

Growin' Up Down There

Billy Currington

That red Georgia clay when mixed with the rain
Sure made for one nasty mess
Ah, but we were ridin' high in the old truck of mine
In deep as we could get
Always lookin' for a rut, tryin' not to get stuck
And swingin' that mud everywhere, growin' up down there

Me and my friends where the deep river bends
Had a long rope tied to a tree
Takin' turns on a swing, takin' turns takin' drinks
And I don't mean iced tea
A good buzz later playin' chicken with the gators
Way too young to be scared, growin' up down there

And those tan little peaches turnin' us on
Keepin' things hot all summer long
If I could back in a second I swear
Well, I'd still be growin' up down there

Well, nothin' going on ever lasted too long
We were good at makin' good times
Find a field spread the word keep a bonfire burnin'
Through both ends of the night
Had the radio up, had a keg in a truck
Tryin' to get lucky somewhere
Growin' up down there

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Yeah, lookin' back now man it don't seem fair
If you didn't get to do your growin' up down there