

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

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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)