

Home For The Summer

Jason Blaine

White lines flying on the home stretch
Soon as I drive by that welcome sign, I don't need no map
I know this town like the back of my hand
Speed limit sign says fifty-five and I'm going too fast

It's where I learned to drink, it's where I learned to drive
And how not to do both at the same time
Catching up with friends, have a couple laughs
Nice to see you, hey man, yeah it's good to be back

Home for the summer, running those red lights
Flashing at midnight right off the highway
Holding like thunder in a circle of headlights
Same old spot everybody knows, everybody goes
Home for the summer
Home for the summer

It's where I learn to cuss and where I learned to pray
And how to tuck my shirt in early church Sunday
And where I fell in love, yeah I remember that
Nice to see you, girl, how you been, it's good to be back

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