

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 slinging 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

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