

Bed of My Chevy

Justin Moore

We can pop a top on a bottle of Boone's.
Have a front row seat to a big full moon.
Kick back and listen to the crickets in the field.
Find a star we can call our own
Watch the lightning bugs 'til they're gone.
Light a fire of passion or lay real still.

In the bed of my Chevy on the outskirts of town,
We can dance standing up or lay a blanket down
I can show you how much I love you, if you let me
Make a memory we'll never forget
Whisper little words I've never said
I'll pull you close when it gets hot and heavy
In the bed of my Chevy.

Baby slide off your boots down to your bare feet.
Those cut offs and tan lines are killin' me.
Move on over, lay your head on my shoulder, we'll stay a while.
Steal a little kiss as the whip-poor-will's,
Sing through the trees with a southern feel.
We can sit on the tailgate and wait till it feels right.

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