

## Alan Jackson "Her Life's A Song"

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She loves the music, tells the tales of her heart  
And she listens closely to the beats and the parts  
She likes the songs that make her cry  
And ones that pick her up and make her high.

She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,  
She's got the country in her iPod on her pocket.  
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,  
She even likes the ones where they're just talking  
rhyme and riddles.  
And she sings along when she's driving home  
going all alone,  
Her life's a song.

And she likes the songs that take her back and make  
her want,  
Sometimes she just wants to dance and move on  
She taps her feet and sheds a tear  
Plays air guitar and raises a beer.

She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,  
She's got the country in her iPod on her pocket.  
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,  
She even likes the ones where they're just talking  
rhyme and riddles.  
And she sings along when she's driving home  
going all alone,  
Her life's a song.

At times she sings I know just how she feels  
A broken heart on a love song that kills.

She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,  
She's got the country on her iPod in her pocket.  
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,  
She even likes the ones where they're just talking  
rhyme and riddles.  
And she sings along when she's driving home  
going all alone,  
Her life's a song.

She likes the hip-hop, she loves to rock it,

Sheâ€™s got the country on her iPod in her pocket.  
She loves the guitar, she likes the fiddle,  
She even likes the ones where theyâ€™re just talking  
rhyme and riddles.  
And she sings along when sheâ€™s driving home  
going all alone,  
Her lifeâ€™s a song.  
Yeah, her lifeâ€™s a song.

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