

My Kinda Lady

Corey Smith

I got a woman with a dirty mouth
She learned to talk in the dirty south
With a whisper only I can hear
She makes her bad intentions clear
She knows, oh, oh, oh, she's my kinda lady
She ain't holier-than-thou
She ain't waiting for a wedding gown
But she ain't here for a one night stand
And she won't leave with any man but me
Any man but me

She's leather and she's lace
Perfume and a cigarette
She's cowboy boots and a cocktail dress
She two-steps in between
The Bible and a magazine
Somewhere between the real world and a dream
My kinda lady

She's been drinking I can tell
I love the way tequila smells
On her breathe across my face
I steal a kiss, now I can taste it too
She puts my hand upon her hip
Brushes my arms with her fingertips
She shows me a new tattoo
A flower on her thigh so beautiful

She's leather and she's lace
Perfume and a cigarette
She's cowboy boots and a cocktail dress
She beats all I've ever seen
The smokey voice, her silver screen
Somewhere between the real world and a dream
My kinda lady, lady

I got a woman in my bed
She's tryna hide her morning breath
I said "Honey I don't care, I'm just happy you're still here, with me"
She rolls her eyes, shakes her head
Glares at me and her face turns red
She said "I ain't looking for a Romeo, I don't wanna be bad if you can't let go of me"
"Boy I ain't your property"

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