

Johnny Cash

Jason Aldean

What ya got!

Quit my job, flipped off the boss, took my name off the payroll
(Screw you man)

Picked up my cell, rang my baby's bell, said, "I'm three miles from home"
I said, "Sugar, won't you put on that sun dress I like so much?
Wait out by the road, I'm comin' to pick you up"

(Whoa, whoa)

Throw your suitcase in the back

(Whoa, whoa)

Done gassed up the Pontiac

(Whoa, whoa)

Blastin' out to Johnny Cash

Headin' for the highway

Baby we ain't ever comin' back

It's four hundred and sixty-seven miles to the outskirts of Las Vegas

What do you say we go get married

By a preacher man who looks like Elvis?

(Yeah momma)

But sugar don't you worry about tellin' your momma goodbye

We'll send her a souvenir postcard from the wild side

(Whoa, whoa)

Throw your suitcase in the back

(Whoa, whoa)

Done gassed up the Pontiac

(Whoa, whoa)

Blastin' out to Johnny Cash

Headin' for the highway

Baby we ain't ever comin' back

(Whoa, whoa)

Throw your suitcase in the back

(Whoa, whoa)

Done gassed up the Pontiac

(Whoa, whoa)

Blastin' out to Johnny Cash

Headin' for the highway

Baby we ain't ever comin' back

Suey!

(Whoa, whoa)

(Whoa, whoa)

I hear that train a comin'

(Whoa, whoa)

Rollin' around the bend

(Whoa, whoa)

The man in black gonna rock your ass again

(Whoa, whoa)

(Whoa, whoa)

(Whoa, whoa)