

Young Love

Kip Moore

Your daddy thought I was wrong for you, thinking back your mom did too
Two wrongs never felt so right
It was written in the stars, for two young and wild at hearts
Sneak out late into the night
You'd climb in and take my hand
And slide on over, on over and we'd rideCause young love don't know nothin' when the radio plays you sing
along
When she's holding on
You just cant get close enough, you swear it's sent from above
It's real, it's good, and it's young loveRemember that time you was supposed to be at your friend Kate's and not
with me
In Panama City a hundred miles away
And that damned old truck of mine broke down, your old man cussed me out
And swore thats the last I'd see your face
But I'd pull into your neighbor's drive and cut the lights,
And you'd slide on over, on over and we'd rideCause young love don't know nothin' when the radio plays you
sing along
When she's holding on
You just cant get close enough, you swear it's sent from above
It's real, its good, and it's young loveThere was really no way of knowing
But look at us baby, we're still goingCause young love don't know nothin' when the radio plays we sing along
All damn night long
I just cant get close enough, I swear this thing between us, it's real, it's good
And it's still young love
Yeah young love

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