

Whiskey Girl

Toby Keith

Don't my baby look good in them blue jeans?
Tight on the top with a belly button ring
A little tatoo somewhere in between
She only shows to me

Hey we're going out dancin' she's ready tonight
So damn good-lookin' boys it ain't even right
And when bar tender says for the lady
what's it gonna be?
I tell him man...

She ain't into wine and roses
Beer just makes her turn up her nose
And, she can't stand the thought of sippin' champagne
No Cuervo Gold Margaritas
Just ain't enough good burn in taquilla
She needs somethin' with a little more edge and a little more p
ain
She's my little whiskey Girl
My Ragged-on-the-edges girl
Ah, but I like 'em rough

Baby got a '69 mustang
four on the floor, and you ought to hear the pipes ring
I jump behind the wheel and it's away we go
Hey, I drive too fast, but she don't care

Blue bandana tied all up in her hair
Just sittin' there singin' every song on the radio

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Whoa she's my little whiskey girl
my raggid-on-the-edges girl
Ah, but I like 'em rough
Yeah, I like 'em rough
I like 'em rough