

# What You Wanna Hear

Dustin Lynch

I bet you're sick of them pick up lines  
The same thing every Friday night  
You're so hot girl, you looking so fine, like you don't already know  
They say they treat you right, show you the city lights  
Get you sipping on something you don't even like  
I guess they don't know, they're on the wrong road  
I know what you want to hear

Truck tires on a two lane rolling  
River rushing and a warm breeze blowing  
Hair all around to the sound  
Of the radio singing in the background  
Gravel grinding, while we're finding  
A little spot I can make you mine in  
Top popping on an ice cold beer  
I know what you want to hear  
Ain't that music to you ears?

Tell me, have I got you figured out?  
Baby, ain't that what you're all about?  
Do I make you want to leave this crowd and head on out of here  
Cause I can tell by that little shy smile  
What I'm talking bout's a little more your style  
It'll only take a couple of miles to the

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They say they treat you right, show you the city lights  
Get you sipping on something you don't even like, girl  
They don't know, but I know, I know you like

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I know what you want to hear, girl  
Aw yeah, ain't that music to you ears?