

## 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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