

George Canyon "Workin' On Ten"

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She's got an eighty-three two eighty z, just twenty three
Lives on 42nd street, Paris, Tennessee
Exactly nine hundred twenty four feet from her door to
mine

Seven days a week at six a.m. she gets her five miles in
All the neighborhood men pretend to get their paper
When she goes running by

She don't see it but it's obvious
To everybody else, it all adds up

One Miss America smile, two blue eyes
Three little words I'm telling her tonight
She's cooler than cool and hotter than the 4th of July

She's five foot six and she's gonna look great
I'm seven minutes early for an eight o'clock date
She's one hot number, hallelujah, amen
She's a hard nine, working on ten

She's a first round knock out, down for the count
Loud twist and shouter, a keg of gunpowder
Sparks fly around her twenty four hours a day

She's smart and funny, ooh honey smack dab on the
money
Summa cum laude a smart little hottie

Who would have thought she'd ever even look my way

I'm a lucky man there ain't no doubt
It ain't that hard to figure out

One Miss America smile, two blue eyes
Three little words I'm telling her tonight
She's cooler than cool and hotter than the 4th of July

She's five foot six and she's gonna look great
I'm seven minutes early for an eight o'clock date
She's one hot number, hallelujah, amen
She's a hard nine, working on ten

There's no such thing as true perfection
But she might be the one exception

She's got one Miss America smile, two blue eyes
Three little words I'm telling her tonight
She's cooler than cool and hotter than the 4th of July

She's five foot six and she's gonna look great
I'm seven minutes early for an eight o'clock date
She's one hot number, can I get an amen
She's a hard nine, working on ten
Yeah, she's a hard nine, working on ten

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