

Growin' Up Down There

Billy Currington

That red Georgia clay when mixed with the rain
Sure made for one nasty mess
Ah, but we were ridin' high in that old truck of mine
In deep as we could get Always looking for a rut, tryin' not to get stuck
And slinging that mud everywhere, growin' up down there
Me and my friends where the deep river bends
Had a long rope tied to a tree Takin' turn on the swing, takin' turns takin' drinks
And I don't mean iced tea
A good buzz later playing chicken with the gators
Way too young to be scared, growin' up down there
And those tan little peaches turnin' us on Keepin' things hot all summer long
If I could go back in a second, I swear
Well, I'd still be growin' up down there Well, nothin' going on never lasted too long
We were good at makin' good times
Find a field, spread the word, keep a bonfire burnin'
Through both ends of the night Had the radio up, had a keg in the truck
And tryin' to get licky somewhere
Growin' up down there
And those tan little peaches turnin' us on Keepin' it hot all summer long
If I could go back in a second, I swear
Well, I'd still be growin' up down there
And those tan little peaches turnin' us on Keepin' it hot all summer long
If I could go back in a second, I swear
Well, I'd still be growin' up down there Yeah, lookiin' back now, man, it don't seem fair
If you didn't get to do your growin' up down there

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