

# Billy Currington, Growin' Up Down There

The red Georgia clay when mixed with the rain  
Sure made for one nasty mess  
Ah, but we were ridin' high in that old truck of mine  
In deep as we could get  
Always looking for a rut, tryin' not to get stuck  
And slingin' that mud everywhere, growin' up down there

Me and my friends where the deep river bends  
Had a long rope tied to a tree  
Takin' turns on the swing, takin' turns takin' drinks  
And I don't mean iced tea  
A good buzz later playing chicken with the gators  
Way too young to be scared, growin' up down there

And those tan little peaches turnin' us on  
Keepin' things hot all summer long  
If I could go back in a second, I swear  
Well. I'd still be growin' up down there

We'll, nothin' going on never lasted too long  
We were good at makin' good times  
Find a field, spread the word, keep a bonfire burnin'  
Through both ends of the night  
Had the radio up, had a keg in the truck  
And tryin' to get lucky somewhere  
Growin' up down there

And those tan little peaches turnin' us on  
Keepin' things hot all summer long  
If I could go back in a second, I swear  
Well. I'd still be growin' up down there

And those tan little peaches turnin' us on  
Keepin' things hot all summer long  
If I could go back in a second, I swear  
Well. I'd still be growin' up down there

Yeah, lookin' back now, man, it don't seem fair  
If you didn't get to do your growin' up down there