

Dirt Road Communion

Chase Rice

When I saw her for the very first time I was 007 at the age of 9
Hiding in the backseat of my brother's brand new Jeep
There were girls dancin' in the bed of the trucks
At least the ones who weren't gettin' stuck.
Coolers, cans and cut-offs were all new to me
Well that was then, but now I'm grown and how we went that night
I still go when the weekend rolls around

I'll be gettin' down, gettin' loud, gettin' some
Gettin' high up under the moonlight
It's a bring your own booze contribution
We got beer and good ole boys, good ole girls
Gettin' backwards in a backwoods world
Sunday morning we'll have a get-right reunion
Oh but tonight it's on, pass the jar around
Get so far gone we come unwound
We ain't lost we can be found at the dirt road communion
Oh, dirt road communion

It's where I got my first moonshine kiss
I could taste the cinnamon on her lips
In the front seat of my brother's ole hand-me-down jeep
Where I was baptised in rock'n'roll
Our country roots run deep in my soul
We hold one up high every single time Petty sets us free

Yeah, we're gettin' down, gettin' loud, gettin' some
Gettin' high up under the moonlight
It's a bring your own booze contribution
We got beer and good ole boys, good ole girls
Gettin' backwards in a backwoods world.
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It's who we are, it's what we do
We all come from miles around
Just to do a little...

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