

She's Got The Goods

Tyler Farr

She'll sit in that lawn chair all night long,
Sippin' them beers 'till the bonfires gon'
She's a cool drink of water and a hot red-head,
Standin' there fishin' in the creek bank bed.

You outta see her dance!
She can break it down low,
She can pop it and lock it, and doe-si-doe
Aww, look at her go...

She's got a little bit of kick like peach moonshine,
Legs as long as the county line,
Wrap around you like Kudzu vine,
Thank God she's mine!

Sexy little voice, sweet little twang
Singin' them songs, shakin' that thang
Down here in the holler, she's hotter than Hollywood!
I got it bad, bad, bad...
She's got the goods!

She got way more sway than a front porch swang,
She'll bare her soul like an old six string
She can shed a tear, she show a smile,
Break every heart for a country mile
That ain't no lie...

She's got a little bit of kick like peach moonshine,
Legs as long as the county line,
Wrap around you like Kudzu vine,
Thank God she's mine!

Sexy little voice, sweet little twang
Singin' them songs, shakin' that thang
Down here in the holler, she's hotter than Hollywood!
I got it bad, bad, bad...
She's got the goods!
Awww, yahh

She's got a little bit of kick like homemade wine.
Legs as long as the county line.
Wrap around you like Kudzu vine.
Thank God she's mine!

Sexy little voice, sweet little twang
Singin' them songs, shakin' that thang
Down here in the holler, she's hotter than Hollywood!
I got it bad, bad, bad...
She's got the goods!
She's got the goods!