

Hang

Trace Adkins

Blackberries are ripe on Taylor Ridge
I'll pick you a daisy on the way
Walking ties on the railroad bridge
Go find a spot there in the shade
Throw a blanket down
On the ground and hang
Got hooked up with some homemade wine
Hid it in the moss at the foot of the bluff
Later on when that old moon shines
We can tip it back
And catch a buzz by the creek
Beat the heat
Sit on that rock and let our feet hang

Hey baby, what do you say we take a walk
Get gone?
Maybe find a place where we can get lost
Later on
Be one
With the stars in the dark
And hang

Blackberry kiss on white tan lines
Midnight song of the whip-poor-ill
Third cup of that homemade wine
Don't you wanna know how that feels on out there?
Middle of nowhere
Where you can let your long, honeysuckle hair hang

Hey baby, what do you say we take a walk
Get gone?
Maybe find a place where we can get lost
Later on
Be one
With the stars in the dark
And hang

Oh, baby, we can jump in, take a swim
Drip dry off in the night wind
And hang
Hey, baby, what do you say we take a walk?
Maybe find a place to get lost
And hang