

American Spirit

Thomas Rhett

Ridin' down red dirt
Drivin' in a white truck
Lookin' at a pretty blue sky
Tired eyed kids playin' in a sprinkler
Daddy drinkin' cold bud light
Talk about a big life
In a small town, ain't got a lot
But we sure found what we were looking for
Georgia red lipstick, tied white tanktop
Levi denim blue eyes
Bottle rockets blowin' up
Hot dogs servin' up
It ain't even fourth of july
That's just how it is 'round here and we love it
We wouldn't trade it all in for nothin' more
Ohhh
It's in the song, baby can't you feel it
Ohhh
And if you can't baby, listen to the lyrics
It's friday night freedom
Football game
It's proud of where you from
Its your last name
It's thirteen stripes and fifty stars [in the wind?]
So hold up your beer and holler if you hear it
That American spirit
Old red six string, white piece of paper
Scribbled down, lovin' blue ink
Sweet pretty girl, sweet southern melody
Sweep her right off of her feet
It's a preacher, it's a [?]
It's a ring on a finger and bible
[and a title, on a fixer up house?]
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>