

Dust

Tim McGraw

It's rolling in the wind, you can see it in the air
Where I come from, man, it's everywhere
Coming up in a cloud behind a one way plow
Colors up the sky when the sun goes down

Oh, drifting up and down that main street drag
Oh, may even wrote her name with it up on the dash

Dust in the rearview, in the cedar
Dust on the bottle, coming out of them speakers
Dust on my boots, dust on my truck
Probably got a little running in my blood
From the road I ride with that laid back seat
She's sitting in on the passenger side
Everything I know, everything I love
Is covered up in dust

When the moon comes up it kind of settles on down
But we stir it back up when we're riding around
Dust on the top of a cold beer can
Before I take a sip I wipe it off with my hand

Oh, couple of days without no rain
Oh, shoot, it's probably coming from a mile away

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