

## Hot Mess

Tyler Farr

Clothes scattered across the bedroom floor  
Soaking wet towel hanging on the door  
Looks like a hurricane just came through  
Her makeup covers up  
Every inch of the counter top  
She's slappin' on a little bit of strawberry lip gloss  
She's ready to rock

She's my hot mess, in a sundress  
Got my heart beating out of my chest  
Country girl come to town looking like a rock star  
She's got hazel eyes and a wild side  
Lightin' up the room with her smokey little smile  
Burnin' up and down, turning them heads  
She's my little hot mess.

When she gets to dancin' to the band,  
Them shoes gonna wind up in her hand,  
Barefoot and groovin' like nobody's watchin'  
She gonna cut up and drink a little,  
Play them boys like a bluegrass fiddle  
The rave of the party's at,  
Oh she's right there in the middle.

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Every guy in here tonight, wants to take her home  
But in the morning she's gonna wake up, with my t-shirt on.

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