

# Dirt Road Anthem

Jason Aldean

Yeah, I'm chillin' on a dirt road,  
Laid back swervin' like I'm George Jones.  
Smoke rollin' out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console.  
Memory lane up in the headlights,  
It's got me reminiscing on them good times.  
I'm turning off of real life, drivin' that's right,  
I'm hittin' easy street on mud tires. Back in the day Pott's farm was the place to go.  
Load the truck up, hit the dirt road.  
Jump the barbwire, spread the word.  
Light the bonfire, then call the girls.  
The king in the can and the Marlboro man.  
Jack'n'Jim were a few good men.  
Where ya learned how to kiss and cuss and fight too.  
Better watch out for the boys in blue.  
And all this small town he said, she said,  
Ain't it funny how rumors spread.  
Like I know something ya'll don't know,  
Man that talk is gettin' old.  
Ya better mind your business, man, watch your mouth,  
Before I have to knock that loud mouth out.  
Im tired of talkin, man, ya'll ain't listenin',  
Them old dirt roads is what ya'll missin'. I'm chillin' on a dirt road.  
Laid back swervin' like I'm George Jones.  
Smoke rollin' out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console.  
Memory lane up in the headlights,  
It's got me reminiscing on them good times.  
I'm turning off of real life, drivin' that's right,  
I'm hittin' easy street on mud tires.  
I sit back and think about them good ole days.  
The way we were raised, and our southern ways,  
And we like cornbread, and biscuits,  
And if it's broke round here we fix it.  
I can take ya'll where ya need to go,  
Down to my hood, back in them woods. We do it different 'round here, that's right,  
But we sure do it good, and we do it all night.  
See, if you really wanna know how it feels,  
To get off the road with trucks and four wheels,  
Jump on in, and man, tell your friends,  
We'll raise some hell where the blacktop ends. I'm chillin' on a dirt road.  
Laid back swervin' like I'm George Jones.

Smoke rollin' out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console.  
Memory lane up in the headlights,  
It's got me reminiscing on them good times.  
I'm turning off of real life, driving that's right,  
I'm hittin' easy street on mud tires.  
Thats right. Yeah, I'm chillin' on a dirt road.  
Laid back swervin' like I'm George Jones.  
Smoke rollin' out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console.  
Memory lane up in the headlights,  
It's got me reminiscing on them good times.  
I'm turning off of real life, drivin' that's right,  
I'm hittin' easy street on mud tires.  
Thats right.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.yumusica.net/>