

Chely Wright, Listenin' To The Radio

He wears a Harley jacket and a 'kiss me' smile
Through his steel blue eyes I can see for the miles
He digs big band music and The Rolling Stones
But we listen to country when we're all alone
'Cause it makes me crazy, it drives me wild
I like my lovin' country style
Well, we're listenin' to the radio, flyin' down the highway
Feelin' like outlaws, wind's goin' our way
Sittin' right beside him, hell-bent, holdin' on
Flippin' through the stations lookin' for a fast song
Singin' along with the ones we know
Listenin' to the radio
Well, we stop for gas but not for long
Because that Philco radio keeps us movin' along
He floors that '66 mustang, rag top 289
While I blow him kisses from the passenger side
'Cause it makes him crazy, it drives him wild
He likes his lovin' country style
Well, we're listenin' to the radio, flyin' down the highway
Feelin' like outlaws, wind's goin' our way
Sittin' right beside him, hell-bent, holdin' on
Flippin' through the stations lookin' for a fast song
Singin' along with the ones we know
Listenin' to the radio, listenin' to the radio
I slide on over when the song slows down
I give him all my love to throw his arms around
We're so in love we never touch the ground
Blastin' through the wind in a wall of sound
Well, we're listenin' to the radio, flyin' down the highway
Feelin' like outlaws, wind's goin' our way
Sittin' right beside him, hell-bent, holdin' on
Flippin' through the stations lookin' for a fast song
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