

Ain't Got Growin' Up Down Yet

Jason Blaine

Blame it on [?]
Blame it all on Bo and Luke
Tearing up to the country
To that Waylon song
We ain't met a Friday night
That we didn't like
And you ain't gotta tell us twice
To get a little gone

Windows down on the backroad, check
Beer on ice in an old truck bed
Old folks like to shake their heads
'Cause we ain't got growin' up down yet

We'll turn it up too loud
Still look for throwing it down
Way out where you howl at the full moon
Still in it all night long
Hands up, singing along
Mixing our drinks as strong as we want to

We're good at burning nights like cigarettes
Smoking rubber off these treads
Well I guess we ain't got growin' up down
Ain't got growin' up down yet

Ain't getting in no rush
To slow it down a touch
[?] down the line
On some old front porch swing
'Cause right now that setting sun is
Telling us the night is young
Let's fill our cups and raise 'em up
'Cause so are we

Homemade wine and a blanket, check
Speakers pumping that beat, shoot dead
Might wake up with a poundin' head
'Cause we ain't got growin' up down yet

We'll turn it up too loud
Still look for throwing it down
Way out where you howl at the full moon
Still in it all night long
Hands up, singing along
Mixing our drinks as strong as we want to

We're good at burning nights like cigarettes
Smoking rubber off these treads
Well I guess we ain't got growin' up down
We ain't got growin' up down yet

No, not yet
Come on

Windows down on the backroad, check
Beer on ice in an old truck bed

Old folks still shaking their heads
'Cause we ain't got growin' up down yet
Not yet

We'll turn it up too loud
Still look for throwing it down
Way out where you howl at the full moon
Still in it all night long
Hands up, singing along
Mixing our drinks as strong as we want to

We're good at burning nights like cigarettes
Smoking rubber off these treads
Well I guess we ain't got growin' up down
We ain't got growin' up down yet

Mmh, not yet
We ain't got growin' up down yet