

Jason Blaine

"Hillbilly Girl"

Visit "[Hillbilly Girl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Imagine a rusty old pickup truck from '85
A crack in the windshield and a dent down the side
Out on an old dirt road, a thundercloud of dust is
blowin'
Them muddy tires are makin' gravel fly.
There's an angel right behind the wheel with sun-
tanned
legs and cowgirl boots
Jaw-droppin', tank-toppin', try to stop me attitude

[Chorus]
My hill, hillbilly girl,
She's a two-steppin', chance-takin', hell-raisin', love-
makin'
Hill, hillbilly girl, she's a firecracker, ain't no doubt,
No way I could live without my hot little hillbilly girl

She don't like the city cause she can't see the starry
skies,
Can't hear the crickets or the river rollin' by
Her idea of heaven is a field of wild flowers growin'
She goes crazy for a Saturday night.
She's as soft as cotton candy,
She's the trigger on a loaded gun,
Sweet dream, bee sting, everything rolled into one

[Chorus x2]
My hill, hillbilly girl,
She's a two-steppin', chance-takin', hell-raisin', love-
makin'
Hill, hillbilly girl, she's a firecracker, ain't no doubt,
No way I could live without my hot little hillbilly girl

Yeah, she's a firecracker, ain't no doubt,
I just thank the Lord I found my hot little hillbilly girl

Visit [Jason Blaine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.