

Listenin' to the Radio

Chely Wright

He wears a Harley Jacket and a kiss me smile.
Through his steel blue eyes I can see for miles.
He digs big band music and the Rolling Stones.
But we listen country when were all alone.
'Cause it makes me crazy.
It drives me wild.
I like my lovin' country style.

Well, were listenin' to the radio.
Flyin' down the highway.
Feelin' like outlaws.
Wind's goin our way.
Sittin' right beside him.
Hell-bent, holdin' on.
Flippin' through the stations.
Lookin' for a fast song.
Singin' along with the ones we know.
Listenin' to the radio.

Well, we stop for gas, but not for long.
'Cause that Philco radio keeps us movin' along.
He floors that '66 Mustang, rag top 289.
While I blow him kisses from the passenger side.
'Cause it makes him crazy.
It drives him wild.
He likes his lovin' country style

Well, were listenin' to the radio.
Flyin' down the highway.
Feelin' like outlaws.
Wind's goin our way.
Sittin' right beside him.
Hell-bent, holdin' on.
Flippin' through the stations.
Lookin' for a fast song.
Singin' along with the ones we know.
Listenin' to the radio.

I slide on over when the song slows down.
I give him all my love to throw his arms around.
We're so in love we never touch the ground.
Blastin' through the wind in a wall of sound.

Well, were listenin' to the radio.
Flyin' down the highway.
Feelin' like outlaws.
Wind's goin our way.
Sittin' right beside him.
Hell-bent, holdin' on.
Flippin' through the stations.
Lookin' for a fast song.
Singin' along with the ones we know.
Listenin' to the radio.

(2x)