

# American Spirit

## Thomas Rhett

Ridin' down red dirt  
Drivin' in a white truck  
Lookin' at a pretty blue sky  
Tired eyed kids playin' in a sprinkler  
Daddy drinkin' cold bud light  
Talk about a big life  
In a small town, ain't got a lot  
But we sure found what we were looking for  
Georgia red lipstick, tied white tanktop  
Levi denim blue eyes  
Bottle rockets blowin' up  
Hot dogs servin' up  
It ain't even fourth of july  
That's just how it is 'round here and we love it  
We wouldn't trade it all in for nothin' more  
Ohhh  
It's in the song, baby can't you feel it  
Ohhh  
And if you can't baby, listen to the lyrics  
It's friday night freedom  
Football game  
It's proud of where you from  
Its your last name  
It's thirteen stripes and fifty stars [in the wind?]  
So hold up your beer and holler if you hear it  
That American spirit Old red six string, white piece of paper  
Scribbled down, lovin' blue ink  
Sweet pretty girl, sweet southern melody  
Sweep her right off of her feet  
It's a preacher, it's a [?]  
It's a ring on a finger and bible  
[and a title, on a fixer up house?]  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>