

Smoke

Florida Georgia Line

Laying back against this windshield
Parked out in this Georgia red field
This is where we burn our summer nights
Moonlit lipstick kisses on the hood of that Tacoma
We were seventeen, going on free and wild

She was smoking hot, a whiskey shot, a cherry coke
Sparks were flying every time I smelled smoke

I'm sitting by a bonfire watching her swaying
Me and my buddies and the guitar playing
Sipping on forties on a Saturday night
Buzzing through a chorus of 'Dixieland Delight'

High as the stars in the Milky Way
Those summer days drifted away,
But she'll always float
Back through my mind like smoke

July flames, October ashes
Southern skin and blue jean flashes
Strike a match and light a memory
We never said goodbye, we let it fly into thin air
Tonight I'm stoned on long-gone love so strong I swear

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