

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