

Lauren Lucas

"Carolina Kind"

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He came walkin' out of that Texaco,
George Strait blarin' out of his Silverado.
A fish hook on the bill of his baseball cap:
God, it's good to see a man like that, it takes me back.

'Cause there's just somethin', you know the type:
A southern boy sweet as a Jasmine on a hot, thick
summer night.
Kisses that linger a long, long time:
Long after they're gone, they stay on my mind.
Someone my Daddy woulda liked:
The Carolina kind.

I've fallen for a city boy or two.
I've been held in the arms of an Armani suit,
But I've come to learn that ain't me.
No, just gimme a long-haired country boy in his ripped
up jeans.

'Cause there's just somethin', you know the type:
A southern boy sweet as a Jasmine on a hot, thick
summer night.
Kisses that linger a long, long time:
Long after they're gone, they stay on my mind.
Someone my Daddy woulda liked:
The Carolina kind.

Yeah, I wanna hang out on a tailgate on a Saturday
night.
I wanna whsiper that I can't wait to the man I can't deny
no more.

There's just somethin', you know the type:
A southern boy sweet as a Jasmine on a hot summer
night.
Oh, those kisses that linger a long, long time:
Long after they're gone, they stay on my mind.
Someone my Daddy woulda liked.
Ooh, as gentle as a warm breeze whisperin' through
the pines:
That's the Carolina kind.

The Carolina kind.

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