Still Comin' Down

Christian Kane

Her blond hair blowin' in the warm wind,
Dirt road showin' where we'd been.
Throw it into "park" when it's gettin' dark,
Behind a bale of hay.
Listenin' to the rhythm of a pumpjack
Sippin' on a Coca Cola six-pack,
Swingin' our feet to the steady creak of that old tail gate.
Left the radio on and didn't say a word,
Let down her hair and took off my shirt.
We were high on summer lovin'.
We would fly and never leave the ground,
We were high on kissin' and huggin'.
And even when I think about it now,
I'm still comin' down.
Hidin' in a bed of sunflowers,
Kissin' on each other for hours,
And feelin' that rush from the first touch
Of that love we made.
We weren't drinkin' beer,
We weren't smokin' pot,
But it sure wasn't pretty when we got caught.
We were high on summer lovin'.
We would fly and never leave the ground,
We were high on kissin' and huggin'.
And even when I think about it now,
I'm still comin' down.
I wonder if she's still around,
And if she ever thinks about
Us livin' in the clouds...
Back when we were high on summer lovin'.
We would fly and never leave the ground,
Man, we were high on kissin' and huggin',
And even when I think about it now,
I'm still comin' down.
Oh, even when I think about it now,
I'm still comin' down.
Still comin' down.
Still comin' down.

  Correct these lyrics

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