

Whiskey Girl

Toby Keith

Don't my baby look good in them blue jeans
Tight on the top with a belly button ring
A little tattoo somewhere in between
She only shows to me Hey we're going out dancin', she's ready tonight
So damn good-lookin' boys, it ain't even right
And when bartender says, for the lady
What's it gonna be
I tell him, man
Chorus:
She ain't into wine and roses
Beer just makes her turn up her nose
And, she can't stand the thought of sippin' champagne
No Cuervo Gold margaritas
Just ain't enough good burn in tequila
She needs somethin' with a little more edge and a little more pain
She's my little whiskey girl
She's my little whiskey girl
My ragged-on-the-edges girl
Ah, but I like 'em rough Baby got a '69 Mustang
Four on the floor, and you oughta hear the pipes ring
I jump behind the wheel, and it's away we go
Hey, I drive too fast, but she don't care
Blue bandana tied all up in her hair
Just sittin' there singin' every song on the radio
(Chorus x 2) Whoa, she's my little whiskey girl
My ragged-on-the-edges girl
Ah, but I like 'em rough
Yeah, I like 'em rough
I like 'em rough

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