

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
Biker chick, chick
Biker chick, chick