Love Shack

Lee Kernaghan

Tell the boss we're shooting through, wont be back for a week or two,
Blowing up dust on an old back road, we'll get away fast and come back slow,
Drop the corn into the slot, common girl lets get lost.Riding in my love shack, by my side, honeymoon suite in a 4WD.
High time, freedom bound, let your hair hang down,
Rocking up that bush track, n' out of reach, make the hills n take the beach.
Throw a mattress out the back, it's a love shack.It's got a bit of a knock when you hit the toe, there's no place this rig won't go,
We'll cut across the back country, in a wide, brown land, just you and me.
Just a rollin' along in my getaway truck, my girls getting all fizzed up.Riding in my love shack, by my side, honeymoon suite in a 4WD.
High time, freedom bound, let your hair hang down,
Rocking up that bush track, n' out of reach, make the hills n take the beach.
Throw a mattress out the back, it's a love shack.Panel Van, with the tail gate down, an old tray back, dirty and brown.
Decked out convey, pleasure dome, rollin' along like a rollin' stone.Riding in my love shack, by my side, honeymoon suite in a 4WD.
High time, freedom bound, let your hair hang down,
Rocking up that bush track, n' out of reach, make the hills n take the beach.
Throw a mattress out the back, it's a love shack.Riding in my love shack, by my side, honeymoon suite in a 4WD.
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Songwriters
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