

# Hell Raisin' Heat of the Summer

## Florida Georgia Line / Florida Georgia Line

(verse 1)

Well, Daisy Duke, Peek a boo  
I might've learned a thing or two  
on a friday night joy ride  
out there on the county line  
drag racing 'til the blue lights chase us  
and we scatter like sparks from a black cat fuse  
train bridge where we spray paint Skynyrd  
and the gold flakes glimmer in the cinnamon booze(Chorus)

We were living every minute of the night  
like there might never be another

We were runnin' all the caution lights,  
we were learning to fly with a little tail gunner  
If there was somethin' to burn, we were burnin' it

Anything with a curve, we were turning it  
just wildfires out there under,  
the hell raisin' heat of the summer(verse 2)

Alabama on the alpine  
bust a cap on a deer sign  
a little back seat butterfly

home grown angel that'll get you high(Chorus)Yeah I see it clearer in the rearview mirror

then I ever did lookin' out over the hood,  
Yeah man we had some damn good times  
and I sure hope everybody's doin' good(Chorus)

The Hell raisin' heat of the summer  
The Hell raisin' heat of the summer

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