

Texas Plates

Curtis Grimes

Well she finally left Mineola
The summer she turned eighteen
She took the long way to college station
To see some things she'd never seen
And you've never seen

So many 18 wheelers
Nearly run off the road
When they saw her blond hair a-blowin'
In her rag top GTO
They couldn't handle their load

She's still her daddy's little girl
But she ain't the little girl
Her daddy used to know

She got wild on Tennessee whiskey
Having Louisiana fun
Got a tattoo in southern Mississippi
On her way to the Florida sun
She got out of her ticket in mobile
For flyin' down the interstate
'Cause she was drivin' around with her top down
And a nice pair of Texas plates

She flashed her baby blues at the trooper
And smiled her pretty smile
Said, "I've got to be in class by Monday
And it's another 700 miles"

She played him just like a fiddle
And had his heart beating like a drum
She set out for an education
Lord knows she sure got one

She got a PHD in getting off scot-free
On a road trip down to Destin

She got wild on Tennessee whiskey
Having Louisiana fun
Got a tattoo in southern Mississippi
On her way to the Florida sun
She got out of her ticket in mobile
For flyin' down the interstate
'Cause she was drivin' around with her top down
And a nice pair of Texas plates

She got out of her ticket in mobile
For flying down the interstate
'Cause she was drivin' around with her top down
Driving around with her top down
Driving around with her top down
And a good set of Texas plates