

Country Side

Jason Blaine

You'll know her
When you see her
She'll be the one with the scuffed up boots
Old ball cap
Ponytail in the back
Groovin' to a Garth Brooks tune
Her first car was a truck
She ain't afraid to slam it in the mud

Ooh, ooh, ooh, that's the thing about my baby
Ooh, ooh, ooh, you can blame it on her raisin'
She get a little unwound on a Friday night
Coke in the Crown and moon in the shine
Lord, I love how she ain't shy
Showin' off for a country side

She meet her friends out
Get a little loud
'Round about Friday night
A shotgun, couple cold ones
Out where the stars shine bright
Her favorite blue jeans frayed and torn
Out there with the crickets and the cattle and the corn

Ooh, ooh, ooh, that's the thing about my baby
Ooh, ooh, ooh, you can blame it on her raisin'

It gets late
That look in her eyes says do you wanna get lost take a little ride?
Ain't no tellin' what we might find
She scooches over on those dashboard lights
Shows a little more of that country side

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh, ooh, that's the thing about my baby
Ooh, ooh, ooh, you can blame it on her raisin'
She get a little unwound on a Friday night
Coke in the Crown and moon in the shine
Lord, I love how she ain't shy
Showin' off for a country side
Yeah
Showin' off for a country side
Ooh, ooh, ooh