

Lit

Trace Adkins

Lucky strike and a honkey tonk
Chicken fryin' on a chicken bone
Tennessee moonshiner
Cookin' that copper line
Granny drunk playin' Bingo
Yellin' out B-99
Talkin' 'bout lit (hey hey) Fire up that stogy when the deal is done
Short fuse, black cat, everybody run
Linebacker when they bring the house
Layin' that shoulder to ya
Frat row when the tide rolls
Down in Tuscaloosa Slide on over
Move a little closer
With that four alarm fire engine red on your lips
So hot you got me smokin'
Girl you got it goin'
On, you the only one
With a kiss that gets me lit Grandpa fishin' with dynamite
Tree too dry with the Christmas lights
A little Sunday morning brimstone
From a pentecostal pastor
Keith Richards stoned on Rock and Roll
Tearin' up that Telecaster Slide on over
Move a little closer
With that four alarm fire engine red on your lips
So hot you got me smokin'
Girl you got it goin'
On, you the only one
With a kiss that gets me lit You turn me on everytime I'm next to you
Can't nobody light me up quite like you do Slide on over
Move a little closer
With that four alarm fire engine red on your lips
So hot you got me smokin'
Girl you got it goin'
On, you the only one
With a kiss that gets me lit Lucky strike and a honkey tonk
(Granny drunk playin' Bingo, yellin' out)
Chicken fryin' on a chicken bone
(Keith Richards stoned on Rock and Roll)

Grandpa fishin' with dynamite
(Frat row when the tide rolls)
Tree too dry with the Christmas lights
(Yellin' out B-99)
Yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout lit
Hey, everybody get lit
Come on, let's get lit
Everybody (Ha Ha)
Get lit

Songwriters

MICKEY CONES, MONTY CRISWELL, DEREK GEORGE Published by

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