

Hillbilly Girl

Jason Blaine

Imagine a rusty old pickup truck from '85
A crack in the windshield and a dent down the side
Out on an old dirt road, a thundercloud of dust is blowin'
Them muddy tires are makin' gravel fly
There's an angel right behind the wheel with sun-
tanned legs and cowgirl boots
Jaw-droppin', tank-toppin', try to stop me attitude

My hill, hillbilly girl
She's a two-steppin', chance-takin', hell-raisin', love-makin'
Hill, hillbilly girl, she's a firecracker, ain't no doubt
No way I could live without my hot little hillbilly girl

She don't like the city cause she can't see the starry skies
Can't hear the crickets or the river rollin' by
Her idea of heaven is a field of wild flowers growin'
She goes crazy for a Saturday night
She's as soft as cotton candy
She's the trigger on a loaded gun
Sweet dream, bee sting, everything rolled into one

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Yeah, she's a firecracker, ain't no doubt
I just thank the Lord I found my hot little hillbilly girl