

Morgan Wallen, 7 Summers

Yeah, you used to talk about
Getting even further South
Somewhere where the summer lasted all year 'round
Probably got a big ol' diamond on your hand right now
Maybe a baby or a couple by now
Long driveway to a big white house

But I wonder when you're drinking if you
Find yourself thinking about
That boy from East Tennessee
And I know we both knew better
But we still said forever
And that was seven summers
Of Coke and Southern Comfort
Were we dumb or just younger, who knows?
Back then, you used to love the river
And sippin' on a sixer with me
Does it ever make you sad to know
That was seven summers ago?

Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

Yeah, I bet your daddy's so proud
Of how his little girl turned out
Think she dodged a bullet
Of a good old boy like me
'Cause I still
Go drinkin', same friends on Friday
Bought a few acres, couple roads off the highway
Guess you never saw things my way anyway

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Ooh
Seven summers ago (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)
Seven summers ago (Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)

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