Next To You, Next To Me

Rascal Flatts

Ridin' down the road in my pick-up truck
Ya' better be ready 'cause I'm pickin' you up
With a full moon a shinin' and a little bit a' luck
We'll run out outta gas and maybe get stuck
We could get lost baby I don't care
I ain't worried as long as you're there
There ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you, sittin' next to me
There ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you, next to me
Barbecue chicken in aluminum foil
Just enough money for my gas and oil
Who needs your shrimp and your caviar
I'd sooner have you just the way you are
Rich people got their money to hold
Mansion on the hill and diamonds and gold
It can't compare as far as I can see
Next to you sittin' next to me
There ain't no place that I'd rather be

Next to you, next to me
Radio playin' our favorite song
I'll change the station if the news comes on
When the signal ain't comin' in too strong
We'll make our own music honey all night long
If the Good Lord's willin' when we're old and gray
The kids are grown up and moved away
We'll be rockin' there side by side
With barbeque chicken and the tv guide
Well, there ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to, sittin' next to me
No, there ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you, next to me
There ain't no place that I'd rather be
Next to you, sittin' next to me
Next to you, next to me
Next to you, next to me
Next to you, next to me
Next to you, next to me

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