

Rebelicious

Jamey Johnson

Hey, kinda like that banjo
Crank that stuff up a little
Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about

The way she looks, the way she walks
That southern twang, that dirty talk
Rides Harleys, reads Vogue
She got a tattoo on her ankle, rebel flags on her toes

One shake of that hip
Could make a puppy dog vicious
Mmm, hmm, mmm
Rebelicious

She'll take Jack over martinis
Skinny dipplin' over bikinis
That hard body, soft smile
Could send a big man to his knees and drive them little boys wild

She likes them tiny little skirts
An' the way the preacher's boy blushes
Mmm, hmm, mmm
Rebelicious

She's a long tall, shopping-mall
Barbie doll trailer park queen
Mouthwaterin' 'bout hotter than
Anything I've ever seen

She's an outlaw livin', ready an' willin'
Sun-tanned redneck, miss hittin'
You got a mansion, you drive a vet
You wear a Rolex, hell, she ain't impressed

She likes deer stands, beer cans
Baits are on the hook when she fishes
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm
Rebelicious

Aw, that's what I'm talkin' about man
Cheap sunglasses, a pick-up truck, convertible
What is that thing, a sixty-nine?
Mmm, not a tan line on anything I can see, whoa
Hey, I bet you she knows David Allen Coe