

Front Porch Junkies

Thomas Rhett

We ain't kickin' it inside
We ain't kickin' it outside
Were just sippin' moonshine
Watching chicken fry

Making that swing, swing side to side
Sayin' oohp, whoopto doo, come on girl
Can you feel that groove, the mandolin is strumming
All my friends are coming, were just chillin' grillin' willin'
To get funky
(Yeah)
Were just some front porch junkies

Oh, were just front porch junkies
Oh, were just front porch junkies

We ain't kickin' it uptown
(No)
We ain't kickin' it downtown
(Hell no)

Were just lightin' it up on the low down
Blowin' smoke on a blue tick coon hound
Sangin' boom, boomdy, boom
Come on y'all, can you feel that groove

Swamp air comin' through the screen door
Bare feet stompin' on the wood floor
Were just diggin' it, finger lickin' pickin', out in the country
(Yeah)
We just some front porch junkies

Oh, were just front porch junkies
Oh, were just front porch junkies

Just sittin' here, workin' on a flip flop tan
Got a cold bush light and a koozie in my hand
Dang, I don't be needin' no white sand beach
I got the sweetest little Georgia peach, in a 2 piece

Belly button ring is shinin' like a diamond
Says, I outta be up on the stage at the ryman
I don't need no crowd, no light smoke production
The beers ice cold and the subwoofers bumpin'
Sittin' on a cloud, feelin' pretty lucky
Dang, it feels good to be a front porch junkie

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