

Sweet Time

Frankie Ballard

Well that needle that climbed to 195 MPH
And this boot of mine wants
To kick that pedal straight in the face
This ain't that kinda night

There ain't no finish line
No, this ain't a race
I bought the bench not the buckets
And I'm feeling lucky
So slide on into me baby

We're taking our sweet time
In a real fast car
Ain't running no, running no
Red lights tonight
Just sitting in park
Oh, hugging every curve
Of that long lane road
400 horses on a slow road
That Camaro kiss, two lonely hearts
Yeah, we're taking our sweet time
In a real fast car
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Well, two kids starting fire
And that cigarette lighter
Don't even work, ha ha
It's a windows fogging up
Kinda love spitting through
A torn up Haggard t-shirt

Well take those big blue eyes
Baby watch those thighs
Don't knock us outta first
Yeah, the heat is on the rise
I'm trying to memorize
Every single one of your curves

We're taking our sweet time
In a real fast car
Ain't running no, running no
Red lights tonight
Just sitting in park
Oh, hugging every curve
Of that long lane road
400 horses on a slow road
That Camaro kiss, two lonely hearts
Yeah, we're taking our sweet time
In a real fast car

With the radio on
Riding the brakes
We ain't got nothing
But time to waste
So let's take
The long way home girl
Whatcha say

Yeah, taking our sweet time
In a real fast car
Ain't running no, running no
Red lights tonight
Just sitting in park
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Of that long lane road
400 horses on a slow road
That Camaro kissed two lonely hearts
Yeah, we're taking our sweet time
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Yeah, yeah, yeah...