

# This Ole Boy

Craig Morgan

She got her smile on, dog'on nothing in the world's wrong  
Rolling down a country road  
She's my shotgun rider  
I'm the 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 is 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,  
Got the good lord smiling on me  
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine  
Got me buzzin' like a bee  
She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder  
Nobody else get's 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 she butters my biscuit  
I am who I am and buddy she gets it  
I ain't got to change a thing  
And 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,  
Got the good lord smiling on me  
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine  
Got me buzzin' like a bee  
She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder  
Nobody else get's to hold her  
But this ole boy  
Yeah, this ole boy got it going on,  
Got the good lord smiling on me  
Her big blue eyes and the sweet red wine  
Got me buzzin' like a bee  
She's got her pretty little head on my shoulder  
Nobody else get's to hold her  
But this ole boy Yeah this ole boy  
Nobody but this ole boy

This ole boy

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>