

# Country Gold

Thomas Rhett

[Verse 1]

Anybody wanna pop a top on a random Tuesday night?  
Anybody wanna build a fire in a circle of truck headlights?  
Anybody wanna hit the field and get into some trouble?  
Or go way, way, way back in the woods with a big ol' capital W?  
You got my number, hit me up if you're tryin' to fill your cup  
All you ladies in Luccheses with that denim all ripped up, I'm singin'

[Pre-Chorus]

Ain't no gate code, just hop that fence  
Ain't no dress code, baby, come on in  
Just pour your worries on Sonic ice, yeah  
And we gon' get you feelin' alright

[Chorus]

Got that country gold comin' out of your radio  
A little more funk at the end of your gravel road  
Ain't tryin' to brag, but we got it all figured out  
That's how we do it in the dirty south  
Break it down like, like, like

[Verse 2]

The smaller the town, the bigger the party (We gon' turn it up)  
We out in the sticks and gettin' it started  
So grab all your friends and tell everybody  
The smaller the town, the bigger the party (Turn it up some)  
I will not take a pill in Ibiza, but I will do a shot of tequila  
I'll break out my guitar under the stars  
And sing you some Oh My Maria  
Yeah, we got a handle of Tito's just me and all my amigos  
Gonna hit a little bump, bump, bumpy road  
On the way to the spot only we know

[Chorus]

Ain't no gate code, just hop that fence  
Ain't no dress code, baby, come on in  
Just pour your worries on Sonic ice, yeah  
And we gon' get you feelin' alright  
Got that country gold comin' out of your radio  
A little more funk at the end of your gravel road

Ain't tryin' to brag, but we got it all figured out  
That's how we do it in the dirty south  
Break it down like, like, like  
And the drums go  
Break it down, hey

[Pre-Chorus]

Ain't no gate code, just hop that fence  
Ain't no dress code, baby, come on in  
Just pour your worries on Sonic ice, yeah  
And we gon' get you feelin' alright

[Chorus]

Got that country gold comin' out of your radio  
A little more funk at the end of your gravel road  
Ain't tryin' to brag, but we got it all figured out  
That's how we do it in the dirty south  
Break it down like, like, like (One more time, like)  
Got that country gold comin' out of your radio  
A little more funk at the end of your gravel road  
Ain't tryin' to brag, but we got it all figured out  
That's how we do it in the dirty south  
Break it down like, like, like

[Outro]

Ah, that country gold, ah  
Country gold