

My Kinda Party

Brantley Gilbert

Yeah, I worked all week.
Cleaned up, clean cut, and clean shaved.
Get the cover off the '68.
Fire it up, and let them horses sing.
A little pretty thing.
A little tan-legged Georgia dream.
She's a rockin' them holey jeans.
Baby, what you got goin' on Saturday?
You know, words got it, there's gonna be a party,
Out of town about half a mile.
Four wheel drives and big mud tires.
Muscadine wine

Oh baby, you can find me.
In the back of a Ford truck tailgate.
Sittin' 'round watchin' all these pretty things.
Gettin' down in that Georgia clay.
And I'll find peace.
In the bottom of a real tall cold drink.
Chillin to some Skynyrd or some old Hank.
Lets get this thing started.
It's my kind of party.

Girl, well if you're gonna drink.
Go on baby, just do your thing.
Give up your keys.
Hell why drive when you can stay with me?
And then after while we'll sneak away from the bonfire.
Walk by the moonlight and down at the riverside.
Gotcha sippin' on the moonshine.
Baby, if you're in mood you can settle for a one night rodeo.
If you can be my tan-legged Juliet,
I'll be your Redneck Romeo.

Where ya'll goin'?
We still got a keg breathin'