

# 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 for Georgia 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' more Oh 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 spirit Old 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 house Oh oh oh oh oh  
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That American spirit Ridin' down red dirt, drivin' in a white truck, lookin' at a pretty blue sky

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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