

## If I Was Connie Britton

Chuck Prophet

If I was Connie Britton  
Man, I tell you what I'd do  
I'd brush my hair every morning  
On the weekends, too  
If I was Connie Britton  
You'd know me by my walk  
And if I got pulled over  
I'd only have to talk  
I'd say, I don't know ya'll  
Something don't seem right  
And the cops could not resist  
They'd let me off with a warning, they would  
And I'd blow 'em all a kiss  
If I was Connie Britton, yeah!  
Hold on  
Everything would go my way  
If I was Connie Britton  
I'd be forgiven for my sins  
I'd never read a tabloid once  
I'd wear turquoise to the gym  
Leather pants in the summertime  
Hot pants in the cold  
Man, if I was Connie Britton

I would have so many clothes  
Yes I would now!  
Well come on!  
Everything would go my way  
I'd sleep beneath a chandelier  
I'd live on Chinese herbs  
My skin would smell like berries  
And my feet would never hurt  
If I was Connie Britton  
I'd drive a long, pink Cadillac  
When people saw me coming  
They would know just where I was at  
I'd drive up to the top of the hill  
I'd park above the clouds  
I'd wait until the trumpets blow  
And maybe then I might come down  
If I was Connie Britton  
Hold on!  
Everything would go my way  
Come on!  
I'd never have to walk in chains  
If I was Connie Britton  
Everything would go my way