

Blame It On Your Truck

[Kira Isabella](#)

VERSE 1:

Waited all week for Friday night, and baby here you come peeling up the drive. I know you like the jeans I'm wearing, cuz' I can tell by the way that you keep staring. There's a place we like to go, way back in the woods, everybody's thinks we're up to no good.

CHORUS:

When we're just sitting on the tailgate, the moon shining on the lake and listening to that country music playing. Don't wanna think about it now but my mama will be freaking out when I don't make it home before 2 AM. We'll say it wouldn't start or maybe we got stuck, I know my Daddy he'll be waiting up...let's blame it on your truck.

VERSE 2:

Give you that smile, slip off my boots, there's no place I'd rather be than here with you, I know it's late, but I must confess, that you could make this girl a country mess. If the night gets any hotter, we'll end up in the water.

CHORUS 2:

When we're just sittin' on the tailgate, the moon shining on the lake and moving to that country music playing. You got your arm around me now but my Mama will be freaking out when I don't make it home before 2 AM. We'll say it wouldn't start or maybe we got stuck, I know my Daddy he'll be waiting up...let's blame it on your truck.

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

BRIDGE:

What will they say when they ask where we've been? We've been gone since I don't know when. They won't believe me but I'll say it again. Ran out of gas, got a flat, got the trouble [?]

CHORUS 3:

Just sittin' on the tailgate, the moon shining on the lake and moving to that country music playing. Don't wanna think about it now, my Mama will be freaking out when I don't make it home before 2 AM. We'll say it wouldn't start or maybe we got stuck, I know my Daddy he'll be waiting up...let's blame it on your truck. Let's blame it on your truck

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