

James Otto

"Chicken & Biscuits"

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Lord have mercy, here she comes
Behind the wheel of a pickup truck
Mud slingin', she's singin'
Country girl just doin' her thing and

Ain't nothin' like a backwoods baby
Drive my tractor, drive me crazy
Likes huntin', loves fishin'
And she can hold her own in the kitchen

And by the way boys, did I mention
She's pretty as a field of daisies
She's sweeter than watermelon wine
Way hotter than the Alabama asphalt
And when I get her in these arms of mine

Lord have mercy, I love her kisses
Man, I can't get enough
Kinda like chicken and biscuits

She can rock them high heel shoes
But she'd rather wear cowboy boots
Cut-off jeans and a baseball hat
Them city girls can't do it like that

Off the chain on a Friday night
Dancin' and drinkin', ain't scared to fight
But Sunday mornin' comes rollin' around
Singin' in the choir is where she's found

Y'all I'm so proud, 'cause there ain't no doubt
She's pretty as a field of daisies
She's sweeter than watermelon wine
Way hotter than the Alabama asphalt
And when I get her in these arms of mine

Lord have mercy, I love her kisses
Man, I can't get enough
Kinda like chicken and biscuits

Hey sweet thing, let me hold you close

There's somethin' that you need to know
When it comes to lovin' you
There ain't nothin' that I'd rather do

She's pretty as a field of daisies
She's sweeter than watermelon wine
Way hotter than the Alabama asphalt
And when I get her in these arms of mine

Lord have mercy, I love her kisses
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Kinda like chicken and biscuits

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