

Morgan Wallen, This Side Of A Dust Cloud

I put the same pedal down, on the same metal slung
The same gravel goodbye high
I burned the same bridges up, with the same finger up
She got out the driver's side

So I know what never comin' back looks like
Looks like she ain't ever comin' back

It's usually me doing the leaving, me doing the running
I don't know where she's going
But I know a little something 'bout
Smokin' up them Goodyears
To know that it ain't lookin' good here for the home crowd
Guess she beat me at my own game
Thing about a two-lane, guess it's gotta work both ways
What goes around, comes around, came around and here I am now
On this side of a dust cloud

She's burnin' unleaded and my own medicine
Tastes more bitter than sweet
Her tires are turnin' and the tables are too
Never seen a broken heart from this point of view

It's usually me doing the leaving, me doing the running
I don't know where she's going
But I know a little something 'bout
Smokin' up them Goodyears
To know that it ain't lookin' good here for the home crowd
Guess she beat me at my own game
Thing about a two-lane, guess it's gotta work both ways
What goes around, comes around, came around and here I am now
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So I know what never comin' back looks like
Looks like she ain't ever comin' back
Yeah, I know what never comin' back looks like
Looks like she ain't ever lookin' back

It's usually me doing the leaving, me doing the running
I don't know where she's going
But I know a little something 'bout
Smokin' up them Goodyears
To know that it ain't lookin' good here for the home crowd
Guess she beat me at my own game
Thing about a two-lane, guess it's gotta work both ways
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