel it
Oh oh oh oh oh
And if you can't baby, listen to the lyrics
It's Friday night freedom, football game
It's proud of where you from, it's your last name
It's thirteen stripes and fifty stars in the wind
So hold up your beer and holler if you hear it
That American spiritOld red six string, white piece of paper, scribbled down lovin' blue ink
Sweet pretty girl, sweet southern melody, sweep her right off of her feet
It's a preacher, it's a aisle, it's a ring on a finger and a bible
And a title on a fixer up houseOh oh oh oh oh
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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