

That's Cool

Blue County

Shootin' Dr. Pepper cans
With your brand new red ryder
That old folded lawn chair
Makes the perfect x-wing fighter
Those no-name baseball cards
Spinning in your spokes
Now that's cool

Turnin' seventeen and dadddy
Loosin's up your cerfew
Driving home at midnight
That old buick smells like perfume
Making your own money
Having coffee with your folks
Now that's cool

Knowin' where you're going
Embracin' where you've been
Being criticized for standing strong
In a battle you can't win
Living in a moment
You may never see again
So let your heart
Break some rules
Now that's cool

Waking up with your new bride
A room beside the ocean
Then ten years later going back
To relive that emotion
She tells you what she's thinking
But never says a word
Now that's cool

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Picture here's your six-year-old
And you're his full time catcher
He gets a new bb gun
And "you'll put your eye out" lecture
Your three-year-old is singing
A song that she just learned
Now that's cool

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