

# Sweet Time

## Frankie Ballard

Well that needle that climbed to 195 MPH  
And this boot of mine wants  
To kick that pedal straight in the face  
This ain't that kinda night There ain't no finish line  
No, this ain't a race  
I bought the bench not the buckets  
And I'm feeling lucky  
So slide on into me baby We're taking our sweet time  
In a real fast car  
Ain't running no, running no  
Red lights tonight  
Just sitting in park  
Oh, hugging every curve  
Of that long lane road  
400 horses on a slow road  
That Camaro kiss, two lonely hearts  
Yeah, we're taking our sweet time  
In a real fast car  
Yeah, yeah, yeah Well, two kids starting fire  
And that cigarette lighter  
Don't even work, ha ha  
It's a windows fogging up  
Kinda love spitting through  
A torn up Haggard t-shirt Well take those big blue eyes  
Baby watch those thighs  
Don't knock us outta first  
Yeah, the heat is on the rise  
I'm trying to memorize  
Every single one of your curves We're taking our sweet time  
In a real fast car  
Ain't running no, running no  
Red lights tonight  
Just sitting in park  
Oh, hugging every curve  
Of that long lane road  
400 horses on a slow road  
That Camaro kiss, two lonely hearts  
Yeah, we're taking our sweet time  
In a real fast car With the radio on

Riding the brakes  
We ain't got nothing  
But time to waste  
So let's take  
The long way home girl  
Whatcha say Yeah, taking our sweet time  
In a real fast car  
Ain't running no, running no  
Red lights tonight  
Just sitting in park  
Oh, hugging every curve  
Of that long lane road  
400 horses on a slow road  
That Camaro kissed two lonely hearts  
Yeah, we're taking our sweet time  
In a real fast car  
Yeah, we're taking our sweet time  
In a real fast car  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Songwriters

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