Dirt

Florida Georgia Line

You get your hands in it
Plant your roots in it
Dusty headlights dance with your boots in it
DirtYou write your name on it
Spin your tires on it
Build your cornfield, whiskey
Bonfires on it

DirtYou bet your life on itIt's that old shade red rust clay you grew up on
That plowed up ground that your dad damned his luck on
That post game party field you circle up on
And when it rains you get stuck on
Drift a cloud back behind county roads that you run up
And mud on her jeans that she peeled off and hung up
Her blue eyed summer time smile looks so good that it hurts

Makes you wanna build a 10 percent down

White picket fence house on this dirtYou've mixed some sweat with it

Taken a shovel to it

You've stuck some crosses and some painted
Goal posts through it
DirtYou know you came from it

Dirt

And some day you'll return to This elm shade red rust clay you grew up on
That plowed up ground that your dad damned his luck on
That post game party field you circle up on
And when it rains you get stuck on
Drift a cloud back behind county roads that you run up
And mud on her jeans that she peeled off and hung up
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White picket fence house on this dirtYou know you came from it
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White picket fence house on this dirt Makes you wanna build a 10 percent down
White picket fence house on this dirt You know you came from it
And some day you'll return to it

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