

She's My Kind Of Crazy

Emerson Drive

She's got a butterfly tat
On the back of her you know where
I let her lie about why it landed there
It's what you get
For getting tipsy at the county fair
My baby's my kind of crazy

A million dollar smile
In a five hundred dollar car
She talks to Jesus
Every morning before it starts
Hates the way it drives
But loves the way it parks
By the river in the moonlight
Listening to the AM station
'Cause the antennas missin'

She's my kind of Sunday drivin'
Rollin' down the back roads
Hangin' out the window
Ridin' with her hair in the wind
And her hands in the sky
Like she's flyin'

She's my kind of ponytail pretty
Sounds like the country
Looks like the city
I march along to whatever
Out of town drum she plays me
She's my kind of crazy

Bet her a benji that she wouldn't hood surf my truck
I had to pay but she just kept yellin' "Speed up!"
She did it twice, said you owe me couple hundred bucks
But keep your money I'll take an I.O.U.
On an ice cream cone and some high heeled shoes

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Rollin' down the back roads
Hangin' out the window
Ridin' with her hair in the wind
And her hands in the sky
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She's my kind of ponytail pretty
Sounds like the country
Looks like the city
I march along to whatever
Out of town drum she plays me
She's my kind of crazy

My kind of dangerous
My kind of say whatever is on your mind
She's my kind...

She's my kind of Sunday drivin'
Rollin' down the back roads

Hangin' out the window
Ridin' with her hair in the wind
And her hands in the sky
Like she's flyin'

She's my kind of ponytail pretty
Sounds like the country
Looks like the city
I march along to whatever
Out of town drum she plays me
She's my kind of crazy!

My kind of crazy ya...
My kind of say whatever is on your mind
She's my kind of crazy!