

Chicken & Biscuits

Colt Ford

Lord have mercy here she comes
Behind the wheel of a pickup truck
Mudd slingin'
She's singin'
Country girl just doin her thing and
Ain't nothing like a backwoods baby
Drive my tractor drive me crazy
Likes huntin'
Loves fishin'
And she can hold her own in the kitchen
And by the way boys did I mention

She's pretty as a field of daisies
She's sweeter than watermelon wine
Way hotter than the alabama asphalt
And when I get her in these arms of mine
Lord have mercy I love her kisses
Man I can't get enough

Kinda like chicken and biscuits

She can rock them high heel shoes
But she'd rather where cowboy boots
Cut off jeans and a baseball hat
City girls can't do it like that
Off the chain on a friday night
Dancin' and drinkin' ain't scared to fight
Sunday mornin' rolls around
In the choir is where she's found
Y'all makes me so proud
Cause there ain't no doubt

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(Hey)
Hey sweet thing let me hold you close
(Hold)
Cause there is something that you need to know
(Hey)
When it comes to lovin' you
(Hold)
There ain't nothin' that I'd rather do

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