

**Growin Up Down There**  
**Billy Currington**

Growin Up Down There

Capo 1st Fret

Intro: (A) (A) (A) (A)

That (A) red Georgia clay, when mixed with the rain  
Sure made for one nasty mess  
Ah, but (D) here we are ridin high in that old truck of mine  
In (A) deep as we could get  
Always (E) looking for a rut, tryin not to get stuck  
And slingin that mud everywhere, growin up down (A) there

(A) Me and my friends where the deep river bends  
Had a long rope tied to a tree  
Takin (D) turns on the swing, takin turns takin drinks  
And (A) I don t mean iced tea  
A (E) good buzz later playing chicken with the gators  
Way too young to be scared, growing up down (A) there (walk up to D)

And those (D) tan little peaches, (A) turnin us on  
(D) Keepin things hot all (G) summer long  
If (D) I could go back in a (A) second, I (D) swear  
Well, I d still be growin (E) up down (A) there

Well, (A) nothin go on never lasted to long  
We were good at makin good times  
Find a (D) field, spread the word, keep a bonfire burnin  
Through (A) both ends of the night  
Had the (E) radio on, had a keg in the truck  
And tryin to get lucky somewhere  
Growin up down (A) there (walk up do D)

And those (D) tan little peaches, (A) turnin us on  
(D) Keepin things hot all (G) summer long  
If (D) I could go back in a (A) second, I (D) swear  
Well, I d still be growin (E) up down (A) there

Fiddle Solo

And those (D) tan little peaches, (A) turnin us on  
(D) Keepin things hot all (G) summer long  
If (D) I could go back in a (A) second, I (D) swear  
Well, I d still be growin (E) up down (A) there

Yeah, (A) lookin back it down seem (D) fair  
If you didn t get to do your growin (E) up down (A) there