

Two Lanes of Freedom

Tim McGraw

Two hearts, two bucket seats, too much sun not to wear shades.
Boot to the pedal and pedal to the metal, we're the reason this
road was paved yeah.

Now honey, how fast you wanna go, NASCAR driving Miss Daisy.
Radio loud, radio low, or I can sing if you want me to baby.
I can tell God's smiling down, I just get that feeling,
You and me going town to town, on two lanes of freedom.

Oh, no red lights or stop signs around for miles,
Just swaying trees, your hair in the breeze, and that smile, and I know
God made old country roads for driving and dreaming,
Mine's coming true girl here with you on two lanes of freedom.
Two lanes of freedom.

Bottle of wine and a cheap motel, door 12 feet from the road
Watch the sunset holding hands and talk about where we're gonna
go
So where you wanna go? (Where you wanna go?)
Where you wanna go? (Where you wanna go?)

Where you wanna go? (Where you wanna go?)
Where you wanna go? (Where you wanna go?)

Babe, there's no red lights or stop signs around for miles,
Just swaying trees, your hair in the breeze, and that smile, and I know
God's working down from that sky blue ceiling,
He made these old country roads for driving and dreaming,
Mine's coming true girl here with you on two lanes of freedom.
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