

# Chicks, Trucks, And Beer

Tyler Farr

Map dots, parking lots  
Honky-tonks, fields, and back roads  
They come alive on Friday nights  
Don't shut down 'til that rooster crows

It's just some rural route rockin'  
I don't ever see it stopping  
Got them good old boys hoppin' oh yeah  
And they're spending every dollar  
Make 'em hoop, and make 'em holler, woo hoo  
It's how we do it up in here  
Chicks, trucks, and beer

Tan lines, straight pipes  
Longneck bottles iced down  
That's all you need  
That's the recipe to do it up big in a little town

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Colt ford, tell 'em how we roll  
Short skirts, chrome, and dirt  
Long legs, pony kegs  
Loving on a tailgate  
Friday night, I can't wait

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If you get the chicks, then you got the trucks  
And you got beer, then you got others  
You can't have fear son, if you want speed  
Now where we come from this is all we need  
Them chicks, trucks, and beer  
It's how we do around here every night  
Chicks, trucks and beer  
We keep it country, but we keep it real tight  
Chicks, trucks, and beer  
That's all we know  
Chicks, trucks, and beer  
Come on, Farr, let's take it down the dirt road  
Ice cold beer, come on  
They done let country come to town, y'all  
Or maybe town came to country