

# She Thinks My Tractor's Sexy

Kenny Chesney

Plowin' these fields in the hot summer sun  
Over by the gate lordy here she comes  
With a basket full of chicken and a big cold jug of sweet tea  
I make a little room and she climbs on up  
Open up a throttle and stir a little dust  
Just look at her face she ain't a foolin' me

She thinks my tractor's sexy  
It really turns her on  
She's always starin' at me  
While I'm chuggin' along  
She likes the way it's pullin' while we're tillin' up the land  
She's even kind of crazy 'bout my farmer's tan  
She's the only one who really understands what gets me  
She thinks my tractor's sexy

We ride back and forth 'til we run out of light  
Take it to the barn put it up for the night  
Climb up in the loft sit and talk with the radio on  
She said she's got a dream and I asked what it is  
She wants a little farm and a yard full of kids  
One more teeny weeny ride before take her home

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Well she ain't into cars or pickup trucks  
But if it runs like a Deere man her eyes light up

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