

# Shut It Down

Luke Bryan

She likes to watch him out the window  
Goin' 'round in circles under the sun  
Somethin' 'bout a man on a tractor  
With his hat on backwards  
Lookin' forward to after he's done He keeps his eye on the back porch  
She walks out, kicks off her shoes  
Bare feet standin' in the short grass  
Sweet ice tea in a tall glass  
Judgin' by her smile, it's about time to  
Lotta work left to do, the sun's still out  
But any hay to make can wait for now  
Throttle back, drop the plow He wipes his face off with his t-shirt  
Climbs down and meets her by the gate  
Takes himself a long, cool sip  
Lays some sugar on her lips  
Thinkin' maybe he oughta just call it a day Lotta work left to do, the sun's still out  
Any hay to make can wait for now  
Take it on in the house Ooh, big, blue sky, half-plowed field  
Bird on a fender, tractor sittin' still  
Any hay to make can wait for now  
Take it on in the house  
Close the door, lock it out, lock it out  
Shut it down, shut it down, shut it down  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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