

Bed Of My Chevy

Justin Moore

We can pop a top on a bottle of boons
Have a front row seat to a big full moon
Kick back and listen to the crickets in the field
Find a star we can call our own
Watch the lightning bugs 'till they're gone
Light a fire of passion and lay real still
In the bed of my Chevy on the out skirts of town
We can dance standin' up or lay a blanket down
I can show you how much I love you if you'll let me
Make a memory we'll never forget
Whisper little words I've never said
I'll pull you close when it gets hot and heavy
In the bed of my Chevy
Baby slide off your boots down to your bare feet
Those cut offs and tan lines are killin' me
Move on over lay your head on my shoulder we'll stay a while
Still a little kiss as the whiperwills,
Sing to the trees with a southern feel
We can sit on the tailgate and wait 'till it feels right.
In the bed of my Chevy on the out skirts of town
We can dance standin' up, or lay a blanket down
I can show you how much I love you if you'll let me
Make a memory we'll never forget
Whisper little words I've never said
I'll pull you close when it gets hot and heavy
In the bed of my Chevy

Songwriters

STOVER, JEREMY / MOORE, JUSTIN

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