

Morgan Wallen, F150-50

Yeah, I bet she's
Topped off that two-tone tank at the Texaco
Before she hits the road

I bet she's
Pissed off enough to pick herself up a pack of smokes
Even though she don't

Flip a quarter
Roll the dice
It's a left
Or it's a right
One's goin' my way
And one's hell on a highway

Heads, it's headlights headed home
Tread left on forgiveness
Tails, it's taillights tailin' off
Floor that Ford, forget this
Is that half ton kickin' up
That last goodbye cloud of dust it's gonna give me
Or does she miss me?
Tonight, it's lookin' F150-50
Yeah, tonight it's lookin' F150-50

And I know Detroit
Done bolted down and don't mess around
Underneath that hood
And them horses are running good

So the only thing that's breakin' down
Is maybe that girl's breakin' down
Behind the wheel and I'm breakin' down the odds tonight

Heads, it's headlights headed home
Tread left on forgiveness
Tails, it's taillights tailin' off
Floor that Ford, forget this
Is that half ton kickin' up
That last goodbye cloud of dust it's gonna give me
Or does she miss me?
Tonight, it's lookin' F150-50

Am I holdin' on to her tonight or just the whiskey?
Is she better off without me or right here with me?
Yeah, tonight, it's lookin' F150-50

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Yeah, tonight, it's lookin' F150-50
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