

# Angel in My Pocket

Billy Ray Cyrus

I drive a souped-up sickle  
I lead a tough life  
I get the women when I whistle  
I keep up at night  
I lost my job down at the station  
But I don't kill 'em all  
I got a buffalo nickel and a rabbit foot  
Looking for some good luck

Well I'm all hillbilly  
From my mullet to my boots  
So don't you mess around with me  
I got a screw loose

So when the devil's talking to me  
And I feel I can't stop him  
I call the angel in my pocket  
'Cause I know she's gonna rock it

Yeah the skinny little angel was attacked by a crow  
She's got a red hot paper with a smooth flow  
When she slides her jimmy like a lovesick duck  
She leaves me grinning like a monkey on a coconut truck

So when the demons press on through me  
And the blues come knocking  
I call the angel in my pocket  
'Cause I know she's gonna rock it  
She's gonna rock it  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, she's gonna rock it)  
(She's gonna...)

(She gonna-come on)

So when the people treat me crudely  
I shut my door and I lock it  
I call the angel in my pocket  
'Cause I know she's gonna rock it  
I call the angel in my pocket  
'Cause I know she's gonna rock it  
I call the angel in my pocket  
'Cause I know she's gonna rock it  
She's gonna rock it  
She gonna rock it  
She gonna rock it