

# My Kinda Crazy

Brantley Gilbert

She says, look, baby, I'm a rockstar  
Grabs my old guitar  
Playing it upside down  
Dancing 'round in front of our TV

I can't see the ball game  
So I just wave my lighter and saay  
Yeah, rock on baby  
I'd rather watch you insetad

But when you're done  
Can I come backstage  
And get you to sign your name  
On that Zeppelin shirt of mine you're wearin'  
I'll never was that thing again

Yeah and she's my kinda crazy  
The little games she plays  
Lord they'll never get old  
She's too cute to get on my last nerve  
The way she throws her little fits

Pokin' out her lip and bittin' mine when we kiss  
There ain't a fight that she can't win  
That's my baby  
And she's my kinda crazy

You ought to see her in my pickup  
She's gotta have that radio up  
Bless her heart, she can't sit still  
Head in my lap, bare feet on the windshield  
Says, 'common baby let me drive

Now honey It's a stick shift  
Remember what you did last time  
Ohhh...

She never lets me rest  
She keeps me up all night  
Known to roll me off the bed  
And steal the covers off my side

But I hear wake up sleepy head  
And I open up my eyes  
And It's all worth the while

That's my baby  
And she's my kinda crazy