

# 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  
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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