

Blake Shelton, Can't Be Good

There's a campfire burning on the Mississippi River bank
My old pickup speakers are cranking out alot of Hank
That's the sheriff's daughter dancin' on my hood
With an empty bottle this can't be good.

There's an unwritten law in this sleepy little town
There ain't no drinkin on the river when the sun goes down
Think I see the blue lights comin' through the woods
Its the sheriff and his posse, this can't be good

Everybody is runnin' like the end of the world is comin'
With a Buffard T kinda law man closin' in
She just keeps on rockin guess i better do some talkin
She's too dumb to run n' i'm too drunk to swim
This can't be good, this can't be good, this can't be good

Aww stay tuned...

This ol' haybarn's full of last years grass
I got a whole tin can full of campfire gas
Theres a little bitty flame on this piece of firewood
And when it all comes together it can't be good

Everybody is runnin like the end of the world was comin
With a wildfire burnin' like a freight train outta control
She just keeps on rockin', babe there ain't no time for talking
Throw her over my shoulder run with everything I can
Hold on babe looks like were jumpin in...

Now you know, when we get to the other side, were gonna have to take all
These wet clothes off, and hang out awhile... you know, this could be good.

Yea!