

## Byrd Tracy

# "Honky-Tonk Dancing Machine"

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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 dancin' 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 dancin' machine

There's a guy on every corner, watching her make the  
bend  
Hoping 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 for pleasure, but all she wants to do is  
dance  
She's a real low maintenance, country music beat  
driven, honky-tonk dancin' machine  
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