

Joe Nichols "This Ole Boy"

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She got her smile on, doggone, nothing in the world's
wrong

We're rolling down a country road

She's my shotgun rider, I'm a lucky dog beside her

My lips are 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 got to kiss her and I got to hug her and brother she's
mine all mine

This ole boy got it going on, I got the good Lord smiling
on me

Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine 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 my floor board

But she don't seem to mind

We 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 brother she gets it, I ain't got to
change a thing

I don't know if it could get any better

But man, if it does then I reckon I better get to picking
out a ring

This ole boy got it going on, I got the good Lord smiling
on me

Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine 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

This ole boy got it going on, I got the good Lord smiling
on me

Her big blue eyes and a sweet red wine's got me
buzzing like a bee

She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder
Nobody else get to hold her, this ole boy, oh, this ole
boy

She got her smile on, doggone, nothing in the world's
wrong

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