

RODEO

Asher Angel

Pretty girl with the hair like gold
You spin in my head like a rodeo
Late night when the weather gets cold
I hear your name and I just can't tell you no
Oh oh oh
You spin in my head like a rodeo
Oh oh oh
You spin in my head

She's a fire little thing from the westside
From a small town but she like them big rides
Drink ya underneath the table any day or night
You can name a place she'll be there right on time

She can dance with the best goin' left right left
One by one, step by step
And I can't say no when she look like that
Gotta catch my breath
Hell yeah

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Yeah
She's a back forty shorty
Quadin' on a Yamaha
Pigtails, southern belle
With a southern drawl
They tell her tale from Louisville
Up to Wichita
Bonfire fairytales talk about her
They call her Goldilocks
Even got birds out here stalkin'
She drive a up truck
4 wheel drive and she parkin'
Dump truck stuffed in them dukes
In Lucchese boots
Whiskey shots on the rocks
180 proof

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