Closer

Kane Brown

Money in the bank, gas in the tank
Say you wanna get a little crazy.
Your hands up on my knees, such a little tease
I'm actin' like it ain't gonna phase me.
Girl tonight the world is ours
Shootin' like some southern stars.
From the backseat down a backstreet of your heart.

Ridin' these FM waves,
Burnin' these reckless days.
I can't wait to get a taste
So get a little close, little closer.
Blowin' these country roads
Tearin' off each other's clothes
Heads back, curl up them toes
And get a little closer, a little closer.

Waylon in truck, whiskey in my cup
Dancin' with your back up on the console
Brush your hair back from your eyes
Put your fingertips in mine
Girl, pull me back until tomorrow.
Set the evening sky on fire
Burning up with that desire
From the backseat down a backstreet in your heart.

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