

Cya "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

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