

This Can't Be Good

Blake Shelton

There's a campfire burning on the Mississippi River bank
My old pickup speakers are cranking out a lot of Hank
That's the Sheriff's daughter dancin' on my hood
With an empty bottle, this can't be good There's an unwritten law in this sleepy little town
There ain't no drinkin' on the river when the sun goes down
Think I see the blue lights comin' through the woods
It's the Sheriff and his posse, this can't be good Everybody is runnin' like the end of the world was comin'
With a 'Buford T.' kinda lawman closin' in
She just keeps on rockin', guess I better do some talkin'
She's too dumb to run, I'm too drunk to swim This can't be good
This can't be good
This can't be good
Oh, stay tuned This old hay barn's full of last year's grass
I got an old tin can full of campfire gas
There's a little bitty flame on this piece of firewood
And when it all comes together it can't be good Everybody is runnin' like the end of the world was comin'
With a wildfire burnin', like a freight train outta control
She just keeps on rockin', babe, there ain't no time for talking
Throw her over my shoulder, run with everything I can Hold on, babe
Looks like were jumpin' in Now you know when we get to the other side
We're gonna have to take all these wet clothes off
And hang out a while
You know this could be good
Yeah

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