

County Lines

Jimmie Allen

You and me in the front seat
With a full tank
A little Friday cash
Blackstreet on the CD
No diggity
A little blast from the past
We could push the pedal
Down to the West Coast
Girl the coast is clear
Yeah we could lean the seats back
Do a little road trippin' round here
'Cause you got them lips like California
Southern drawl like Georgia
Gypsy like that Joshua tree
Sweeter then that Texas tea
Tan like Pensacola
Heat wave when I hold ya
Taking me everywhere tonight
We ain't crossed the county line
Okay
Uh-huh
Baby let my fingers drive
Okay
Uh-huh
Yeah, baby
If it's a place than I ain't been
Well I just been
Girl I swear
You kiss is like a road map
Yeah, you're taking me everywhere
I don't need my hands on the wheel
'Cause I got both hands on you
Don't need the interstate
When I can take the scenic route You've got that sweet home Alabama
Hips just like Atlanta
Buzz like Tennessee whiskey
When you put your hads on me
Cool like San Diego
Don't need no Winnebago
You're taking me everywhere tonight
We ain't crossed the county line
Okay

Uh-huh
Baby let my fingers drive
Okay
Uh-huh Girl let's keep the seats leaned back
I'm loving every mile we pass
'Cause you got them lips like California
Southern drawl like Georgia
Gypsy like that Joshua tree
Sweeter than that Texas tea
Tan like Pensacola
Heat wave when I hold ya
Taking me everywhere tonight
We ain't crossed the county line
Okay
Uh-huh
Baby let my fingers drive
Okay
Uh-huh
We ain't cross the county line If there's a place that I ain't been
Well I just been
Girl I swear
We ain't cross the county line
Okay
Uh-huh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>