

Alan Jackson, Buicks To The Moon

How long will I love you
I don't really know
I'd like to think forever
Is how far we could go so let me paint a picture
Of how it's gonna be
The day you don't mean everything to me

When a nickel's worth a dollar
And gold ain't worth a dime
When they build a ship
On waters that will take you back in time
When the stars have all been counted
And I stop lovin' you
Honey they'll be driving
Buicks to the moon

Now you don't have to worry
About what comes to pass
This old world may wear out
But my love's gonna last
If they ever build that highway to the moon
I'll just find somethin else to promise you

When a nickel's worth a dollar
And gold ain't worth a dime
When they build a ship
On waters that will take you back in time
When the stars have all been counted
And I stop lovin' you
Honey they'll be driving
Buicks to the moon

Oh when the stars have all been counted
And I stop lovin' you
Honey they'll be drivin'
Buicks to the moon