

Southern Girl

Chris Cagle

Southern girl in that summer cotton dress
Those baby brown eyes and the honey blond hair
Just in blowing in that Oklahoma breeze.
God, you're killing me.

Southern girl, lips like strawberry wine
With a body like a sunset in a western sky
And a smile that would bring a million men to their knees.

And you don't even know it, do you, baby?
No, you don't even see it, but you drive me crazy.
Everything about you rocks my world, southern girl.

Sweet as honey suckle, good as momma's cooking
On a Sunday afternoon, just look at you
Looking hotter than a July day,
You take my breath away,
Southern girl,
Honest like an angel, with a voice like a song
I wanna hear all night long.
And a heart just as faithful as the April rain.

And you don't even know it, do you, baby?
No, you don't even see it, but you drive me crazy.
Everything about you rocks my world, southern girl.
And you don't even know it, do you, baby?
No, you don't even see it, but you drive me crazy.
Everything about you rocks my world, southern girl.

You're my whole wide world, southern girl.