

She Cranks My Tractor

Dustin Lynch

She's a wild rose waitin' on me
At the end of the road
Between the water tower and the power lines
We're a cloud of dust once I
Get her buckled in my pickup truck

She's ten pounds of sugar in a five pound sack
A Hollywood looker in a John Deere cap

I go fast, she hollers "faster"
She's the first one up the hayloft ladder
A girl like that's what a country boy's after
She cranks, she cranks, she cranks my tractor
She cranks, she cranks, she cranks my tractor

Burnin' the back roads, suckin' jet fuel
From the radio
Cows and cornfields flyin' by
Gates locked, hop the fence, sneak past
The barn where the river bank bends

She's the best skinny dipper that you're ever gonna find
She can hit the branch with her bra every time

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She's ten pounds of sugar in a five pound sack
A long straightaway on a quarter mile track
She's got a kiss that'll hit ya like a heart attack
I got the rifle, she's got the rack

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Hang on, girl