

# Florida Georgia Line, Confession

Rusty barbed wire lines these fields  
Gravel dust behind the wheels  
Drifting like my mind into the rearview  
Jet trails cutting across the sky  
I'm rolling through the open wide  
Searching for a song to drink beer to  
And trying to find a place to disappear to

I light up the night and let it burn  
Lean back and watch the sundown fade  
Do what I do when life's a little sideways  
I take a sip and say a prayer  
Wait for a shooting star and stare  
Off at the headlights on the highway  
That guy in the windshield looking back looks just like me  
But there's a crack in the reflection  
This is just a moonlight soaked, ring of smoke  
Right hand on a cold one confession

Embers in the ashtray glow  
like memories that won't let go  
I'm out here trying to get 'em untangled  
In the darkness on the edge of town  
A little lost, a little found  
Waiting on a call from an angel

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Lean back and watch the sundown fade  
Do what I do when life's a little sideways  
I take a sip and say a prayer  
Wait for a shooting star and stare  
Off at the headlights on the highway  
That guy in the windshield looking back looks just like me  
But there's a crack in the reflection  
Hope he's moving in the right direction  
This is just a moonlight soaked, ring of smoke  
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