

# 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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