

This Ole Boy

Craig Morgan

She got her smile on, dog'on nothing in the world's wrong
Rolling down a country road
She's my shotgun rider, I'm the lucky dog beside her
My lips are where her kisses go
She loves when we go to the river and get in the water
And buddy she is hotter than south Georgia in July
Man when I'm with her I can't get enough of her
I got to kiss her and I got to hug her
And brother she's mine all mine

This ole boy got it going on,
Got the good Lord smiling on me
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine
Got me buzzin' like a bee
She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder
Nobody else gets to hold her
But this ole boy

We're in my old Ford oh Lord, holes in my floor board
But she don't seem to mind
We park in a hay field, fog up the windshield
My kind of killing time
She sweetens my tea and she butters my biscuit
I am who I am and buddy she gets it
I ain't gotta change a thing
I don't know if it could get any better
But man if it does then I reckon I better get to picking out a ring

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Got the good Lord smiling on me
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine
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She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder
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Yeah, this ole boy got it going on,
Got the good Lord smiling on me
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine
Got me buzzin' like a bee
She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder
Nobody else gets to hold her
But this ole boy

Yeah this ole boy
Nobody but this ole boy
This ole boy