

# We Do It In A Field

Granger Smith

In the little bitty towns between map dots  
We don't tailgate in a parking lot  
We bump down dirt roads in jacked up trucks  
Far from the bars and smoky night clubs

We do it in a field rocking all night till the sun comes up  
We got a hundred blue cans  
Sitting on ice in the back of my truck  
George Strait blaring in a Chevrolet  
We open up the doors wide and let it play  
We do it in a field rocking all night till the sun comes up

This ol' truck hood makes a pretty good seat  
Got my feet on the bumper sipping on a drink  
And not too long we'll take it down to the creek  
The ice cold water will set you free

We do it in a field rocking all night till the sun comes up  
We got a hundred blue cans  
Sitting on ice in the back of my truck  
George Strait blaring in a Chevrolet  
We open up the doors wide and let it play  
We do it in a field rocking all night till the sun comes up

My baby looks good in her little tank top  
About 2am we go sneaking off  
We got a spot beneath a cottonwood tree  
She knows what she's gonna do to me

We do it in a field rocking all night till the sun comes up  
We got a hundred blue cans  
Sitting on ice in the back of my truck  
We do it in a field rocking all night till the sun comes up  
We got a hundred blue cans  
Sitting on ice in the back of my pickup truck  
George Strait blaring in a Chevrolet  
We open up the doors wide and let it play  
We do it in a field rocking all night till the sun comes up

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