

# Biker Chick

Jo Dee Messina

Me and the girls, out after work  
Drinkin' margaritas, one night  
After a few, the conversation turned to  
The kind of guys we like

One only dates doctors  
One like cowboys  
And one prefers the sensitive kind

Well, I really shocked 'em, then  
All jaws were droppin' when  
It came turn to tell 'em mine

I like a man with a tan and a twisted chrome kickstand  
Leanin' on a big-old bike  
The low rollin' sound that'll shake the ground  
Comin' out of long pipes

I like a tattoo or two  
Or even when if they're cool  
On the big old arms of a long-haired dude  
Inside of me, there's an all I wanna be

Biker chick, chick  
Biker chick, chick

I never rode on the back  
Of an old Chopper down the highway  
Holdin' on tight, just him and I  
Makin' our getaway

I've always been the good girl  
Walked the straight  
And narrow path all my life

But the tequila's kickin' in  
And since I'm here with friends  
Can't a girl just fantasize?

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I never said he was the marryin' kind  
All I said was I bet he'd be a wild ride

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Biker chick, chick, biker chick  
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