Dirt

Florida Georgia Line

You get your hands in it
Plant your roots in it
Dusty head lights dance with your boots in it (dirt)
You write your name on it
Spin your tires on it
Build your corn field, whiskey
Bonfires on it (dirt)
You bet your life on it

Is that an old shade Red roads clay you grew up on That plowed up ground That your dad Damned his luck on That post game party field You circle up on And when it rains You get stuck on Drift a cloud back Behind county roads That you run up And mud on her jeans That she peeled off And hung up Her blue eyed Summer time smile Looks so good that it hurts Makes you wanna build A ten percent down White picket fence house on this dirt

You've mixed some sweat with it
Taken a shovel to it
You've stuck some crosses and some painted
Goal posts through it (dirt)
You know you came from it (dirt)
And some day you'll return to

This elm shade red rust clay You grew up on That plowed up ground That your dad Damned his luck on That post game party field You circle up on And when it rains You get stuck on Drift a cloud back Behind county roads That you run up And mud on her jeans That she peeled off And hung up Her blue eyed Summer time smile Looks so good that it hurts Makes you wanna build

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You know you came from it (dirt) And some day you'll return to

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You know you came from it
And some day you'll return to it