

## Fine As Wine

Chris LeDoux

Sweeter than the grapes growin' out in California  
Softer than the fuzz on the sweetest Georgia peach  
Warms you goin' down like a twenty-two year old brandy  
When she loves me, Lord, she's fine, fine as wine

She loves her rodeo, man, turns him every way but loose  
Washes out all his Levis, shines his cowboy boots  
Watches him each Saturday bitin' the dust again  
She takes him home, puts him to bed and rubs in the lineament

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Layin' in the back seat with sugar at the wheel  
Broken bones from my last ride is all my head can feel  
Sugar, sure gets tired, Lord, of all I put her through  
But I'll never find another gal who's sweeter or is true

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