

## Craig Morgan "This Ole Boy"

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She's got her smile on, dog gone , nothin' in the world  
wrong, rollin' down a country road.  
She's my shotgun rider i'm the lucky dog beside her,  
my lips is where her kisses go.  
she loves when we go to the river and get in the water  
and buddy she's hotter than south Georgia in July,  
man, when i'm with her i can't get enough of her I gotta  
kiss her i gotta hug her and brother she's mine, all  
mine,

This ole boy got it going on got the good lord smiling  
on me,  
her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine's got me  
buzzing like a bee,

she's got her pretty little head on my shoulder,  
nobody else gets to hold her but this ole boy.

we're in my old ford, oh lord, holes in the floor board,  
but she don't seem to mind. we'll park in a hay field,  
fog up the windshield, my kind of killing time.  
she sweetens my tea and butters my biscuit, i am who i  
am and buddy she gets it I ain't got to change a thing,  
man i don't know if it can get any better but man if  
does i reckon i better get to picking out a ring

this ole boy got it going on, got the good lord smiling  
on me  
her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine's got me  
buzzing like a bee

she's got her pretty little head on my shoulder  
nobody else gets to hold her but this ole boy

yeah this ole boy's got it going on got the good lord  
smiling on me  
her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine's got me  
buzzing like a bee,

she's got her pretty little head on my shoulder, nobody  
else gets to hold her but this ole boy  
yeah this ole boy

nobody but this ole boy

yeah this ole boy

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