

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