

## 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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