

Hell Raisin' Heat of the Summer

Florida Georgia Line

Well daisy duke peek-a-boo
I might've learned a thing or two
On a Friday night joyride
Out there on the county line
Drag racin' 'til the blue lights chase us
And we scattered like sparks from
A black cat fuse
Train bridge where we spray paint Skynyrd
And the gold flakes glimmered in the
Cinnamon booze

We were livin' every minute of the night
Like there might never be another
We were runnin' all the caution lights
We were learnin' to fly with a little tail gunner
If there was somethin' to burn, we were burnin' it
Anything with a curve, we were turnin' it
Just wildfires out there under
The hell raisin' heat of the summer

Alabama on the Alpine
Bust a cap on a deer sign
Little backseat butterfly
Home grown angel that'll get you high
That'll get you high

Yeah I see it clearer in the rearview mirror
Than I ever did lookin' out over the hood
Yeah man, we had some damn good times
And I sure hope everybody's doin' good

The hell raisin' heat of the summer
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