

Brinley Addington

"Hang On A Farm"

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There's a lot of girls in this town
Who ain't never woke up to the sound of
A rooster crowing or a tractor mowing ground
I remember what my mama told me
You need part Dolly Parton, boy, part Annie Oakley
Ain't no city girl ever gonna hold me down

Cause I like a girl who can bait her own hook
Like a page right out of a Mark Twain book
She knows how to pray but she'll roll in the hay in the
barn
She can shoot a beer can from her pink deer stand
Got a tan that runs halfway up her arm...
Yeah, I like a girl that can hang on a farm

I must admit that it had been ages
Since I seen a truck bed full of tomatoes
A rusty old classic stuck out at the traffic light
She rolled down a window looking all concerned
With a sweet southern drawl she said, I made a wrong
turn
But I think your wrong turns sometimes turn out right
Alright

Cause I like a girl who can bait her own hook
Like a page right out of a Mark Twain book
She knows how to pray but she'll roll in the hay in the
barn
She can shoot a beer can from her pink deer stand
Got a tan that runs halfway up her arm...
Yeah, I like a girl that can hang on a farm

I saw happy ever after
Once I saw her up on that tractor, in spring
Her hair is hay bale yellow
Her eyes are John Deere green

And I like a girl who can bait her own hook
Like a page right out of a Mark Twain book
She knows how to pray but she'll roll in the hay in the
barn, oh oh
She can shoot a beer can from her pink deer stand

Farmer's tan that runs halfway up her arm...
Yeah, I like a girl that can hang on a farm
Oh, I like a girl that can hang on a farm

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