

## Work On Me

Dasha

Well I heard you from across the bar  
Over clinkin' glasses  
Like a work of art  
I'm a sucker for an accent  
From somewhere far  
Can ya blame me?  
I'm a Californian girl with a southern heart

And I don't know your first or your last name, baby  
Or if you're going home to a hometown lady  
The way you grip the can I can tell that you're just my type  
You like, you like

Workin' with your hands  
Till they're covered in grease  
Fixin' up your Bronco in the Tennessee heat  
Something dirty on my mind  
And you got dirt on your jeans  
Well I'm a lil' broken, baby  
Could you work on me?  
Could you work on me? Ah, yeah

Well my heart's been through the mud  
A couple assholes before you kinda fucked me up  
What's the worst than can happen from a little fun?  
I'm a real smart girl who likes getting a little dumb

I don't need to know your first and last name, baby  
Or if you're going home to a hometown lady  
Longhorn on your buckle, I can tell you're just my type  
You like, you like

Workin' with your hands  
Till they're covered in grease  
Fixin' up your Bronco in the Tennessee heat  
Something dirty on my mind  
And you got dirt on your jeans  
Well I'm a lil' broken, baby  
Could you work on  
A body needing something to make it feel brand new?  
I'm a couple shots deep and a couple screws loose  
Something dirty on my mind  
And you got dirt on your jeans  
Well I'm a lil' broken, baby  
Could you work on me?  
Could you work on me?  
Could you work on me?

Well I'm a lil' broken, baby  
Could you work on me?