

This Ole Boy

Joe Nichols

She got her smile on, doggone, nothing in the world's wrong
We're rolling down a country road
She's my shotgun rider, I'm a 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's 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 a
ll mine

This ole boy got it going on, I got the good Lord smiling on me
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine got me buzzing 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 butters my biscuit
I am who I am and brother she gets it, I ain't got to 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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Nobody else get to hold her, this ole boy, oh, this ole boy

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