

Honky-Tonk Dancing Machine

Tracy Byrd

I could tell she was a hot rod
When she walked in all alone
Made a pit stop at the front bar
In a puff of smoke was gone

I followed her smell of perfume
'Cause she was too far out of sight
Tried to catch up but the girl was running
One hell of a race tonight

She's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machine
All it takes to keep her tuned up
Is boots and Wrangler jeans

She scoots about fifty times around the floor
On one shot of Jim Beam
She's a real low maintenance
Country music beat driven
Honky-tonk dancing machine

There's a guy on every corner
Watchin' her make the bend
Hopin' he'll be the next one
To take her for a spin

She's not the kind that can be hot wired
With money or romance
Got a body build for pleasure
But all she wants to do is dance

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