

# Front Porch Junkies

Thomas Rhett

We ain't kickin' it inside  
We ain't kickin' it outside  
We're just sippin' moonshine watchin' chicken fry  
And makin' that swing swing side to side  
Singin' "Hoop, hoop, hoopty do"  
Come on, girl, can you feel that groove?  
The mandolin is strummin'  
All my friends are comin'  
We're just chillin', grillin', willin' to get funky  
Yeah, we're just some front porch junkies  
(Oh, we're just front porch junkies) We ain't kickin' it uptown (No!)  
We ain't kickin' it downtown (Hell no!)  
We're just lightin' it up on the low-down  
Blowin' smoke on a Blue Tick Coonhound  
Singin' "Boom, boom, boom-di-boom!"  
Come on, y'all, can you feel that groove?  
Swamp air comin' through the screen door  
Bare feet stompin' on the wood floor  
We're just diggin' it, finger lickin' pickin' out in the country  
Yeah, we're just some front porch junkies  
(Oh, we're just front porch junkies) Just sittin' here workin' on a flip-flop tan  
Got a cold Bush light and a coozie in my hand  
Dang, I don't be needin' no white sand beach  
I got the sweetest little Georgia peach in a two piece  
Belly button ring is shinin' like a diamond  
Says I oughta be up onstage at the Ryman  
I don't need no crowd, no light, smoke production  
The beer's ice cold and the subwoofer's bumpin'  
Sittin' on a cloud, feelin' pretty lucky  
Dang, it feels good to be a front porch junkie  
(Oh, we're just front porch junkies) We ain't kickin' it inside (No!)  
We ain't kickin' it outside (Hell no!)  
We're just sippin' moonshine watchin' chicken fry  
And makin' that swing swing side to side  
Singin' "Hoop, hoop, hoopty do"  
Come on, girl, can you feel that groove?  
The mandolin is strummin',  
All my friends are comin'  
We're just chillin', grillin', willin' to get funky

Yeah, we're just some front porch junkies  
(Oh, we're just front porch junkies)

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