

Lookin' For a Hand Out

Colt Ford

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Everyday it's the same old thing
That might seem strange to y'all
Getting down to the corner store
Don't need no fancy mall
All the money in the world
Can't buy you happiness
It's the little things in life
Yeah, I'm just

Lookin' for a hand out
Girl that ain't scared to let her hair down
When we're riding round
She's turning me and the radio on
Singing along when it plays our song
Yeah she's proud of the man whose world revolves around
A girl who's running her fingers through the wind
Soon as she get the window down
Yeah, I'm lookin' for a hand out
Lookin' for a hand out
Yeah, I'm lookin' for a hand out
For a hand out

Run from your [?]
And you work for what you need
Good job, good truck, good dog
My life's almost complete
Gotta find that certain one
Sitting right up here next to me
Breathing as the world goes by
She'll [?]

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Get loaded up in the truck
Just wanna get lost for a while
Ain't got no destination
Just wanna see sunshine smile
I got my heaven with me
She's right here holding my hand
And with her fingertips she
[?] where I stand

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