Front Porch Junkies

Thomas Rhett

We ain't kickin' it inside We ain't kickin' it outside

Were just sippin' moonshine

Watching chicken fryMaking that swing, swing side to side Sayin' oohp, whoopty doo, come on girl

Can you feel that groove, the mandolin is strumming

All my friends are coming, were just chillin' grillin' willin'

To get funky

(Yeah)

Were just some front porch junkies Oh, were just front porch junkies

Oh, were just front porch junkiesWe ain't kickin' it uptown

(No)

We ain't kickin' it downtown

(Hell no)Were just lightin' it up on the low down

Blowin' smoke on a blue tick coon hound

Sangin' boom, boomdy, boom

Come on y'all, can you feel that grooveSwamp air comin' through the screen door

Bare feet stompin' on the wood floor

Were just diggin' it, finger lickin' pickin', out in the country

(Yeah)

We just some front porch junkiesOh, were just front porch junkies

Oh, were just front porch junkies

Just sittin' here, workin' on a flip flop tan

Got a cold bush light and a koozie in my hand

Dang, I don't be needin' no white sand beach

I got the sweetest little Georgia peach, in a 2 pieceBelly button ring is shinin' like a diamond

Says, I outta be up on the stage at the ryman

I don't need no crowd, no light smoke production

The beers ice cold and the subwoofers bumpin'

Sittin' on a cloud, feelin pretty lucky

Dang, it feels good to be a front porch junkieOh, were just front porch junkies

Oh, were just front porch junkiesWe ain't kickin' it inside

We ain't kickin' it outside

Were just sippin' moonshine

Watching chicken fryMaking that swing, swing side to side

Sayin' oohp, whoopty, doo, come on girl

Can you feel that groove, the mandolin is strumming

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