

# 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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Yeah, I'm looking for a hand out

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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For a hand out

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa